Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

OCTOBER

10¢

PAT RYAN
Star of
AUDIA and DAVID
on CBS

Read — **AMANDA OF HONEYMOON HILL**

RADIO'S MOST BEAUTIFUL LOVE STORY

AGAINST THE STORM

See Your Favorites in Full Page Photographs

Canaries

HOLLYWOOD'S NEWEST HOBBY SENSATION!

PENNY SINGLETON

Star of Columbia's "Blondie" pictures, enjoys the song of "Dickie" her pet Canary!

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Another Hollywood favorite is French's Bird Seed and Biscuit—the time-tested, proven recipe of 11 aids to song and health: Canary, Poppy, Rape, Sesame and Millet Seeds; Soy Bean Grits, Yeast, Wheat Germ (B_1), Corn Syrup, Cuttlebone and Charcoal. In every package of French's Bird Seed is French's Bird Biscuit (in itself worth 10c). It gives the diet an extra *lift* and combines with French's Bird Seed to supply your Canary an 11-course *balanced* meal—all in one package!



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Even if you weren't Born to Beauty—

YOU'LL WIN HEARTS .. if your Smile is Right!

Your smile is a priceless asset. Help to keep it bright and sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

EVERY attractive woman isn't really pretty. Every movie darling isn't a classic beauty. But take to your heart this true observation—you can seldom find fault with their smiles.

So take hope, plain girl, take hope! Even if you weren't born to great beauty—you can have compliments, 'phone calls and dates. Make your smile the real, lovely YOU. *And remember,* healthy gums are important to a bright, sparkling, attractive smile.

If you've seen a touch of "pink" on your tooth brush—do the right thing today. *See your dentist!* His verdict may be that your gums have become sensitive because today's soft foods have robbed them of work. But don't take chances—let him make the decision. And if, like thousands of others, your dentist suggests Ipana and massage—take his advice and get Ipana at once.

For Ipana Tooth Paste not only cleans and brightens your teeth but, with massage, it is specially designed to help the health of your gums as well.

Try Ipana and Massage

Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. That invigorating "tang" means circulation is quickening in the gum tissue—helping your gums to new firmness.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help keep your teeth brighter, your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling.



"A LOVELY SMILE IS MOST IMPORTANT TO BEAUTY!"

say beauty editors of 23 out of 24 leading magazines

Recently a poll was made among the beauty editors of 24 leading magazines. All but one of these experts said that a woman has no greater charm than a lovely, sparkling smile.

They went on to say that "Even a plain girl can be charming, if she has a lovely smile. But without one, the loveliest woman's beauty is dimmed and darkened."

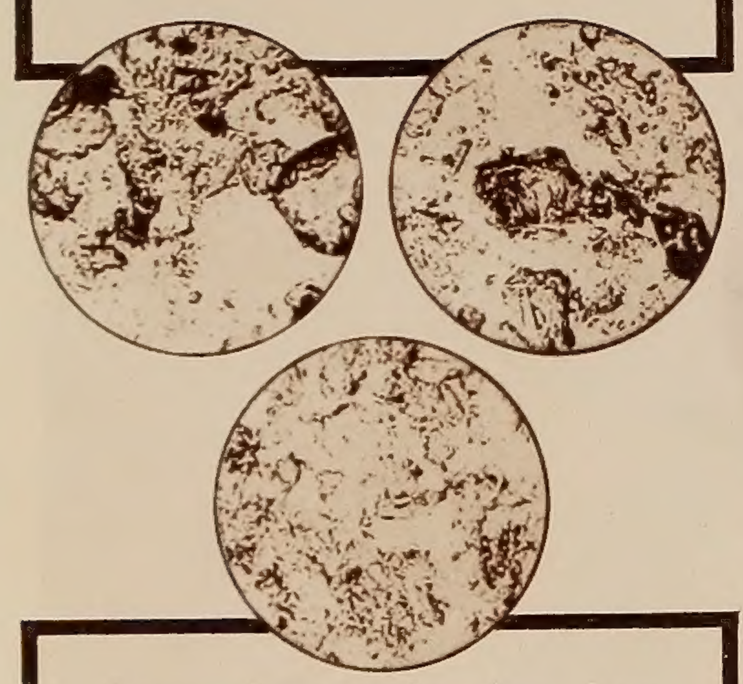
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IPANA

TOOTH PASTE

A Product of Bristol-Myers Company

What baby powder is *smoothest?*



These photographs show how 3 leading baby powders look under the microscope. Note the superiority of Mennen (at bottom). It is smoother, more uniform in texture, because it is made by an exclusive Mennen process, "hammerizing."

Being smoother, Mennen gives better protection against chafing. Being definitely antiseptic, it helps protect baby's skin against germs. And you'll like its new, delicate fragrance.

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BORATED POWDER
(Antiseptic)

"I Paid HITLER'S Way to POWER!"

Fritz Thyssen, who as Germany's greatest industrialist poured millions into the Nazi regime, almost single-handedly financed Hitler's maniacal scheme to bring chaos to the modern world. Although Thyssen has mysteriously vanished, he has given the world a priceless document—his historic memoirs, and secret papers about Nazism as only he knew it!

And Liberty is now publishing this extraordinary expose for the first time in the world. Read this history-making news—the unblanched truth about Hitler—in Liberty today.

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OCTOBER, 1941

Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

VOL. 16, No. 6

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THE LAST STRAW!

YE Gads! Today was the last straw! I have listened to Mary Marlin for years now and I have thoroughly enjoyed the story, but as I have said before, today was the last straw.

Never Fail Hendricks has been looking for Joe Marlin and it seems that Joe walks into a room that Hendricks has just left or vice versa. They are always just missing each other. I admit a story has to have suspense but when the same situation happens five or six times, it's just plain nerve racking. I think if it happens just once more I will go nuts and I know I will have plenty of company, because I'm not the only one who feels that way. So please—please tell the author we have had enough of that one situation!—Mrs. Shirley Levine, Los Angeles, Cal.

IT WAS WORTH THE BOTHER

I was mad as hops when I learned of the reallocation of radio stations, for like most lazy Americans, I dreaded the bother of learning the dial all over again. However, it was worth the trouble, for I've been amazed at the difference in the clarity with which the stations are coming in.

Radio waves are still a mystery to me; frequencies and kilocycles are just so much Greek, but I'd like to thank whatever genius made this new clearness of reception possible. —Maxine Baxter, Norwood, Ohio.

WE'RE BEING CHEATED!

I don't know how the rest of the listening audience feels about it, but I, for one, strenuously object to the type of quiz program where the contestant has to act out a sketch, either as a punishment for not answering his quiz correctly or just as an added attraction.

We, listening beside our loud speakers, can't help feeling cheated when we hear the hilarious laughter of the audience at the antics and dress-up of the contestant.

The master of ceremonies tries to describe what is going on, but the millions who aren't privileged to witness the comical proceedings, certainly can't appreciate fully what is taking place on the stage.

Perhaps I am being selfish, but since the majority of listeners are in the homes of the country, I feel some consideration should be made for us.

Mrs. R. E. Schaefer, Sayreville, N. J.

Two office bachelors —but no date for Joan!



Popularity and Jobs are Safer if a girl remembers to use Mum every day!

TWO attractive bachelors—both marked for success. And they picked Joan for a honey the very first morning on her new job. But why no bantering—no bids to lunch—none of the attention the other girls received? Well, Joan, the truth, the tragic truth, is—the girl guilty of *underarm odor* doesn't get or deserve the *breaks*.

Joan would be amazed if you mentioned her fault—if you deliberately said "Mum." She bathes every morning, of course. But she needs Mum to protect that after-bath freshness, to keep her safe all day—or all evening long.

Many smart girls—eager to get ahead in business or socially—make Mum a daily habit. They wouldn't dream of taking chances with charm when Mum is so quick, so safe, so easy to use!

MUM IS QUICK! A touch under each arm, before or after dressing...in 30 seconds charm is protected.

MUM IS GENTLE! Use it right after underarm shaving. So safe for fine fabrics that it has won the seal of approval of the American Institute of Laundering.

MUM IS SURE! Mum makes odor impossible all day or all evening, yet does not stop perspiration. Get Mum today!

LIFE'S MORE FUN WHEN MUM GUARDS CHARM!



For Sanitary Napkins

Mum is so gentle, so safe that thousands of women prefer it for this important purpose. Use Mum this way, too.

A Product of Bristol-Myers Company

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



Radio Mirror's featured bandleader of the month is Charlie Spivak. Left, Charlie's mother, his wife, and young son, Joel, visit him backstage at his New York Strand theatre engagement. Below, the Spivak outfit on the bandstand of Glen Island's Casino.



FACING the MUSIC

By KEN ALDEN

ONE of the Fall season's big league radio shows will ride over Mutual Friday nights, beginning September 19. It marks the first top sponsored musical for the youngest of the networks. Milton Berle has been definitely set and the comic might have Charles Laughton and Shirley Ross as running mates. The band spot is wide open.

* * *

Mel Marvin, whose "Take It Easy" music is heard over MBS, will shortly wed Esther Silsbee, Vincent Lopez's Girl Friday. Marvin, a 28-year-old midwesterner, has an eleven-piece sweet band that closely resembles Guy Lombardo's style.

* * *

Tragedy came to the King of Jazz when his three-year-old son, Dick, died last month. Whiteman made a vain effort to reach the child's bedside, flying to Jersey from Chicago. Paul's wife, the former silent screen star, Margaret Livingston, brought the boy to a Trenton hospital from the Whiteman estate in nearby Stockton. Dick had suffered from nephrosis. The Whitemans have a ten-year-old daughter, Margo.

* * *

Marion Hutton, Glenn Miller's former vocalist, became the mother of a baby boy. The daddy is Jack Philbin, Johnny Long's manager.

As predicted in this column, the romance between Johnny Long and radio actress Patricia Waters is quickly reaching the altar stage.

Glenn Miller's 55-acre ranch, recently purchased in California, is called "Tuxedo Junction," named for the trombonist's biggest recording hit. The ranch produces 12,000 cases of oranges a year. Incidentally, Glenn has been renewed on the Chesterfield show for thirteen more weeks.

This Changing World

Mildred Law, lovely young tap dancer seen in the musical show, "Pal Joey," has forsaken her dancing shoes for vocal chores with Vaughn Monroe's orchestra. Marilyn Duke is Monroe's other canary. . . . Harry James hired Dell Parker, a virtually unknown girl vocalist. . . . Wayne King goes back to Chicago's Edgewater Beach Hotel October 2. . . . Gail Robbins is Art Jarrett's new singer. . . . Dinah Shore has been screen tested by MGM and the results are promising. . . . John Scott Trotter is reported asking for a 13-week leave of absence from the Kraft Music Hall so that he can take his band on a road tour. . . . Monte

(*Continued on page* 80)



Pretty Mildred Law was a tap dancer in the Broadway musical, "Pal Joey," but she prefers to sing with Vaughn Monroe's band.

It's annoying when folks just drop in . . . *but*

infectious dandruff

is more annoying still!





THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp morning and night. **WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage with fingers or a good hairbrush. Continue the treatment so long as dandruff is in evidence. And even though you're free from dandruff, enjoy a Listerine Antiseptic massage once a week to guard against infection. Listerine is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 50 years as a mouth wash and gargle.

Get after it with LISTERINE at the first sign of trouble

WHAT makes the infectious type of dandruff so annoying, so distressing, are those troublesome flakes on collar or dress . . . and the scalp irritation and itching . . . that so often accompany the condition.

If you're troubled in this way, look out—you may have this common form of dandruff, so act now before it gets worse.

Has Helped Thousands

Start right in with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. This is the medical treatment that has shown such amazing results in a substantial majority of clinical test cases . . . the treatment that has also helped thousands of other people.

You, too, may find it as helpful as it is delightful. Listerine is so easy, so simple to use, and so stimulating! You simply douse it on the scalp morning and night and follow with vigorous and persistent massage.

Thousands of users have marvelled at how flakes and scales begin to disappear, how much cleaner and healthier their scalps appear. And remember:

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of germs on scalp and hair, including Pityrosporum ovale, the strange "Bottle Bacillus" recognized by many outstanding dandruff specialists as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

This germ-killing action, we believe, helps to explain why, in a series of tests, 76% of dandruff sufferers showed either complete disappearance of or marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff within a month.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

the delightful treatment

WHAT'S NEW from COAST to COAST



The bride and groom toast each other—Alice Frost, radio's Big Sister, and her new husband, who used to direct her program, Willson Tuttle. Left, WBT's organist and pianist is Clarence Etters.

RADIO people have been busy adding to the population of the world this summer. Dorothy Kilgallen and her actor-husband, Richard Kollmer (David of Claudia and David), have a new son they've named Richard Tompkins Kollmer. Jeanette Nolan took time off from her many acting chores to have a baby girl, while hubby John McIntyre kept right on speaking lines—maybe a bit nervously—into the microphone. The Theodore Graniks (he's Mutual's American Forum of the Air man) are expecting a baby soon at their home in Washington. So is Dorothy Lowell, star of Our Gal Sunday. Likewise Virginia Verrill, of the College Humor variety show. And Richard Stark, announcer for the Hour of Charm, Life Can be Beautiful and other programs, will be a father in September. His wife is the former Carolin Babcock, national doubles champion.

* * *

Then of course there's Benay Venuta, who returned to the air only five weeks after the birth of her baby girl. Besides her regular weekly stint as one of the "pitchers" on Quizzer Baseball, Eddie Cantor's summer replacement, she's been singing as a guest star on different programs. She's lost some weight and looks stunning.

* * *

By the time you read this, the Aldrich Family will be back on the air and everyone will know whether or not Ezra Stone will be able to continue in the role he created and made so vastly popular. Ezra was drafted in July, and moved out to Camp Upton in New Jersey. He could probably have been deferred, considering the number of people who depend on the radio show of which he's the main support for their living, but he wanted to do his duty and don a uniform. As this is written, it looks as though a compromise will be worked out which will let Ezra leave the camp once a week and come to New York for his broadcasts. This would be less of a special dispensation than it sounds, because Ezra will be more valuable to the Army than an ordinary selectee—his long experience in both acting and directing make him a big help in camp recreational activities.

* * *

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Heard on this, that and the other WBT program, Clarence Etters is WBT's staff organist—and at least one of the station's star romantic attractions. As the station wag once remarked, "I can always tell who is on the air in Studio A when I see the seats there packed with beautiful girls."

Of course, Clarence is a good musician as well as a handsome young gentleman. Inspired by the melodies of Ann Leaf, Jesse Crawford and Lew White, he began studying the organ and piano when he was a boy. Now he can play them both at the same time—the organ with his left hand and the piano with his right—synchronizing them into some very fancy music. Long hours of practice have given him a repertoire running from hillbilly tunes to hymns, from swing to the classics, and this enables him to appear on all types of WBT programs, making him one of the busiest stars at the station.

It was lucky for Clarence and his musical ambitions that he had an indulgent father. He stepped right into the grocery business when he graduated from Wingate College, for his father gave him a grocery store as a graduation present. It took only a few years of trying to keep customers from knocking over the floor displays of canned peas to send Clarence to the music which he's really preferred all along. The grocery store was disposed of, with the elder Etters' blessing.

Six years ago Clarence came to WBT as accompanist, and since then has had several programs of his own, besides being in demand on other

(*Continued on page 48*)

By DAN SENSENEY



FIRST LACK OF DEFENSE

You hear a lot today about a shortage of aluminum.

You hear of bottlenecks in the defense industry . . . of a scarcity of planes and tanks.

But one of the greatest deficiencies in our national defense is a white crystalline powder—a tasteless, odorless, colorless food ingredient that is as vital to our national strength as battleships or TNT.

This ingredient is Vitamin B_1.

• • •

WITHOUT VITAMIN B_1, human muscles tire easily, the brain does not think well, appetite fails, we become moody, sluggish, even lose courage.

The strength of the nation lies in its man power, and the power of men, we have come to know, depends to a great extent upon Vitamin B_1. A national deficiency in this essential, therefore, means a serious shortage in national energy—and we *have had* a national deficiency!

American bakers now have ways to supply Vitamin B_1 and other members of the B-complex "family" plus food iron in "*Enriched Bread.*"

You will find "*Enriched Bread*" so labeled regardless of who the baker is who bakes it. This is the signal to you that this *white* bread has been given certain qualities of the whole-wheat grain heretofore lost.

This "*Enriched Bread*" looks and tastes exactly like ordinary white bread, yet it adds to *your* diet precious food elements that everyone must have.

WHERE YOU SEE "*Enriched Bread*" displayed, where you see "*Enriched Bread*" advertised in counter and window signs, those bakers and grocers are contributing to our national strength.

This advertisement is approved by the Bureau of Home Economics of the United States Dept. of Agriculture. It is brought to you as our contribution to National Nutritional Defense by Radio and Television Mirror

THE MAGIC FOODS

"Man does not live by bread alone." But it takes only a few kinds of simple foods to provide a sound foundation for buoyant health. Eat each of them daily. Then add anything else you like—which agrees with you—to your table.



MILK—especially for Vitamin A, some of the B vitamins, protein and calcium. "Irradiated" milk—for Vitamin D—the "sunshine" vitamin.



EGGS, lean meat and sea food—for proteins and several of the B-complex vitamins; eggs and lean meat also for iron.



GREEN AND YELLOW vegetables—for Vitamin C, Vitamin A and minerals.



FRUITS and fruit juices—for Vitamin C, other vitamins and minerals.



BREAD, whole grain or enriched, for Vitamin B and other nutrients.

Enough of these foods in your daily diet and in the diets of all Americans will assure more abundant health for the nation, will increase its energies to meet today's emergencies.

Food will build a NEW America



Beauty While You Work

By SELENA ROYLE

Famous star of the dramatic CBS serial, Woman of Courage, heard every weekday morning.

Even if you are a busy housewife, there's no need to look unattractive and tired out when the family sees you at dinner! A charming star tells how you can discover new loveliness right in your own home

"IT'S easy enough for you," some of my friends have said to me. "You don't have a home to keep up, or any housework to do. You can spend a whole morning in a beauty shop once a week, having a facial and a manicure and a shampoo and a dozen other beauty treatments. But a housewife never has time for that sort of thing. Or the money either. She has other things to do besides keeping herself looking nice. But it's *your business!*"

Looking nice is every woman's business!

It isn't difficult to stay attractive, even though yours may be the task of running a household on a twelve-hour-a-day basis. I go to beauty shops because I don't have time not to—radio rehearsals and broadcasts keep me away from home most of every day and I have to squeeze in my beauty treatments when and where I can. It is the woman who can stay home during the day who can arrange for herself a beauty routine that will yield real results.

While you do your work, you can also renew and restore your loveliness. The hours you spend cooking, cleaning, sewing and washing can also be the hours in which you remake your complexion, beautify your hands, renew the lustre of your hair, restore your whole beauty energy. It's easier than you think!

By proper timing and planning a schedule in advance you can give yourself a beauty routine that will prevent any neglect of your loveliness.

You begin as soon as you are up in the morning. As you dress hurriedly before getting breakfast for the family, smooth a small amount of cleansing cream over your face. When you wipe this off, you will help remove traces of fatigue and whatever night cream may be left. In the bathroom, soak a wash cloth in hot water and steam your face to reduce the puffiness of sleep. Follow with the coldest water that will come from the tap, a light powdering and a touch of lipstick. Then wrap a scarf or a bright print kerchief around your hair, so you won't have to take time removing the bobby pins or worry about the loose ends that have lost their wave.



Don a bright kerchief—look fresh and gay at breakfast.



A piece of adhesive between the eyes stops your frowning.



At dinner—you've had a busy day, but you look beautiful!

As you sit down for breakfast, with your fresh make-up and your hair hidden beneath a gay wrapping, the family will be glad the lady of the house is so fresh and gay-looking.

After breakfast, your private life really begins and left by yourself, you can start part two of your beauty routine. Needless to say, you will always, after you've done the dishes, use a rich cream or lotion on your hands to prevent any possible dryness from the water. Another hand hint, for gardening in the summer is, in addition to wearing work gloves, to first dig your nails in soap. No dirt will then work into the cuticle or under the nails and the nails will not split or break.

Should preparing the breakfast have left any stains on your hands, try a bleach of buttermilk with lemon juice, or, if you are rushed for time, rub away the darker spots with half a lemon. Be sure to rub in cream to counteract the drying effect of the bleach.

LATER in the day if you have a few minutes to sit and read or rest, put on some oiled cotton gloves. You can buy them specially made, or make them yourself by dipping a pair of twenty-cent cotton gloves into some olive oil. Occasionally, just before dinner, massage your hands with a touch of lemon lotion and powder them the way you do your face. Smooth hands lend beauty to any woman, and if you treat your hands like precious things, your husband will too.

Your eyes also need daily attention. After breakfast, smooth a little cream around them and on the lids, leaving it on all morning. If your lashes are dry or brittle, add a light layer of cream on them.

If you tend to frown deeply when doing close work like sewing or darning, try a plaster of adhesive cut in the shape of a diamond between your eyes. To rest them, after sewing, try bathing them in some soothing eye lotion. In warm weather, change occasionally to iced tea packs for a few minutes while you are lying down.

To keep your hair free of dust while you work during the morning, leave the scarf on that you donned before breakfast.

For a special evening hair effect, try a light brilliantine gloss just before dinner. Two ounces of mineral oil with a dash of perfume will do the trick neatly. Just pat on the oil, wipe off the surplus, and you'll have a glistening hair-do.

When the housework is finally done, the rugs swept, the floor and furniture dusted, the beds made and the shopping over with, there's only one way to feel and look refreshed. Take a tingling shower or relaxing bath. If it's a shower, next time use a cotton mitten filled with soap flakes and perfumed oatmeal in a half and half mixture. Use your regular soap flakes and the oatmeal you have on your shelf, add a dash of your favorite perfume. The glove will suds up in a second and it works wonders if you have a dry skin. If you prefer, you can make little soap pads of the same mixture by dividing an old bath towel into squares that fit neatly in the palm of your hand. Each will be good for several latherings and you'll have a whole supply in advance.

Personally, I feel that nothing really takes the place of the daily bath. Showers are quick fresheners, but a

(*Continued on page* 78)

Bright Years Ahead

when skin looks like "peaches and cream"



If soap irritation mars your complexion, try gentle, agreeable Cashmere Bouquet Soap

YOU'RE never too old or too young to love owning a skin like "peaches and cream". And if you're the one woman in two who says some soap or other irritates her skin, perhaps you'll find Cashmere Bouquet Soap mild and agreeable to a sensitive complexion.

So use this Cashmere Bouquet Health Facial, daily.

First: Cream your skin with the generous lather of Cashmere Bouquet. Work it well around the large-pore area of nose and chin.

Next: Rinse with warm water; then, a dash of cold. Pat your face dry, don't rub, and see how gloriously clean and radiant your complexion is.

An ideal bath soap, too, because Cashmere Bouquet Soap is scented with the fragrance men love.

Buy it today at 3 cakes for 25c.

Cashmere Bouquet Soap

WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE



Illustration by
Marshall Frantz

Ellen laid her hand on his arm. "Don't you dare say a thing like that," she said.

"Story" THE AUTHOR

First of four vivid and exciting radio romances by a famous woman writer—the story of Gerald and Dorothy, whom he loved though she was as selfish as she was exquisite, and Ellen who had love and happiness to offer instead of beauty!

by Margaret E. Sangster

GERALD GATESON said, "You sent for me, Joe, and as I came through the outer office your secretary muttered something about a rush job. What's up?"

Joe Mallaby peered at Gerald. His eyes were round and owlish through shell-rimmed glasses.

"Radio's always a rush job, Gerry," he said, "and this special—" he broke off. "What's the matter with you, boy?" he asked. "You look seedy as all get out!"

"There's nothing the matter with me," Gerald said. His hand, groping into the pocket of his tweed coat, came in contact with a small square box, and gripped it hard. "I'm fit as a fiddle. What is this rush job, anyway?"

Joe chuckled. "It's right down your street," he said, "it's a love story. We've hooked a new client, Gerry—and I want to show him what's what. That's why I sent for you."

A love story . . . Right down his street . . . Gerald Gateson swallowed hard.

"But I was thinking," he said a trifle lamely, "of going away. Somewhere south, perhaps—"

"At this season?" sneered Joe. "Be your age, Gerry. Nobody goes south *yet.*"

"Maybe I'm a nobody," Gerald said. "Joe, maybe you've got something there." (His heart cried, "Dorothy! Dotsy! *How could you?*")

Joe spoke. His voice seemed to echo from a vast distance.

"You're such a nobody that I've been moving heaven and earth to reach you since early yesterday morning. Where've you been?"

Gerald wanted to shout at the top of his lungs. "I've been walking the streets—that's what! All yesterday and all last night." Instead he murmured—

"I've been going places and doing things."

"You're just the type," growled Joe. All at once he leaned forward and pounded on his desk with an energetic fist.

"It's got to be *terrific,* Gerry," he shouted, in his best agency manner. "It's got to be *colossal.* Only a one time shot, but if it goes across it means a handsome contract . . . It's got to be the best script *ever written.* You won't lose by it, boy, if you do a good job."

Gerald felt suddenly as if he couldn't stand so much noise. His head was splitting, and so was his heart.

"Pipe down, Joe," he said wearily. "Turn off the fireworks, for the love of heaven. You're not selling something—you're buying something. Tell me quietly about this love story."

Joe piped down. "I'm so used to putting on the gas," he apologized, "that I do it automatically. Listen, Gerry—get a load of this. The Kerfew crowd are talking radio, at last. I want to sell them a big weekly dramatic show, with a slick cast—and I want a year's guarantee as a starter. Unfortunately old Kerfew insists on a test—*and what a test!* I've got to produce a bang-up play, have it written, get a real star—oh, the whole works! If it goes across, the sky's the limit, but—well, one show to decide a fifty-two weeks program isn't fair, Gerry."

"Of course, it isn't," agreed Gerald absently. His mind was saying, over and over, "Nothing's fair. Nothing in all the world. Nothing in life."

Joe went on. "If the show falls flat—and it darn right *may*—all the effort has gone for nothing. The campaign I've planned, the security of a dozen actors and actresses, your chance to make a pot of money, and—Gerry, *what the devil is biting you?*"

Taking a firm grip on his vocal chords, so that his voice was entirely steady, Gerald Gateson asked:

"What's biting *who?*"

"You haven't been listening to me," Joe told him accusingly. "You haven't caught a single word. I might as well be using my wind to blow soap bubbles!"

"Sorry," said Gerald, "but I'm so used to your tirades, Joe." He cleared his throat. "To put the matter in a nutshell, you want a tense, gripping romance that'll burn the ears off a new sponsor. How long is this first show to run?"

"Thirty minutes," Joe told him a trifle sulkily, "half an hour to you."

"That's long enough," mused Gerald. "How many characters am I allowed?"

Joe considered. "Let's see. There'll be a star, and a leading lady, and a character man or woman, and a couple of extras . . . Can you hold it down to six, Gerry?"

"I can hold it down to six—or two, if you insist," Gerald grinned painfully. ("Two's a company, three's a crowd," echoed through the empty places of his soul.) "When do you want the finished script?"

"Well," said Joe—and, to do him justice, he spoke sheepishly—"if I could get it by noon tomorrow, we could cast the bloomin' thing tomorrow night."

Gerald stared at the inquisitor who sat on (*Continued on page* 54)



"Hullo, Sylvia," Edward exclaimed, without looking up. "So this is the reason you couldn't come over to Big House," Sylvia said coldly.

THE flames from the brick kiln swept out, caught by a gust of wind, and Amanda stepped swiftly away on bare feet, shielding her face. The warmth here in this cleared space in the lee of the hill was oppressive as the sun rose high in the clear June sky. Leaning against the trunk of a great pine at the edge of the woods, she pushed the moist curls of red gold hair from her forehead.

From where she stood, she could see the valley on one side, and on the other the high mountains to the west. Far away, where the trees were less dense, there was the glitter of sun on a white house. Day after day she had looked toward it in wonder, with a vague, unformulated hope that life might be different there than it was in the Valley, different from anything she had ever known. But she had never climbed that high road. She had been told that the people of the Valley hated and distrusted the outlanders on the hills.

Amanda sighed, the blue of her eyes deepening with the question she had so often asked herself: why, with this beautiful, green world around her, with the songs of birds waking her before dawn, and the stars brighter than lamps in the night sky, should there be hate? Her hands clenched hard. She knew too intimately what hate was like, not just the kind her father, Joseph Dyke, felt for the rich families on the hill. She herself hated things that happened—the Valley girls, fresh and pretty, forced to marry so young, made to work from morning till night, bearing children year



Begin radio's most beautiful romance—the story of lovely Amanda, who fled in terror from the sordid life of the valley people into the arms of Edward who lived in the shining house on the hilltop

Now as a vivid, romantic story read the exciting radio serial heard every weekday at 3:15 P.M., E.D.T., on NBC's Blue network, sponsored by Cal-Aspirin and Haley's M-O. Photographs posed by Joy Hathaway as Amanda, Boyd Crawford as Edward, Helen Shields as Sylvia.

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Amanda OF HONEYMOON HILL

after year until they were so weary they were almost glad to die. Somewhere—perhaps in that white house to which she lifted her eyes—life was not so cruel. And she hated Charlie Harris because her father had promised her in marriage to him. Her heart beat with a dull longing for a beauty never yet seen, a gentleness and kindness never yet experienced.

"If," she thought, "I'd been to school, if I could read in books, maybe, I'd know what I yearn for—"

The sun was high in the sky, and Amanda's eyes gauged its position as the only clock she could read. It was noon, and her father must be waiting in the cabin for her to cook their mid-day meal.

"Yams, turnips—I dug them this morn. I ought to have been home before this. Pa'll say I've been loafing."

Hurriedly she stoked the fire and shut the door and was off, running lightly through the woods. And, as she ran, she laughed; she could not be unhappy with the green glory of the world around her, filled with the scent of the sun on pine needles, and holding in her heart the knowledge that as long as she had not made her bridal quilt she could not, according to Valley custom, be married.

To her relief the cabin was empty. Swiftly, she raked out the ashes on the hearth, swung the kettles over them, and tossed in the yams and turnips. She glanced up to see her father in the doorway, and all the wonder of the day fled; her dreams had no power against the expression



Amanda flung out her arms to keep him away. "Don't touch me, Charlie."

on his stern, lean face.

"Amanda," he said, coming into the room, "I've been talking to Charlie Harris—he's coming up the road soon—and he wants to know when I'm keeping my sworn Valley oath for you to be his wife."

Amanda leaned back against the wall of the fireplace, her eyes wide and dark in a face suddenly white.

"I'm not going to wed Charlie, Pa! I'm not. I don't love him. I've told you and told you how I feel. And besides," with a flash of hope, "I'm not finished with my bridal quilt."

"You'll love him after you're wed. And Charlie's not waiting longer for you to do your quilt. You ought to be glad, child, he's never held your red hair against you."

Amanda shrank further against the wall. "I just can't," she cried. "I'd rather die before I let him touch me. I've never let him put a hand on me, and I sha'n't. I'll run into the woods and hide until I die, and the birds can cover me with leaves as they covered the children in the song ballad before I let Charlie marry me."

Joseph Dyke stepped toward her, his dark face flushed.

"Stop that sinful talk. Charlie's got to have help on the farm—the hogs and the chickens need tending to—all his planting is behind—"

A shadow fell across the sunlit space before the door, and a heavy man with sun-roughened face stepped into the room.

"Have you told Amanda I'm losing patience, that I'm not waiting any longer?"

"Then get another girl, Charlie, there's many that wants you—and I don't." Amanda faced him, her breath short, as she fought against this terror from which there seemed no way of escape.

Charlie moved toward her. "You'll get over your fright. I'm here to set the day."

Amanda flung out her arms to keep away the man so close to her.

"Don't touch me, Charlie—"

"It's about time you got used to romancing, Amanda." He pushed her arms aside with easy strength and caught her.

She did not scream, only moaned as she twisted her head away. "Pa, take him away—Pa—"

"Charlie's in the right," Dyke said, walking toward the door. "I'm shamed for you, Amanda."

She flung herself against the wall, tearing desperately at the hands which held her. In terror she was under his arms and through the door, before he could reach her. She darted by her father, the tears running down her face.

"I'll die first—I'll die first," she was sobbing. "I'll hide in the woods—I won't come back."

Deeper and deeper into the enfolding green she plunged, as briars and underbrush tore her legs, over ground that bruised even her feet, until she stumbled, blind, unseeing, into an open glen, and a hand caught and held her. She stared out of tear-filled eyes into the face of a stranger, at one whom she knew had no place in the Valley. And he stared in equal amazement at her.

"Who are you?" he asked, and neither was aware that his hand was still on her shoulder, "a woodland nymph or a dryad escaped from a tree? You're beautiful," he added, his eyes taking in her tumbled, shimmering hair, her fair skin with its wild rose color, the blue eyes so deeply fringed, and the slim young figure. "Diana of the forest—"

"Am I?" asked Amanda. "Well," her gaze had never left his face, "you're wonderful, too, the most wonderful person I've ever seen."

"Then you haven't seen many people." Suddenly conscious of the soft rounded shoulder under his fingers, the stranger dropped his hand and stood smiling at her.

"No, I haven't seen many people, just the Valley folks."

"I might have guessed you were a Valley girl. What's your name? Heavens, how I'd like to paint you—I wonder if I could make that skin come alive—"

"Amanda Dyke," she answered, moving softly across the grass, and

sitting down on a log. She was no longer crying, but she could not stop the trembling of her body. "What's yours?"

"Edward Leighton and I live up on the hill." He could not take his eyes from her as he talked.

"In the white house?" her voice was eager, "a white house that shines through the trees—like a dream house?"

"You're a strange girl," young Leighton moved toward her. "Yes, it is beautiful, and it's called Honeymoon House."

"That's a pretty name," Amanda said, softly, then exclaimed, startled, "you're an outlander!"

"An outlander? Lord, no. My people have lived there for almost two hundred years."

"You're an outlander," she repeated, firmly, "we in the Valley were here before you came."

"What of it? Oh, you're cold." Close to her, he saw how she shivered, how she held her hands so they would not tremble. He pulled off his coat, and as he placed it around her shoulders and sat down on the log beside her she smiled at him with a startled expression.

"You're gentle," she said, "and kind. But I'm not cold; I've been afraid."

"Of what? Who has frightened you?" There was quick anger in his voice.

"It's nothing to tell an outlander." Amanda was looking without embarrassment at his face. "I like your eyes—gray like a winter sky—"

"Oh, Amanda," he laughed, "you're marvelous. Will you come up to Honeymoon House? I've a studio there. I want to paint you."

"Paint me?"

"I mean make a picture of you. I'm an artist. See?" He jumped to his feet and went over to where he had set up a small easel. "I was doing this when you came along."

"It's pretty. The flowers look real enough to smell—"

She stopped in surprise and jumped to her feet, her hands fluttering over her heart. From far below them came the sound of a man's angry voice, calling:

"Amanda—Amanda—where are you?"

"It's Pa!" she cried. "I've got to go. He'd be furious if he found me here. He might harm you."

Edward Leighton caught her arm. "But I must see you again. You will come to Honeymoon House, won't you? I must do your portrait."

"I can't tell," Amanda's eyes were troubled pools of blue, her lips quivered. "I can't tell. But I thank you kindly for your gentleness." She raised her voice. "Yes, Pa, I'm coming. And, Edward, please, you go home. The Valley people wouldn't like you here."

Her father caught her roughly by the arm when she ran down to him, his face dark with rage. But as he led her home he said nothing, and though Amanda knew it might have been better for her had he abused her, she did not care. Lost in a tender wonder, her thoughts with the tall young stranger, she was but vaguely aware of her outer world. Like a sleep walker, dreaming some sweet dream, she went about her evening tasks, and then sat before the cabin door, looking up at the stars as, one by one, they sprinkled the night sky. He lived there—he—Edward—lived in that white house—his fingers had been gentle when he touched her—he had put his coat around her. She saw her father light the lamp and open his Bible, and knew that soon she must go to her little room and creep into her bed. She longed to stay all night under the wide sky, lost, wrapped in this soft glory. But when her head touched her hard pillow, her thoughts slipped into a night dream, and she was once again with Edward in the glen.

When Amanda woke to another day of cloudless blue there was a new wonder to the world, but, also, a strange bewilderment. She wanted to laugh and to cry, to sing and to be very still. And she longed for someone wise enough to explain this troubled happiness within her. Aunt Maisie, she thought, I'll go to Aunt Maisie, so old no one knows how long she has lived. She will tell me what is the matter with me. Amanda hurried along the wood path before her father could ask her about the tweed coat which she had forgotten to give back to Edward Leighton and which was hanging now in her room.

But to Amanda's disappointment, the story she had to tell met with instant disapproval.

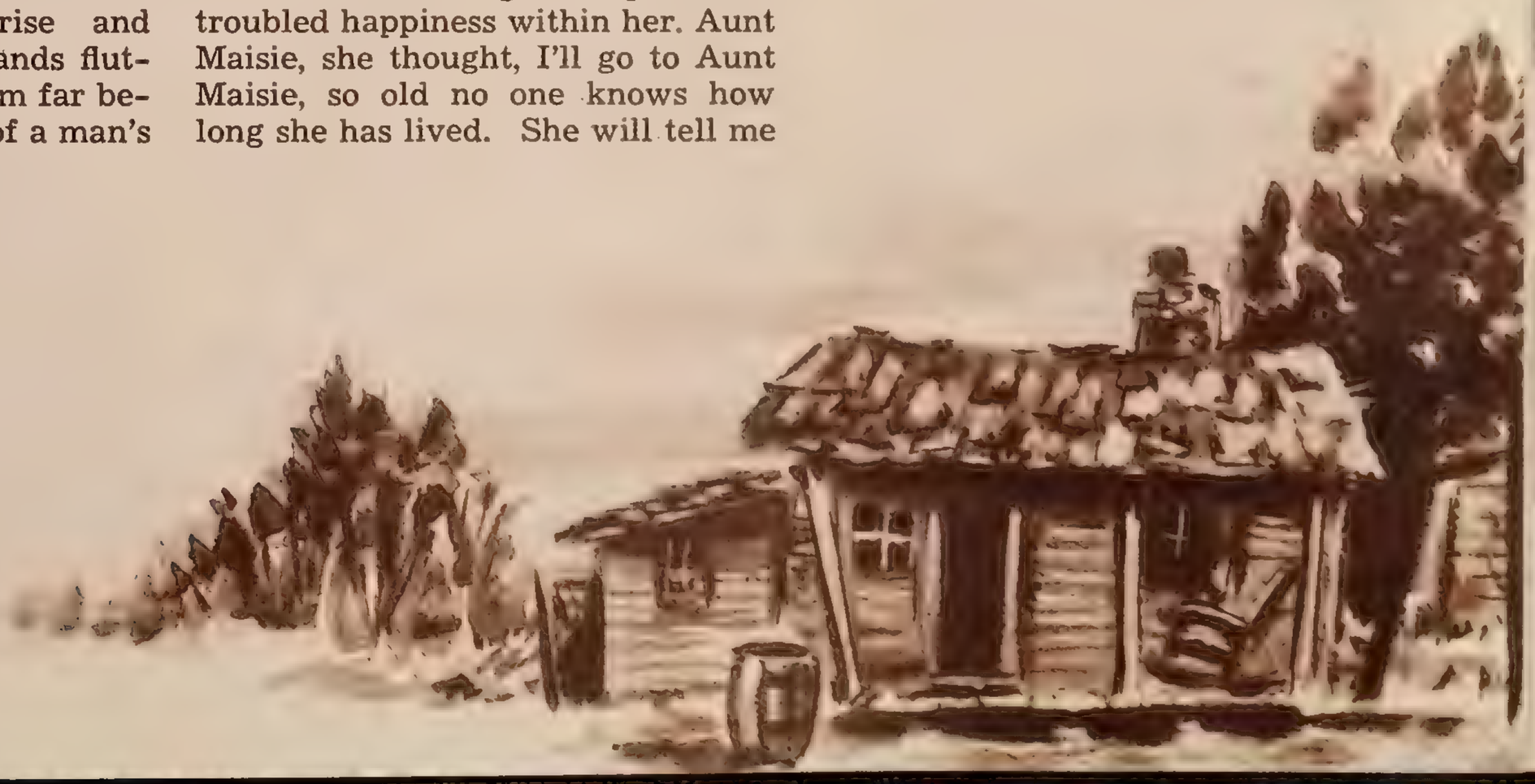
"Don't have anything to do with the outlanders; it'll bring trouble to you. It always has, it always will—bad luck and black trouble."

"Oh, Aunt Maisie," the girl pleaded, "he was wonderful—gentle and handsome. Why would there be trouble from someone like that?"

The old woman rocked back and forth on her tiny porch. "The Leightons have lived in their big houses for years and years and years, proud and rich—tobacco fields for miles and miles bringing money to their doors. But we were here before them in Virginia. Don't you see that young man again. You'll wed Charlie, obedient to your pa—"

"Listen—listen!" Amanda jumped to her feet, the wild rose color staining her cheeks. "That's Edward, calling my name. Aunt Maisie, I'm afraid to see him. I'm afraid—"

Amanda's eyes were wide as those of some wild animal of the woods. With a glance over her shoulder she ran into the cabin. She peered from the tiny window, her heart beating loudly in her ears, her lips parted as she saw Edward Leighton cross the clearing and come up to the steps. But she could not move as she heard him ask about her, or even when Aunt Maisie told him there was no red-haired girl in the Valley. She longed to call, but no sound came, as he glanced around, then moved away and disappeared among the trees. It was not until she saw her father on the other side of the clearing that she ran out—only to have the old, sick



terror sweep over her at his first words.

"I've taken your wedding chest to Charlie's farm."

"But—that's as good as being wed to him!" Amanda cried.

"That's why I've done it, child," he answered, his face set. "You've been meeting an outlander, and I aim to save trouble."

Amanda lifted desperate, pleading eyes, but there was neither pity nor understanding in her father's face.

"Get back to the cabin, Amanda," he ordered, "and stay there. I'll tend the kiln today, and if any stranger comes by, he won't talk long to me." His laugh was short and hard.

There were no tears in Amanda's eyes as she walked through the woods, or when, in the cabin, she buried her face against Edward Leighton's coat. Then, suddenly, she caught it from its hook and ran out the door and up, up the road, until she stood, breathless, before the white house on its high hill, surrounded by flowers, shaded by trees—her house of dreams. She peered through the first window she came to, then another and another, until with a tremulous sigh she saw the tall form of Edward standing before a canvas on an easel. She crept toward the door and pushed it open, and he raised his eyes and saw her. For a long minute they looked at each other, not moving, only aware that they were together again. Then he sprang across the room and, her hands in his, drew her in.

"I've been looking for you all over that confounded Valley, and an old woman said you didn't exist. I was frightened—I thought I'd lost you. See," he waved toward the easel, "I was making an attempt from memory—and it was no go."

"Wait, Edward—I can't walk on all those flowers."

"Flowers!" Edward stared, then laughed. "That's a carpet, Amanda. It's there to be walked on. Those aren't real flowers. Come on, get up there on that platform. I can't wait to start painting you."

"It's so beautiful to walk on," Amanda said, almost tiptoeing across the floor. A sharp ring startled her, and she turned, ready to run, her hands at her ears.

"What—what was that?"

"Only the telephone." Edward picked up the receiver, and his voice was a trifle impatient in its refusal of some suggestion. When he turned he saw Amanda, her lower lip caught between her teeth, her face colorless.

"The—the telephone?" she stammered. And when Edward nodded, she said hastily, "I'd best be going."

"Amanda," he caught her hands, "why? Don't be frightened, there's no danger. Won't you believe me?"

Amanda sighed, the blue of her eyes deepened with the question she had so often asked herself: why, in this beautiful world around her, must there be so much hate?



She raised her eyes to his with such utter trust that a lump rose in his throat. "If you say so, Edward, I believe you."

"Fine," he exclaimed. "Now you come over here. You don't mind standing still for a little while, do you?"

"Not if you'll tell me about yourself. Have you a mother?"

Edward smiled to himself. What would his mother, Susan Leighton, think if she could hear Amanda's question? And, as he made his preliminary sketch, he told Amanda about his sister, his Uncle Bob, and of the Big House on the farther side of the sweeping lawns where they lived. Amanda listened, lost to everything but the sound of his voice and the peace and beauty of this sunlit room. Suddenly she sensed someone other than themselves close by; she swung around, and there in the doorway stood a girl, slim, white and golden. And Amanda hated the way she smiled as she walked into the room, speaking in a clear, cold voice.

"So this is the reason," she waved her hand at Amanda, "you couldn't come over to Big House when I asked you."

"Hullo, Sylvia," Edward said casually. "Of course I couldn't come. This is Amanda Dyke—and Amanda, this is Sylvia Meadows." He laid aside his brushes.

"Oh yes, the Valley girl you told us about." Sylvia did not turn her head. "Surely, she can come some other time. I need your advice about tomorrow night."

Amanda stepped down from the dais with gentle dignity. "I didn't mean to intrude. If you and Edward—"

"Edward!" For the first time Sylvia faced her. "Wouldn't Mr. Leighton be more in keeping with your—"

"Sylvia!" Edward's voice was sharp. "I'm sorry, Amanda."

Sylvia made a quick, impatient gesture. "You see, Amanda, Mrs. Leighton is giving a dance tomorrow at which our engagement is to be announced."

"You and Edward are going to be married?" Amanda asked slowly.

"Yes." The clear, cold voice was indifferent; the level gaze swept appraisingly from Amanda's head to her feet. "You are almost as lovely as he said."

Edward frowned. Then Amanda spoke, gently. "I hope you make a good wife to Edward. He is wonderful—and kind. I'll be getting home now. Goodby, Edward."

He stopped her before she reached the door.

"Promise you'll come tomorrow. I'll be unhappy if you don't."

"I can't promise. There is something I haven't told you about me—and Pa—"

Amanda went slowly down the hill. "I don't think," she said to herself, "that Sylvia will make Edward a good wife. She's not kind. And she won't listen properly to him. But I'll try to go back to see him if I can—just to please him."

She did not know as she walked through the afternoon sunlight, that darkness (*Continued on page* 74)

She's the teen-age girl who lives in every town of America—naive, yet so wise beyond her years. She's Pat Ryan, delightful new star, heroine of her own radio program come to life, and Radio Mirror's Cover Girl!



WHO IS *Claudia?*

Listen to Pat Ryan in Claudia and David on CBS Friday nights at 8, while Kate Smith's taking her vacation.

By Adele Whitely Fletcher

IT was eight o'clock of a June evening. In the library at New York's fine Metropolitan Club gentlemen were playing bridge, reading the evening papers, and watching Fifth Avenue's perpetual parade through the club's great plate glass windows.

Ryan, who has served here for many years, brought a millionaire ship-builder his Scotch and Soda and then hurried towards the radio. And into that room came a girl's voice, young and breathless as dawn.

"Never heard that program before, Ryan," an elderly gentleman announced. "But you have evidently, judging by your interest . . ."

Ryan straightened and the lamplight shone full upon his silvery hair. "That's my daughter, Pat Ryan, sir. She's making her debut as 'Claudia' tonight. It's a new program. But they expect great things of it."

Several men came over. "Your daughter, you say, Ryan?" they said, pleased for him. "You must be very proud."

Slowly, as these rich and powerful men listened, they remembered there still were other things in the world besides Stuka bombers and vassal people and war and hatred. Mouths which had been stern curved in little smiles and eyes that had been tired took on a soft shine.

"Ryan," said a merchant king, "I'd appreciate it very much indeed—I know how difficult these things are—if you could arrange for my wife and me to see your daughter's broadcast some evening."

"I'll speak to Pat, sir," Ryan said. "She'll be glad to do what she can, I know."

* * *

Funny the way life goes along quietly, then accelerates into auspicious, unforgettable occasions. Some people precipitate more occasions than others, of course. Like Pat Ryan, for instance.

Pat wasn't much more than a baby that day her mother took her to an entertainment and she begged so very hard that they had to let her perform too.

"If no one ever marries me
I shan't mind very much,"

she told the audience, who couldn't believe such a little mite could speak so clearly and possess such poise.

"I'll buy a squirrel in a cage,"
she went on
"And a little rabbit hutch
And when I'm getting really old
About twenty-eight or nine,
I'll buy a little orphan girl
And bring her up as mine."

The applause, the first to fall on Pat's ears, was tremendous. And, with the other children, she was given two peaked scoops of vanilla ice cream and a large slice of cake.

Mr. and Mrs. Ryan and Pat's older sister, (*Continued on page* 76)

The Difference Love Makes



Nothing like this had ever happened to me before. It was sweet and terrifying, beautiful and painful, all at the same time.

His creed was to take care of himself no matter how it hurt others but that was before he met Jane who knew what it was to feel pity for the "little people" of the world—because she was one herself

THERE wasn't a breath of air and the heat shimmered back at me from the pavement. The bag of groceries was big and heavy and hard to balance. My arms ached from carrying it. The mile walk from Middletown to the camp seemed like ten miles and, as I plodded along past the neat, small houses on the road, the thought of the dreariness that lay ahead of me made me want to cry.

The camp was dismal enough, ordinarily. Row after crooked row of rundown trailers and patched up tents and hastily thrown together shacks of corrugated metal and scraps of wood, perpetual washlines sagging under the weight of workmen's clothes from which the grease stains were never quite removed, screeching children and harassed, overworked mothers, the eternal smell of meals cooking, and that cramped, trapped feeling that comes from too many people living too close together.

But, after a rain like the one we'd had earlier that afternoon, the camp was turned into an indescribably ugly, vast, slippery, mud puddle. The satiated, red earth refused to drink in all that water. The rutted paths would hold the water for days and, as it stagnated, insects would breed there. And, no matter how hard we women worked, how desperately we scrubbed and cleaned, it would be days and days before we got rid of the red mud tracked into the trailers by our men folks and children.

Turning in at the camp gate, I had to crane my neck and watch the ground to keep from slipping in the mud. I had just rounded the rear end of a trailer and thought, absently, that I didn't remember one having been there before, when I saw the big puddle. I stepped aside, just in time.

Something, someone, hit me on my blind side—the side blotted out by the tall bundle. The next moment, the paper bag had split and things were scattering and settling with a squooshy sound into the mud. I just stared, stupidly, at the mess, the flour soaking up the water, the sugar dissolving. Perversely, the two dozen eggs had landed on solid ground and were oozing stickily out of their boxes.

"Well!" a man's voice said. "I had no idea they grew things like you around here."

I looked up into a pair of grinning, blue eyes. It was a stranger's face, good looking, with a lean, hard jaw and a full, laughing mouth. Dark hair curled rakishly over his forehead. He was very tall and very neat in a cool, summer suit and his white shoes were spotless.

"Is that all you can say?" I asked angrily.

"No," he grinned. "I might add that you're by far the loveliest thing I've seen in years. And that's something."

"A touch of manners would be better than all that blarney," I said. I stooped down to see what could be saved.

"You're not going to pick up those things?" he said, as though he were astounded. "They're spoiled."

"We don't waste things around here," I said furiously. "We work too hard for what little we've got."

I started to collect the soggy, dirty packages into the front of my skirt, and he bent down to help. But I was too angry to accept his aid. All I wanted was to splash him with mud, to spoil his immaculate complacency, but I managed to control the impulse.

When I stood up, the parcels untidily clutched in my arms, he'd stopped smiling and was just looking at me. "I'm sorry," he said. "Really, I am."

"That's fine!" I snapped. "Only we can't eat it—your being sorry." And I left him there and hurried to our trailer, the red, clayey water dripping through my dress.

I dropped the forlorn mess into the tiny sink. And suddenly, everything was too much to bear. My dinner was ruined. My dress was ruined. My budget for the week was ruined. What kind of a life was that, when a little accident, the carelessness of a stranger, could cause such havoc?

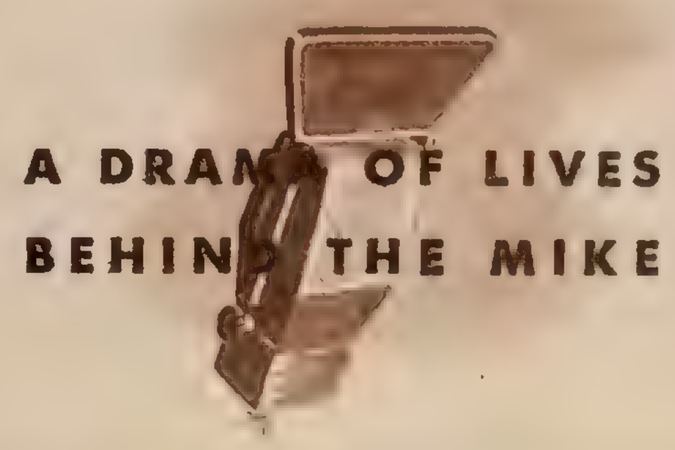
And we'd come a thousand miles for this kind of a life!

Defense work! That was the will-o'-the-wisp that had led up over a thousand miles to Middletown. Oh, the work was there, all right, plenty of it. But there was no place for all the workers, who flocked there from all parts of the country, to live, no houses, no apartments. Even shacks, renting at fantastic prices, were crammed full.

We'd almost turned back, that first evening three months before, but, like everyone else, we didn't dare. There were jobs here for skilled mechanics like Dad and my two older brothers, Al and Tom, jobs with good pay. And back home, in the East, there was nothing left for us, no chance of work, no home—because we'd sold our house in order to be able to get to Middletown, no hope of being able to bring up Julie and Bud decently, send them to school. Back home, the only thing that was left to us was to apply for relief. And, I think, Dad would have preferred to die before doing that.

So, we had stayed, even though it had meant sacrificing comfort and decency. We thought it would only be like that for a short while. Only it wasn't a short while. And gradually, every hope we'd had that things would change, that the rumored housing project would really get under way and we could live like human beings again, instead of like cattle herded into a camp ground that wouldn't even have made a decent pasture, every hope began to fade. Even the rumors had died down. Since the State Legislature had voted a huge appropriation for the housing project, there was a strange, mysterious silence on the whole business in Middletown. And all of us, and all the new families who arrived day after day, went right on living in the camp, hopelessly and helplessly trapped by our need to work.

I glanced at the clock above my bunk. It was late. My weeping hadn't helped much. Dad and the boys would be coming home from work soon, tired and hungry, and there was still some sort of a meal



to be made. I stripped off my muddy clothes and stepped into the shower. At least, our trailer was equipped with that.

I felt a little better, after I'd cleaned up. When I discovered that the steak—a real luxury to us—hadn't been hurt, at all, I was almost happy. I was busy scrubbing the mud off the vegetables, when someone knocked at the open door. I looked around. It was the stranger. He had changed his clothes and he was carrying a grocery bag.

"I—" HE smiled ingratiatingly, "I thought I ought to replace those things." Without waiting to be asked, he stepped up into the trailer. "Where can I put these?" he asked.

I let down the tiny folding table and be began laying out the things he'd bought. "Flour, sugar, eggs, coffee, soap powder, tomatoes, bread," he grinned. "I think I got everything."

"About twice too much," I said. "Look—we can't take all those things from you. After all, it was an accident."

"Did anyone ever tell you you're very beautiful, when you're angry?" he asked irrelevantly. I'm afraid I blushed. He laughed and put out his hand. "My name's Rand Ferrell. Let's be friends."

I had to laugh, too. "All right," I said. "I'm Jane Burley."

He sprawled out on my bunk and lit a cigarette. I went on with my work. He was a little in the way, but I couldn't think of how to get rid of him. Maybe, I didn't really want to. He was very amusing and there was something vaguely familiar about the way he talked, but I didn't pay too much attention to that. I put it down to his easy, friendly manner. He asked lots of questions, about the camp, about work.

"Oh, there's plenty of work," I said. "Are you looking for a job?"

"Sure," he said.

"They need *skilled mechanics,*" I said.

"Well?"

"You're no mechanic," I said.

He laughed. "How do you know?"

"Your hands," I said.

"Okay, Miss Sherlock," he grinned. "I'm no mechanic. But I can learn. If there's really so much work, they can use a few apprentices."

I could have disillusioned him on that score, but I didn't. There were too many really skilled men, for the bosses to bother with apprentices. Besides, I didn't have time to talk any more. Julie and Bud came in whooping and demanding their supper and it got pretty crowded inside the trailer, what with Rand Ferrell telling the kids about New York and Julie and Bud hovering around him worshipingly. Then Dad and the boys came home and everyone was introduced and, somehow, Rand was invited to eat with us. Of course, he accepted.

We ate outside on a large, rough table. Before we'd finished our soup, Dad and Al and Tom and Rand were deep in man-talk about the conditions in Middletown. And, listening to them, it struck me that for someone who'd just arrived in town that day, Rand was remarkably well informed about local conditions. I wondered about that. Why had he come there, then? And I remembered his expensive looking suit and the shiny, new trailer. He didn't look like someone so desperately in need of a job that he'd be willing to put up with life in that camp.

When it was time to wash the dishes, nothing would do but that he help me. I wasn't too crazy about the idea, because men can be very sloppy, even in a large kitchen. And he was unusually clumsy. He handled the dishes as though he'd never seen a plate before. Yet, I didn't want to say anything, I didn't want him to go away. He was so different from the boys and men in camp. He was lighthearted and charming—and, although I was sure it was just a line—he was flattering.

"Jane," he said, bending to look into my eyes, "are your eyes really green?"

"Only sometimes," I said. "They change."

"I've heard about such things," he said. "But I've never seen them. Let me see."

I felt like a fool, but my heart was strangely glad that he wanted to be there, saying those silly things to me.

"Like a magazine cover," Rand said. "Red hair, green eyes. You know, for years I've thought that girls with faces like yours were just dreamed up by artists. Maybe, I'm dreaming too."

I had to laugh. I didn't know what else to do. Even if it was just idle chatter on his part, it was nice to hear. I guess every girl in the world needs a little flattery, now and then, to sustain her, to make her feel alive. My heart was beating very fast and I was intensely aware of his nearness to me. And my head kept saying over and over, "Careful Janie. You don't know him. You don't know anything about him."

It made sense. It also made sense, at least to me, to remedy it. "Rand," I said at last, when the dishes were done and we'd gone outside again, "you're not fooling me. What are you doing here? Honestly, now."

"Looking for work," Rand said. He took a piece of paper out of his pocket. "I saw this handbill, saying there are plenty of defense jobs here in Middletown—"

It was too transparent. He saw me smile, and his voice trailed off. "It's no good, Rand," I said. "You don't really need a job. We're simple people here, and we like others to be direct and sincere. What are you doing in this place?"

Rand lowered his eyes. "Smart, too, aren't you, Jane? All right, I'm not looking for a job. I'm a radio reporter." Of course, I thought, that was why his voice had seemed so familiar. How stupid of me not to have connected him with radio as soon as I heard his name. But who would have expected Rand Ferrell, the famous coast to coast newscaster, to turn up in a sordid camp in Middletown?

"Maybe you've heard me do spot broadcasts," he said. I nodded. I'd heard him broadcast an exciting re-



"It's no good," I said. "You don't really

port from a mine that had exploded.

"But, what are you doing here?" I asked.

"Well, defense is a big thing in this country, now," he explained. "This is a defense boom town. So, I'm here to do a broadcast on what it's like in a defense boom town. I thought I'd get better dope, if I pretended to be a worker."

"I see," I said.

"I still think I can find out more—if everyone doesn't know why I'm here," he said. I agreed with him. "Now that that's over, what can we do tonight?"

"Not so fast," I said. "I've got to put the kids to bed. Besides, there's not much to do. We can take a walk. I'll show you the rest of our 'estate'."

I'm afraid I rather rushed Julie and Bud into bed. I suspected that Bud wasn't washing too carefully, but I didn't stop to give him a thorough going over, for which Bud was, no doubt, very thankful. Then I hurried to put on my prettiest dress.

It wasn't nine o'clock yet, but already the camp was settling down for the night. Rand and I walked quietly through the camp and I showed him the communal showers and the place where the women did their washing. I told him about the store run by the camp owners, where everything was so expensive that most of us preferred to walk the mile into town to get what we needed. I showed him the wood pile, which we all used for our cook fires and which was replenished on Sundays by the men in camp.

We crossed a little, plank bridge to the other side of the creek. It was like stepping into another country, another world. Here, massive willow trees trailed their lacey branches in the water and the grass was fresh and untrammelled and the slope had drained and was dry and soft to sit upon.

We sprawled out on the bank of the creek and our talk drifted lazily, slowly, over many things, very much as the gurgling water trickled over the rocks at our feet. Rand told me a little about himself, about the home we'd left in the East, about the small State college to which I had gone until Dad lost his job and Mother died and I was needed at home to run the house and take care of Julie and Bud.

Finally, we got back to camp. "And now that you've seen this place," I said, "just what are you going to tell your listeners?"

"Oh," Rand said casually, "I'll tell them all about the wonderful determination of the people to carry on the defense of our country. I'll talk about the heroism of the workers, their willingness to sacrifice—oh, you know, all the business about how they're even willing to live in trailers so the work can be done."



need a job. So what are you doing here?"

I COULD hardly believe I'd heard him correctly. He'd seemed so shocked by the conditions under which we all lived. "But," I said, "what about the way we're forced to live here? That's not necessary for defense. What about the housing project that's supposed to take care of us? Aren't you going to say anything about that? Aren't you going to tell the public that places like this aren't fit for people to live in?"

"Jane," Rand said, "listeners want to hear how defense work is coming along. They want to know how many tanks and airplanes and guns are being turned out."

"Of course," I said. "We're interested in that, too, or we wouldn't be here. But what about the truth? What about all these people?"

"All these people aren't any of my business," he said.

"But they are!" I cried. "It's every decent, honest person's business, when hundreds of people are forced to live like this."

"Take it easy, Jane," Rand laughed. "I'm a reporter, not a reformer. I give the listeners what they want to hear, not what they ought to hear. My sponsors like it that way—and they're the ones who hand out the pay checks and the contracts. I have to watch out for my job, Janie. I've still got a long way to go to get to the top."

"I see," I said angrily. "That's a fine philosophy—take care of yourself and the devil with everyone else!"

"Well, no, not exactly," Rand grinned. "I'm willing to take care of some people—like you, for instance." Suddenly, he was leaning over me, his face very close to mine. "Jane, you're maddeningly beautiful when you're angry."

He was kissing me, his lips pressed against mine. Their warmth set the blood to burning under my skin. Nothing like this had ever happened to me before. It was sweet and terrifying, beautiful and painful, all at the same time. With part of me I wanted to push him away, but another part of me cried out for him to hold me closer.

"Let's go back," I forced myself to whisper. "Let's go back, now."

It was insanity, I reminded myself later, when I was in bed. It was hopeless, but I couldn't stop it. My senses seemed to have fled. A part of my mind kept warning me that Rand Ferrell wasn't for me, that I was a fool, that he was probably just amusing himself with me, that, if he hadn't been kissing me, he would have been kissing one of the other young girls in the camp, because he had to pass the time as pleasantly as possible. But it did no good. I found that I didn't care why he was kissing me. I didn't care that in another few days he'd be gone and I'd probably never see him again. Nothing mattered, but that I should keep this wonderful thing that had happened to me, close and sweet, for what little time I had.

Luckily for my peace of mind—and for the health of my family, I saw very little of Rand in the next couple of days. It was possible for me to collect my scattered wits a little. Nevertheless, on the second evening, when I saw him walking toward our trailer, my heart went racing off again.

"Hello," I managed to say. "How's the work going?"

"Fine," he said, but there was no enthusiasm (*Continued on page* 83)



Tune in Pepper Young's Family weekdays at 11:15 A.M., E.D.T., over the NBC-Red network, sponsored by P & G Naphtha

Pepper Young's Family

IN LIVING PORTRAITS

With these beautiful photographs of Pepper, Linda, Biff, Curtis Bradley and Hattie Williams, you can now complete your own special picture-album of radio's popular family from Elmwood

PEPPER YOUNG (left) is a typical American boy of nineteen. His name is William Culpepper, but you had better call him Pepper. Pepper is filled with amazing vitality, he excells at football, basketball and hockey, and his real passion is aviation. Pepper was only sixteen when you first met him, but even at that precocious age he was distinguishing himself. When his father's factory was flooded, he risked his life to save valuable papers. Later, when Mr. Young's fortune was wiped away, Pepper left school for a year to help the family out. Pepper has had girl trouble, crushes which every adolescent gets, but his real love is a childhood sweetheart, Linda Benton. He also loves his sister Peggy, and is forever teasing her. When he graduated from Elmwood High, he wanted to join the Army Air Corp, but he was too young. He is now learning to fly at a local civilian Air School.
(*Played by Curtis Arnall*)

LINDA BENTON (right) is a wholesome, pretty blonde girl of eighteen. She adores Pepper, is full of fun, and also is very practical, and Pepper's parents both feel that some day she'll make a fine wife for their son. Linda and Pepper have quarreled over other girls with whom Pepper has been temporarily infatuated. There was trouble over a young aviatrix and a girl from California named Marcella, but that's over and now Pepper and Linda have an understanding. They know that some day they will be married. It almost happened when Pepper nearly landed a job on the Elmwood Free Press. Linda feels that Pepper can't possibly love her as much as she loves him. But, as she told Mrs. Young, "You don't always expect the one you love to love you as much as you love him." As each day goes by, Pepper finds more wonderful qualities in her and loves her more.
(*Played by Eunice Howard*)





NBC photos by Jackson & Desfor

BIFF BRADLEY, son of Curtis Bradley, is Pepper Young's best friend. While his father was missing, he lived with the Youngs. They treated him like their own son, helped him with all his youthful problems. Biff is a very sensitive young man, wistful, easily hurt. For a number of years he was very much in love with Peggy Young, but he never did much about it because Peggy always had so many boy friends. As he grew older, he began to realize that his love for Peggy was more like that of a brother for a sister. Biff's next crush was on Edie Gray. He got over that, too. Some day he will meet the right girl, but just now he is too concerned about Peggy's troubles with the Trent family to think about himself. He wants to see Peggy happy and, now that she has broken her engagement to Carter, he is trying his best to cheer her up.

(*Played by Laddie Seaman*)



HATTIE WILLIAMS (right) is the Young family's maid, but nobody ever thinks of her as the maid, she's more like one of the family. When Mrs. Young was ill a few years ago, she hired this twenty-year-old girl to help her around the house. Hattie's been with the Youngs ever since and her life, in spite of their kindness, hasn't been an easy one. Her husband, a sailor named Jack Williams, deserted her shortly after her marriage, leaving her with a one-year-old baby, called Butch. Several years later, Williams came back, very contrite, and Hattie forgave him. The Youngs gave the couple a small cottage right next to their home. Then, one night, Hattie went out and left her husband to care for the baby. Pepper, passing the cottage, suddenly saw it burst into flames. He dashed into the house and rescued little Butch, but Hattie's husband is believed to have perished in the fire. Since the tragedy, Hattie, who is not unattractive, has had several proposals. Hank, a caretaker for Mr. Bradley, wanted to marry her, but Hattie said no. Hattie still loves her husband and clings to the hope that he may not have died and will return again some day. She is always a sweet and loyal person.

(Played by Greta Kvalden)



CURTIS BRADLEY (left) is a square shooter, a man with high ideals and a wonderful sense of humor. When the Youngs first met him he was quite a wealthy man, but not a very happy one. His wife had deserted him several years before, leaving him with an only child, Biff. Bradley and Sam Young went into business together, opening a factory in Elmwood. Curt was injured by a falling beam while trying to rescue money from their factory during a flood, and, after that, began suffering from amnesia. One day, he suddenly disappeared and all efforts to find him were useless until he suddenly reappeared again about a year ago, cured of his sickness, but penniless. Sam Young's business was in bad straits, but he took Curt back into partnership again. Curt Bradley, however, was not the sort of man who could be happy feeling he was a drag on others. He eventually found himself a job in Chicago and when Mr. and Mrs. Trent insulted Peggy, he went to see them and in his very persuasive and charming manner almost set things right again. But when Peggy, visiting the Trents, broken heartedly told him how Mrs. Trent had been treating her, Bradley advised her to go home and put her on the train for Elmwood.

(Played by Ed Wolfe)

Let Me Forget

Not even Bill's sweet kiss wiped out the knowledge that there was something in her past she dared not remember, something that held her back from the rapture he offered

YOU see, my dear, you'll have to earn your own living now."

Dr. Chase's voice was gentle and soothing. In the late-afternoon sunlight that came in through the slats of the Venetian blind, I saw through his silver-gray hair to the clean, ruddy scalp at its roots. I liked Dr. Chase so very much, and trusted him completely—although I could not seem to remember, quite, when I had first met him, or how.

This room, too, this house . . . how had I come here? I must have moved into it just after I had graduated from college, but . . . why?

Of course, I'd been ill.

That was it. That must be it. I'd been ill, and Dr. Chase had brought me here to get well. And while I was ill something had happened to the little money my father and mother had left me when I was sixteen and they were both killed in a motor accident.

"Yes," I said to Dr. Chase, nodding seriously—because, for some reason I couldn't define, I didn't want him to know there were things I couldn't remember. "Yes, I know. I'm afraid there isn't much I could do to make money. Maybe I could teach. . . ."

He took me up on that eagerly. "Exactly what I was thinking, Ethel! You could open a dancing school!"

"Dancing?" I caught my breath. The word had seemed to strike a piercing shaft of terror into my heart.

"Yes—you've always been such a good dancer," he said quickly. "And you always loved it so."

"Did I?" I asked, and then the brief, sharp panic was gone and I was recalling proms in college, with the music lifting me on my toes and sweeping me around the room, from one partner's arms to another's. "Why, yes, that's right," I murmured. "I'd forgotten. It seems so long ago."

"But you *do* remember things that happened to you in college, don't you Ethel?" Dr. Chase asked sharply. "And before that, when you were a little girl?"

"Oh, yes!" I said. "Of course I do. I remember *everything!*"

Something made me say it so vehemently—as if not remembering were a crime.

"Well," Dr. Chase said briskly, getting up to go, "it's all settled, then. There's a hall downtown and I'll see about renting it for you. You can go on living here, with Mary Murphy to cook your meals and take care of the house."

"It's terribly kind of you to take so much trouble," I said.

"Nonsense! It's self-interest, as much as anything else. I live here in Grayfields too—"

Grayfields! Why, that was on Long Island. I caught at the scrap of information; I hadn't wanted to admit that I didn't even know the name of the town I was living in now.

"—and I have two young devils who ought to learn how to dance," the doctor was continuing. "They'll be your first pupils."

He left, and Mary Murphy served my dinner, and the pale dusk of spring came down over the little house and the garden. I sat by a window, listening to Mary's heavy steps in the kitchen. I was content to do nothing until it was time to go to bed. That other Ethel Windsor, that girl who had gone to college and had friends and enjoyed herself so much at dances—she seemed very far away to me now, really like another person entirely, someone I had read about or watched in a movie. I couldn't find in myself any of the zest for living which she had had in such abundance.

I must have been really ill, I thought, although I was perfectly well now, except for this strange lassitude, this unwillingness to let my mind go into the past or speculate on what had happened to me during that blank gap in my memory.

One of radio's most haunting romances, told now as a vivid short story—fictionized by Horton Russell from the drama by Bob Hartman first heard on CBS' First Nighter program, sponsored by the Campana Co.

The strains of a waltz lifted us, carried us away, making us want to dance forever. "Oh, Oliver, I do love you so!" I said. "My husband!"

It was easy to build up a clientele as Grayfields' only dancing teacher. There were many moderately wealthy families living in or near the village, and apparently they all wanted their children to learn how to dance. I kept the studio open every afternoon until six; then I would close it, tuck the key into my bag and walk alone through the busy, cheerful streets. In the evenings, after supper, I read until bedtime; in the mornings I worked in my garden.

MARY MURPHY was worried because I never went anywhere, never saw anyone but Dr. Chase on his casual, friendly visits. She used to scold me: "Sure, it's too young and pretty you are to be sitting in the house each night. You should be meeting friends, having a good time and going to dances with some fine young man."

"I dance for a living, Mary." I spoke sharply, with that unexpected pang of fright that came to me now and then, and Mary fell silent.

But late one afternoon, just as Tommy Collins was finishing his lesson, his older brother Bill came to the hall to take him home. Bill was tall and broad-shouldered, and

"Don't you see?" Bill cried. "You were afraid to remember—but that's all over now. Darling, you're free!"



when he complimented me on Tommy's progress I felt for the first time a faint stirring of that other Ethel Windsor who had laughed up into the eyes of the men she knew.

"No wonder Tommy doesn't mind dancing lessons any more," Bill said. "You know he's fallen in love with you."

Tommy blushed and stuck out his lower lip. "Aw, I have not," he protested.

"Then you haven't got very good taste after all," Bill said, not taking his eyes off my face. "I wonder—couldn't you give me some lessons too, Miss Windsor?"

"I'm sorry—I only take children as my pupils," I said nervously.

"Make an exception in my case—please!" he begged. "I'm a lawyer, and all lawyers really ought to know how to dance."

I opened my mouth to refuse. And then I hesitated, because suddenly I realized that I was afraid—afraid to feel a man's arms around me, afraid to give myself to the rhythm and movement of dancing with a man.

I didn't want to be afraid. I *wouldn't* be afraid!

"All right," I said. "But I warn you, I'm a severe mistress!"

"I'll work hard to please, ma'am," he said gravely. "Can't we have the first lesson now?"

"Right—right now?" I stammered.

"Sure. Tommy won't mind waiting."

"Why, I—I suppose so," I said. Hesitantly, I went to the phonograph and selected a slow fox-trot, wishing already that I had refused to give him lessons.

And yet—except for a tremor that ran over me when his arm first went around my waist—it was not so bad. He really was a very poor dancer, and that helped me. There was none of the sensation of floating that I remembered from the past; it was almost just another lesson. Almost—not quite.

Bill had taken five lessons when he asked me to go with him to a dance at the country club.

"Oh, no!" I spoke without even thinking, out of instinctive knowledge that acceptance would be perilous.

"But why not?" he asked, a little hurt. "I want to show off my dancing ability. And," in a lower tone, "I want to show you off, too. I want people to say, 'How did that goof ever persuade such a beautiful girl to go out with him?' "

I twisted my hands together. "I never go out—I couldn't—"

But what was there to be afraid of? Surely, nothing. Logic told me that.

Bill was watching me narrowly. He could see that I was afraid—and I had promised myself I would never be afraid again.

"I'm sorry," I said. "Sorry I'm acting so foolishly, I mean. Of course I'll go to the dance with you. I'd love to."

When Saturday night came, and we stood together at the entrance to the big, shining dance floor, hearing the music that beckoned us on, I was glad that I had been able to conquer that first senseless fear. Because it was fun—fun to be with Bill, to watch his lips moving soundlessly and so seriously while he counted the steps as I'd taught him to. After one circuit of the hall he stopped counting and said amazedly, "Why—it's easy . . . isn't it? Easy, with you."

He held me more tightly, more confidently, and suddenly he said, "Ethel! There's something I want to say. Maybe it'll be easier here, while we're dancing. . . . Don't you know that I love you?"

I caught my breath. "Love? Love's something I don't know much about, Bill. I've . . . never been in love."

"Couldn't you love me?"

"Love's so strange, Bill," I said. "I don't know—perhaps I can't ever be in love. Perhaps I don't know how. Don't let's talk about it."

"But I want to talk about it," Bill said softly. The music changed to a sensuous waltz, and he whispered into my ear. "I want to dance and dance, and tell you how much I love you, while we're dancing."

The music was lifting me, cradling me in long rippling waves of sound, swinging me up and away until the room tilted and grew misty. Other whirling, dancing figures spun past, but they were only shadows; the music and I and the man who held me in his arms were the only realities.

I heard my own voice coming from far away. "Someone made love to me, once," it was saying, "while we were dancing. . . . Or perhaps I dreamed it."

"You dreamed it, sweet," he said. "And the boy was me, and the girl was you, and the boy asked the girl to marry him. . . ."

Momentarily, the whirling shadows took on shape again. I looked at his face and saw that it was Bill's, and I fought to separate reality and dream. "But I've heard all this before, somewhere," I faltered. "And I've said all the answers."

Bill stared, and then frowned in concern. "Wait a minute! Something's wrong—let's stop dancing. It's stuffy in here—"

"No, no!" I cried, holding him closer while the music picked me up again. (*Continued on page 66*)



Frank Parker

Still as handsome and maritally free as he was when he was thrilling the Jack Benny audiences with his tenor voice, Frank Parker is now bringing beautiful music into your homes every weekday afternoon, at 3:15 P.M., E.D.T., on the Golden Treasury of Song program, over CBS. Frank's serious about his music, and is planning a fall concert tour. His current hobby is golf and last summer he played in the California Open, leading pro-amateur tourney of the West Coast. When in New York, Frank lives high up in a bachelor penthouse overlooking the East River.

I DREAM OF A WALTZ IN 'PAREE'

("L'argent fait le bonheur" From the film "Le Billet de Mille")

Beautiful new hit tune featured by Frank Parker on his CBS program, Golden Treasury of Song

Words by
Guido Vandt

Music by
Charles Tucker
Arr. by Colin O'More

CHORUS

I DREAM OF A WALTZ IN PA - REE That night when you first danc'd with me, Though man - y were there ro - manc - ing too, Still I was a - lone with you, on - ly you; When I DREAM OF A WALTZ IN PA - REE

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That same ma-gic steals o - ver me _____ Darl-ing, how I

wish I could be once a - gain in Pa - ree, But you're on - ly

there in mem - o - ry, _____ So each night I DREAM OF A

WALTZ IN PA - REE _____ I REE _____

RADIO MIRROR'S HIT OF THE MONTH

Young Doctor Malone

Two hearts that had been driven apart by jealousy find in another's tragedy the complete understanding that must come to every successful marriage

THE newspapers, at least, were grateful for the Farrell murder case.

They told and retold in detail everything that was known about the events leading up to the moment when police arrived to find Veronica Farrell standing beside the body of her husband. They found it interesting that Veronica and Jim had been married before, divorced, and remarried only a week before his death. They found it even more interesting, and perhaps significant, that on the night of the murder Veronica had been dining with Dr. Gerald Malone—the same Dr. Malone, it was recalled, with whom she had been marooned overnight on a Georgia-coast island a few months before. Wasn't it odd, they hinted, that Dr. Malone's wife had recently gone to Chicago, where she was living with her aunt and refusing to see reporters?

On the day following the murder, readers were told that police were convinced no one had visited Jim Farrell in the Washington Square apartment that evening. He had gone out to dine alone, returned about eight, and had received a telephone call that came through the apartment switchboard. Mrs. Farrell had come home a few minutes after ten; that time was established by the elevator operator who took her up to the apartment on the second floor. But she had not telephoned Malone—and it was considered odd that her first call should be to him, rather than to the elevator boy or police—until ten-thirty. She explained this by saying that she had not known her husband was home; it was not until she went into the bedroom that she found him lying there with a knife through his heart.

There was the added testimony of a neighbor who, the night before, had heard the Farrells quarreling bitterly.

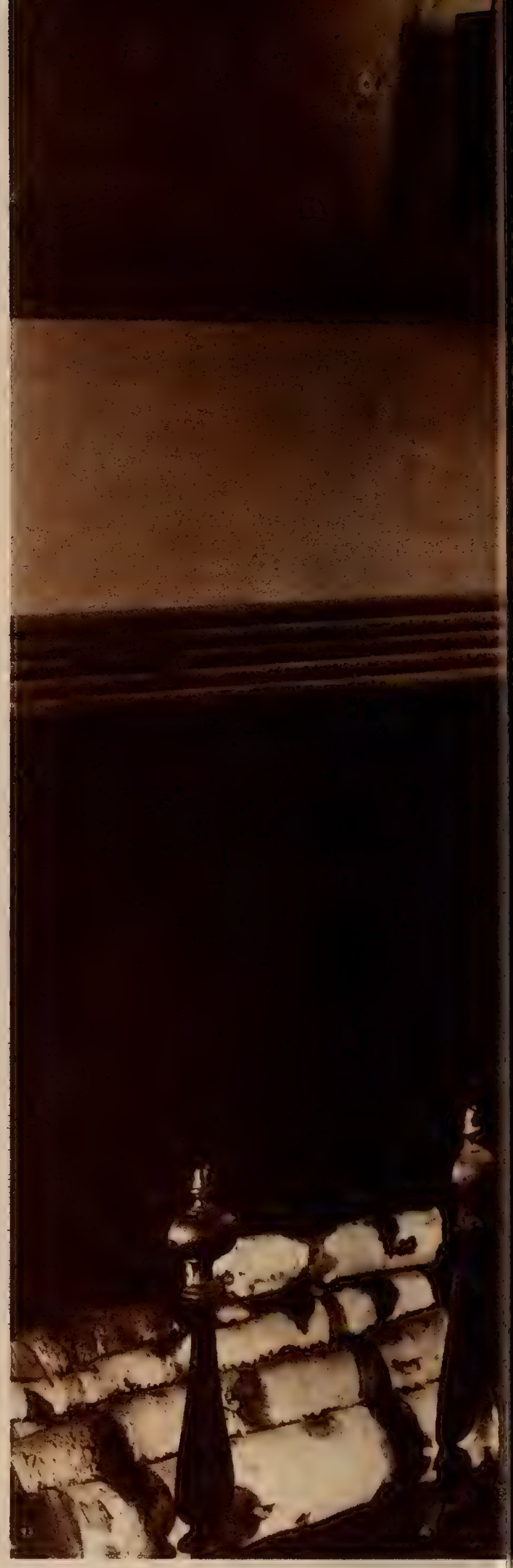
Jerry Malone went through these hours of the first questioning in a kind of drugged stupor. It wasn't possible for him to believe that anything like this could happen to people he knew. Only gradually did he come to realize that it was happening, as well, to him—that he, according to the newspapers, was one of the chief figures in a drama of hatred and jealousy.

It was Ann who brought the realization home.

She called him on the telephone from Chicago the day after the murder. "Jerry," she said, "I'm coming back."

Only twenty-four hours ago he would have given half his life to hear her say this. Now he burst out, "No, Ann! You mustn't! I don't want them hounding you . . . the reporters and detectives. . . ."

She laughed a little hysterically. "The reporters've been here, too. They want to know so many things, Jerry—if you and I had separated, if we'd quarreled over Veronica—I was fool enough to see the first two, but then I wouldn't see any more. But they stay outside the apartment house, waiting . . ."



He clenched his teeth in futile anger. "Dearest—"

"Jerry—no matter what happened last night, I know you didn't have anything to do with it."

But behind the brave words he heard the smallest taint of doubt, and he knew she was talking to convince herself as much as him.

"You don't think Veronica really killed him!"

"I don't know what to think, Jerry. You're so far away and I'm so confused."

Fictionized from the radio serial heard daily at 2 P.M., E.D.T., over CBS (rebroadcast at 3:15 P.M., Pacific Time) and sponsored by Post Toasties. Photographic illustration posed by Elizabeth Reller as Ann and Alan Bunce as Doctor Malone.



"But first," Jerry said, holding Ann's hands more tightly, "we're going away, all by ourselves."

"Think just this, then—that I love you and want you with me. But you mustn't come back until all this is over. I won't have you mixed up in it any more than you are already."

Then, driven by anxiety, she asked the question she hated to ask. "Jerry, what did happen?"

"I don't know," he groaned. "I'm only sure Veronica is telling the truth. She was sorry she'd married Farrell again. He'd made a lot of promises he obviously didn't intend to keep. But she would never have murdered him."

A silence. Then— "Won't it look much worse if I stay away? If I came back, wouldn't that prove there was nothing to all the things they've been hinting—that you and Veronica were—were in love and that—that—" She stopped, unable to go on; he knew she was crying.

"No," he insisted. "That won't be necessary." But in his heart he was aware that things were exactly as Ann had said. Her continued absence would look bad for Veronica. Yet if she returned, and if it came to a trial in which Ann was called to testify, what could she say? It was true that she had left him because of Veronica. She might trust in him now, believe in his love, but she had not before. If they put Ann on the stand, and she told the truth, it would be more damaging to Veronica than if she stayed away.

But perhaps, he told himself after he and Ann (*Continued on page* 61)



Baby!

As Peggy came out of the doctor's office, all she could see were the bills piled so high in the desk drawer at home. How could she ever tell Bill?

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SHE was a small, blonde girl in a neat, plain dress. She was pretty in the typical way American girls are pretty—young, almost twenty-two, large eyes, full generous mouth, exceptionally fine legs. She sat gingerly on the edge of the office sofa, as if she expected the receptionist to disapprove of taking up more space. She held her hands tightly clenched in her lap.

"The doctor will see you, now," the receptionist said, smiling the pat, professional smile of reassurance.

"Thank you," the girl said.

The doctor was a large man and very round. Everything about him seemed round, his face, his body, everything but his hands, which were long and sure and quick. He told her not to be afraid. He told her that this sort of thing had been going on since the beginning of time—not to worry, not to be frightened.

"Go home and tell your husband," the doctor said, when she was ready to leave. "He'll understand." The doctor and the receptionist exchanged smiles. "And be happy. That is very important."

She was out on the street, now. It didn't take long. Yet, it changed your whole life. It was really a very simple statement. "You're going to have a baby," the doctor had said. It was simple, really, to say it. Just as simple as saying, "It's going to rain tomorrow." A professional observation. A statement of fact. But it was *she*. *She* was going to have a baby. She. Peggy Connant. A baby. It kept going around and around in her head.

Bill would want her to take a cab home, but she decided to walk. She had a lot of things to think about. She walked along slowly, looking into the store windows, but not seeing anything, looking at the faces as they went by her, but not really seeing them.

Bills. Bills and a baby. She could see the bills plainly, stacked in the desk drawer. She could see Bill's face when he took them out. Laundry, grocery, rent, gas and light. And Bill's face, drawn and a little tense, his dark hair rumpled, his collar open, his shirt wrinkled and soiled after a day's work, his serious, warm brown eyes troubled. Bills. A baby. You know we can't afford a baby. She could almost hear him say it. "A baby's out of the question."

FROM A RADIO BROADCAST
BY ARCH OBOLER

Illustrations by Marsh

"Hey! Watch where you're goin'!" An arm pulled her back on the curb.

"Thanks," Peggy Connant said.

"You all right?" the voice asked, the voice belonging to a man with a brief case under his arm.

"Yes," Peggy said, "I'm all right."

"Traffic is bad this time of day. People gotta watch where they're crossin'."

And you have to watch everything, Peggy. We can't afford another thing. A baby, Peggy thought. That will set us back five years. Will he be angry? Of course, he will. There'll be nurses and doctors and the hospital and he won't be able to breathe, he won't be able to smile. But *she'd* have to be happy. The doctor had said that. "Be happy."

"Are you happy?" Bill had asked that day in the park. They hadn't been married very long, when he said that.

"Uh-huh, I'm happy," she had said. She was, too. She had never known she could be so gloriously happy. They weren't doing anything, just sitting there and looking at each other. It was Bill's day off and they were in the park and the sun was warm on their backs. Bill had his coat off and he was lying on his side, propped up on his elbow.

"So I'm not making my five bucks,

today," Bill had grinned. "But I'm happy. That's the important thing."

"I'm happy, too, Bill."

"Are you? Honest, Peg?"

"Of course."

"What if I hadn't gone to that dance?"

"Don't say things like that, Bill!"

"But, I did." His face was warm with happiness. "And bang! You hit me!" He rolled over on the grass. "Like a ton of bricks—and bang! We're married. It's wonderful!"

Her mother had objected so. She thought of her mother, as she walked along towards home. She wondered what her mother would say, if she were still alive. Would she still be saying Bill didn't make enough money? That's what she'd said when she heard Peggy and Bill were getting married.

"Mark my words," her mother had said, "he'll never make a good living for you. No drive, no ambition. A worthless young man. Now, stop crying and listen to me, Peggy. Someday, when you have children of your own, you'll understand."

Understand? "I do understand, mother," Peggy thought, as she stopped on a corner to wait for a light. "Bill is all right. He's all right—it's just that he used to laugh. He used to laugh all the time."

How he had laughed and sung and acted crazy and wonderful that day they were driving out to Lawrenceville to get married! The little puddle jumper was hitting forty, but it seemed to be creeping along and Bill was singing, "We're going to get married. We're going to get married!" over and over again and his words, those crazy words, seemed to go right through her.

"Bill," she had said, "they'll think you've been drinking."

"I have!" Bill had shouted. "Four cokes, a double malted, two kisses and a marriage license."

She had laughed, too, and it hadn't made sense. Then, it had started to rain and she wanted to leave the top down. She wanted to feel the rain in her face. She had felt as though she were flying, soaring high. And the things he said were like music and the rain was the background, its incessant beat the counterpoint.

She would never forget how he had looked, standing there beside her, serious and happy and a little scared and proud. And then he was her husband, this funny fellow in the blue serge suit with the warm, tender eyes that seemed to say, "All our life we'll be together, darling, and you'll never regret it. You never will." And the eyes were promising and the (*Continued on page* 69)





Christy Allen Cameron became Phillip's wife in a surprise elopement which occurred on the eve of the day she was to have married Mark Scott. Her sensitive nature has ever since made her feel guilty for jilting Mark, although he has repeatedly assured her he would not have wished to hold her to her promise. Recently, when she learned of the existence of Phillip's son by a former marriage, she left him and went to New York, where she is living and working now.

(Played by Claudia Morgan)

Against the Storm

Presenting, in special Living Portraits, one of radio's most appealing couples, Christy and Phillip Cameron of Against the Storm, by Sandra Michael. See them here and listen to them on NBC-Red weekdays at 3:00, E.D.T., sponsored by Ivory Soap



Photos by Ray Lee Jackson, NBC

Phillip Cameron is a brilliant young lawyer—charming, handsome and very much in love with Christy, but with a vein of irresponsibility in his character. He was married once before, to Lucretia Hale, and last fall learned that he had a son, born after Lucretia's divorce. He did not tell Christy of the boy's existence for some time, and when he finally did she was so hurt by his long silence that she turned against him. Now he is finding what happiness he can in learning to know his son, who lives with Lucretia and her new husband, Pascal Tyler, and is fonder of Pascal than of his own father.

(Played by Alexander Scourby)

THE COOKING CORNER SUGGESTS

Thrift Menus with



For a quick luncheon dish, or for that novelty to make Sunday morning breakfast exciting, banana ham rolls are just the thing, served with corn bread.

time immemorial loin chops have been considered the choicest chops, but the lamb shoulder chops, illustrated here with cauliflower and bacon curls, are just as succulent and they are much more economical. Pan broil or broil them, as you prefer, and make the bacon curls by winding each slice of bacon around a fork or spoon handle, fastening with a toothpick then cooking in the ordinary way. For an interesting flavor experiment, season the chops with a bit of curry powder before broiling or dust the cauliflower lightly just before serving with ground mace.

I don't believe there is a man alive who won't go for baked spareribs, veal pot roast and a really good spaghetti and meat ball combination, so here are recipes for all of these.



One of the cheapest and most delicious dishes you can make is that ever popular spaghetti with meat ball sauce. Add a vegetable and you have a meal.

A WELL-KNOWN New York department store has as its slogan the phrase "It's smart to be thrifty" and I think we could look for a long time before finding a better motto to tack up on our kitchen walls for our guidance in planning meals. It *is* smart to be thrifty, and if we are really smart our thrift can and should result in economical meals which are as nutritious and appealing as our more expensive ones.

This is especially true in the case of meat, usually the most expensive single item on our budgets. Meat prices, of course, vary just as other food prices do, but there is no getting away from the fact that the sirloins, the loin chops and the prime roasts are always more costly than other cuts, though by no means more nourishing and flavorsome. Our economy, therefore, depends not only on buying beef, lamb, veal and pork when they are at their lowest prices, but in building our menus around recipes utilizing the cheaper cuts. For this reason I am bringing you this month's recipes based on these less expensive meats. They will not only cut down on your budget but they will add variety to your menus and laurels to your reputation for being a good cook.

First let's consider chops. From

Baked Spareribs

4 lbs. fresh spareribs
2 tsps. salt
½ tsp. pepper
½ tsp. sage (optional)

Have spareribs cut into two sections as illustrated. Wipe with a damp cloth, rub with salt, pepper and sage and place in roasting pan, using rack so that ribs will not come into contact with fat during cooking. Bake, covered, at 350 degrees F. until tender (about 2½ hours), basting two or three times. Remove cover during last half hour of cooking so ribs will brown. Serve with baked potatoes.



BY KATE SMITH

Radio Mirror's Food Counselor

Kate Smith's vacationing from her Friday night CBS show, but you can still hear her on her daily talks over CBS at 12 noon, E.D.T., sponsored by General Foods.

Veal Pot Roast

4 lbs. rump of veal
3 tbls. shortening
1 clove garlic, minced
3 medium onions, chopped
½ cup chopped celery leaves
2 bay leaves
6 whole cloves
8 whole peppercorns
2 tsps. salt
1 wineglass sherry or water

Melt shortening, add garlic and a small quantity of celery leaves and onion. Brown veal in the melted shortening, adding more shortening if necessary to brown meat thoroughly on all sides. Place veal in heavy kettle or Dutch oven, cover with remaining celery and onion, add remaining ingredients and cook, covered, at low temperature until tender (about 3 hours), turning occasionally so that meat will be cooked evenly and adding more liquid if necessary. In a separate pan, cook together small onions, carrots, potatoes and celery until tender, drain and serve with the veal. Combine the liquid in which they were cooked with the liquid from

Meat

Cut down on expense and give your family a treat, too, especially the men. They'll go for this platter of baked spareribs and baked potatoes.



When shopping for lamb chops do you always choose the loin cuts? Try the shoulder chops next time. They're delicious and economical too. Above, an attractive dish with cauliflower and bacon curls

the veal to make gravy, thickening with flour to the desired consistency.

If you prefer, instead of the mixed vegetables, serve with the veal individual vegetable molds.

Vegetable Molds

1 cup cooked rice
1 cup drained canned corn
Salt and pepper to taste
Baby lima beans or other vegetable

Combine rice and corn, add seasonings and press into well buttered individual ring molds. Place molds in shallow pan of water, bake at 350 degrees F. until firm (20 to 30 minutes). Fill centers of molds with baby lima beans, peas, diced carrots or diced beets.

Meat Ball Sauce for Spaghetti

1 lb. ground chuck beef
1 clove garlic, minced
3 onions
4 stalks celery with leaves
1 green pepper
1 can tomato paste
1 can tomatoes
1 can mushrooms with liquid
½ tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
1 bay leaf
1 tsp. dried basil
⅛ tsp. dried oregano
1 wineglass sherry (optional)
Olive oil

Season ground meat with half the salt and pepper, form into small balls and brown in olive oil. While they are browning in another pot cook the chopped onion, green pepper and celery and the garlic until tender but not brown. For both the meat balls and the onion mixture use sufficient olive oil to prevent burning but not enough to make mixture greasy. When onion mixture is tender, add remaining ingredients and simmer all together for 45 minutes.

Banana ham rolls are just the thing for a hasty luncheon dish or for Sunday morning breakfast, and they require only a few minutes to prepare.

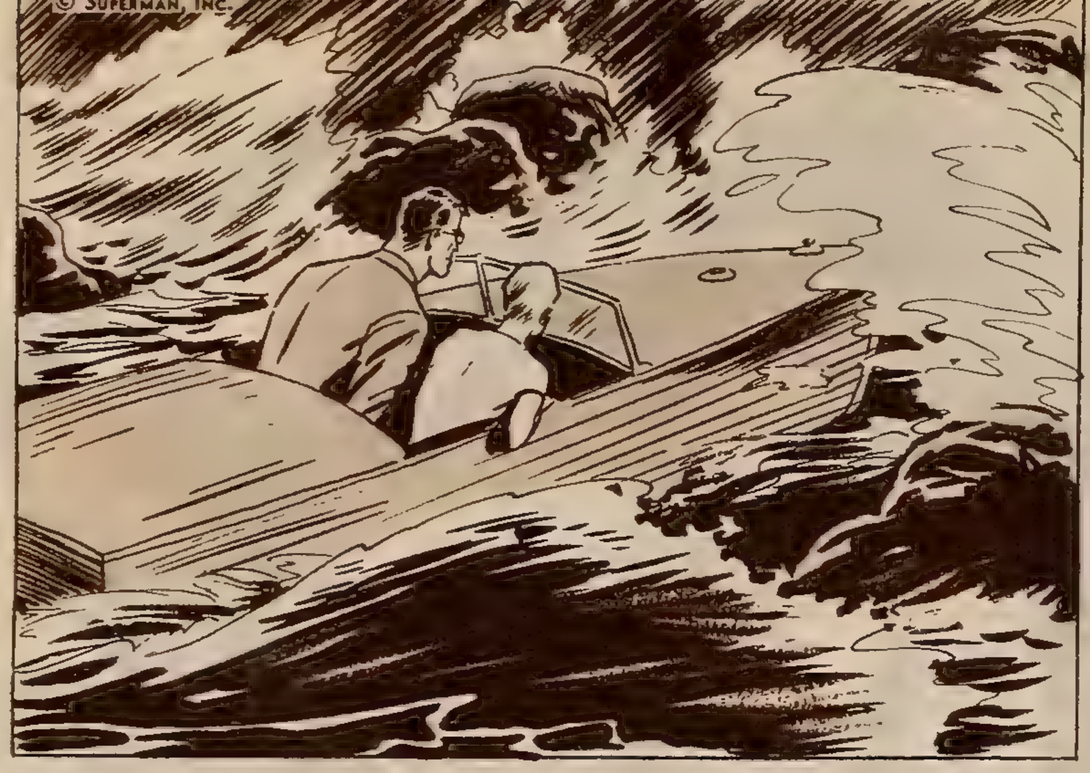
Banana Ham Rolls

6 bananas
6 slices boiled ham
2 tbls. soft butter
2 tbls. prepared mustard

Mix mustard and butter together. Wrap each banana in a slice of ham, fasten with a toothpick and bake at 350 degrees until bananas can be pierced easily with a fork (about 30 minutes) adding more butter if they tend to stick to the pan. Place under broiler flame for a moment to brown if desired. This dish can be made more elaborate by pouring over the banana ham rolls, before baking, one cup of white sauce to which has been added ½ cup grated cheese. Prepared in this way and served with hot rolls or corn bread it is a delicious Sunday night supper treat.

Economy Note

Would you like to take advantage of the low summer prices of fresh fruits and vegetables by putting them up for use during the coming winter? Home canning, a fascinating as well as practical hobby, is easy when you follow the advice of professional canners as given in the booklet, "Ten Easy Lessons in Home Canning." This booklet, giving directions for putting up fruits, vegetables, jellies, juices and even meats and fish, will be sent to you, free of charge, together with "Let's Eat," which contains 300 new and delightful recipes. These valuable guides to better and more economical eating will be mailed without cost to you if you will address a request for them to Kate Smith, Radio Mirror, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.



They were just a few miles out of Manao Harbor. Kent turned to the boy: "Well, Jimmy, we're finally on our way to Dead Man's Island!" "Gee, Mr. Kent," said Jimmy. "do you think we'll get a story?"



"Jimmy, Jimmy! Where are you?" Superman made a quick dive . . . "Got him! Poor kid, he's as limp as a rag." . . . Superman's muscles tensed as he wrenched the shells apart to free Edwards' foot



SUPERMAN IN RADIO

CLARK KENT, star reporter of the *Daily Planet*, and Jimmy Olsen, the paper's red-headed copy-boy, stood together in the hold of the small motorboat. They were just a few miles out of Manao Harbor, the little port jutting out into the Caribbean Sea, south of Cuba. Kent turned to the boy:

"Well, Jimmy, we're finally on our way to Dead Man's Island!"

"Gee, Mr. Kent, do you think we'll really get a story there?"

"Don't see why not, Jimmy—the way the natives talk about it, we should find something special. Lucky thing I got that old fisherman to sell me his boat. Never saw anything like it. Until I found him every other native I asked to take us out here acted like he was scared to death—said nobody ever got within 500 yards of the island and lived."

"Golly—think we'll make it?"

"Sure, Jimmy—don't worry. We'll get there—and I have an idea we'll solve the mystery of Dead Man's Island!"

The twenty mile run to the Island didn't take them long. The sun was just sinking when Kent skilfully maneuvered the small craft to within a few feet of the rocks close to shore. Suddenly, the wheel spun wildly.

"Great Scott, Jimmy! the rudder won't respond! We're headed straight for the rocks! Look out! We're going to crash! JUMP JIMMY!"

But even as Kent shouted his warning, the boat hit the jagged reef and crashed into a thousand bits. Then:

"Jimmy, Jimmy! Where are you? He's *disappeared!*—No! There he is—sinking under the water—must have struck his head—this is where Superman takes over!—There—a quick dive—got him! Poor kid—he's limp as a rag. But he'll be all right once I get him to shore."

Safely on land, Superman quickly resumed his guise of Clark Kent. Jimmy had just regained consciousness when they heard footsteps, heralded by crackling twigs, coming from the forest just off the shore. Hurriedly they concealed themselves in the thick underbrush and watched, wide-eyed, as a woman walked slowly down the path. As she came close, Kent stepped out. Pretending not to notice her fright, he told her of the boat wreck, introduced himself and called Jimmy out. Calmly, then, she spoke in a husky, guttural voice:

"My name is Ilana. My brother, Boris, and I live alone on this island. Come with me. You must be tired and wet—I'll give you dry clothes."

They followed her closely up the path until, astonished, they saw before them a huge gray, stone castle. Ilana ignored their questions as she turned the heavy door latch. Silently, they followed her up the steps and into a large barren room. Promising to bring them food and clothes, she left. Kent and Jimmy waited a moment and then, tiptoeing, followed her down the hall. They watched her enter another door. Quietly they crept up to it and listened. A man was speaking:

"You heard what I said—get rid of them! They can never leave here alive and tell what they've seen. It is my order—Go!"

The reporter and the boy ran back to their room and, masking their anxiety, waited until Ilana reappeared. Her words stumbled over each other.

"You must leave here at once—your lives are in danger. Quick, out of the house. You will find a motorboat hidden in a cave near the beach. But, above all, Boris must not see you!"

They followed her out and down(*Continued on page* 73)



PROTECT YOUR NAILS

make them more beautiful

with **DURA-GLOSS**

There's a lyrical loveliness about nails that wear **Dura-Gloss.** It lends them a feminine charm, a fascinating brilliance and color that catch a man's eye and move him to murmur some very pretty things. **Dura-Gloss** makes your nails look like bright bits of confetti, lighthearted symbols of happy things like popping corks, quick music and the swish of dancing feet. And no other polish can match **Dura-Gloss** for the rich warm color, the amazing luster and *life* it gives the nails.

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Sunday



You seldom hear Mort Lewis on the air—but he's the guiding spirit of that unique program, Behind the Mike, which brings you the whole fascinating world of radio.

ON THE AIR TODAY:

Behind the Mike, on NBC-Blue at 4:30 P.M., E.D.T., every Sunday afternoon.

For a long time radio people just went on presenting variety shows, musical concerts, comedians, dramatic serials and quiz sessions. They were so busy putting entertainment on the air it never occurred to them that they themselves were part of a vastly entertaining industry. Then along came Mort Lewis, the man behind Behind the Mike, with the idea that radio itself and the things that go on behind the scenes in radio would make a good series of broadcasts. NBC told Mort to go ahead and try it, and Behind the Mike is the happy result.

Behind the Mike brings you all the interesting things that happen in the great world of radio. A typical broadcast might consist of an interview with a famous star, a dramatization of some thrilling backstage incident, and a reminiscence of something that happened years ago, when radio was young. For instance, did you know that the first broadcast from the Metropolitan Opera House took place in 1910, when Enrico Caruso and Emmy Destin sang an aria backstage? Or that the first sports broadcast was in 1907, when Lee DeForest, the famous inventor, described a yacht race—and was heard only by his assistant, fourteen miles away? Or that in the 1920's, when a playlet was being broadcast, it was quite the usual thing for the orchestra that was next on the program to move into the studio before the playlet was finished, making a lot of noise and completely ruining the actors' lines?

Perhaps the most heart-warming story Behind the Mike ever put on the air was told by Bob Gunderson, a blind man who makes a hobby of teaching other blind persons how to make and operate amateur radio sets. Bob told how he heard of a man who was dying of tuberculosis. This man said he didn't even want to live any more. Bob traveled to see him, and suggested that he learn to be an amateur radio operator, with Bob's help. "Why?" the invalid asked. "Because if you do, you'll find friends all over the world, and be able to talk to them every day," Bob said, "instead of sitting here in your home wishing someone would come to see you." Doubtfully, the sick man agreed to try it, and the two of them—the blind man and the invalid—constructed a radio broadcasting set. That was six years ago, and today the invalid is greatly improved in health and is very happy with his new interest in life.

Mort Lewis, who writes and produces Behind the Mike, is heard on the air only occasionally, but just the same he's the most important person connected with the show—even more important than Graham McNamee, the master of ceremonies. Mort's small and nervous, recently got married, collects Wedgwood china and phonograph records, takes regular jiu jitsu and riding lessons, and also writes the comedy scripts for the Molasses and January show.

For Eastern Standard Time or Central Daylight Time, subtract one hour from Eastern Daylight Time. ➤

DATES TO REMEMBER

August 31: Walter Winchell's back on his NBC program tonight at 9:00 after a vacation.... And Fibber McGee's Gildersleeve starts his own NBC-Red show at 6:30.

September 7: Welcome back another returned prodigal—two of them, in fact, Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy on NBC-Red at 8:00.

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	Eastern Daylight Time	
		8:00	CBS: **News**
		8:00	NBC-Blue: **News**
		8:00	NBC-Red: **Organ Recital**
		8:30	NBC-Blue: **Tone Pictures**
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
	7:00	9:00	CBS: **News of Europe**
	7:00	9:00	NBC: **News from Europe**
	7:15	9:15	CBS: **From the Organ Loft**
	7:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: **White Rabbit Line**
	7:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **Deep River Boys**
	7:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
	8:00	10:00	CBS. **Church of the Air**
	8:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Walter Patterson**
	8:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Radio Pulpit**
	8:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Primrose String Quartet**
	8:30	10:30	CBS: **Wings Over Jordan**
	8:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Southernaires**
	9:00	11:00	CBS: **News**
	9:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: **News**
7:30	9:30	11:30	CBS: **What's New at the Zoo**
7:30	9:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Treasure Trails of Song**
8:00	10:00	12:00	CBS: **Syncopation Piece**
8:00	10:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Emma Otero**
8:15	10:15	12:15	NBC-Blue **I'm an American**
8:30	10:30	12:30	CBS: **Salt Lake City Tabernacle**
8:30	10:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Radio City Music Hall**
8:30	10:30	12:30	NBC-Red **Down South**
9:00	11:00	1:00	CBS: **Church of the Air**
9:00	11:00	1:00	NBC-Red: **Silver Strings**
9:30	11:30	1:30	CBS: **You Decide**
9:30	11:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: **Matinee with Lytell**
10:00	12:00	2:00	CBS: **Invitation to Learning**
10:00	12:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: **Hidden History**
10:00	12:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **NBC String Symphony**
10:15	12:15	2:15	NBC-Blue: **Foreign Policy Assn.**
10:30	12:30	2:30	CBS: **News**
10:30	12:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: **Tapestry Musicale**
10:30	12:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **University of Chicago Round Table**
11:00	1:00	3:00	CBS: **Columbia Symphony**
11:00	1:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **JOSEF MARAIS**
11:15	1:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **H. V. Kaltenborn**
11:30	1:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: **Talent, Ltd.**
11:30	1:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Sammy Kaye**
12:00	2:00	4:00	CBS: **Walter Gross Orch.**
12:00	2:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **National Vespers**
12:15	2:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Upton Close**
12:30	2:30	4:30	CBS: **Spirit of '41**
12:30	2:30	4:30	NBC-Blue: **Behind the Mike**
12:30	2:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Charles Dant Orch.**
1:00	3:00	5:00	CBS: **Prudential Family Hour**
		5:00	NBC-Blue: **Moylan Sisters**
1:00	3:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **Joe and Mabel**
		5:15	NBC-Blue: **Olivio Santoro**
1:30	3:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **Roy Shield Orch.**
1:45	3:45	5:45	CBS: **Husing on Sports**
2:00	4:00	6:00	CBS: **Ed Sullivan**
2:00	4:00	6:00	NBC-Red: **Catholic Hour**
2:30	4:30	6:30	CBS: **Gene Autry and Dear Mom**
2:30	4:30	6:30	NBC-Red: **The Great Gildersleeve**
2:45	4:45	6:45	NBC-Blue: **Edward Tomlinson**
3:00	5:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **News From Europe**
7:30	5:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Reg'lar Fellers**
3:15	5:15	7:15	CBS: **Delta Rhythm Boys**
	5:30	7:30	CBS: **World News Tonight**
3:30	5:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: **Pearson and Allen**
3:30	5:30	7:30	NBC-Red **Fitch Bandwagon**
3:45	5:45	7:45	MBS: **Wythe Williams**
4:00	6:00	8:00	CBS: **Pause That Refreshes**
4:00	6:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Star Spangled Theater**
4:00	6:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **CHARLIE McCARTHY** (Sept. 7)
7:00	6:30	8:30	CBS: **Crime Doctor**
7:00	6:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **Inner Sanctum Mystery**
4:30	6:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **ONE MAN'S FAMILY**
4:55	6:55	8:55	CBS: **Elmer Davis**
5:00	7:00	9:00	CBS: **FORD SUMMER HOUR**
5:00	7:00	9:00	MBS: **Old Fashioned Revival**
8:00	7:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Walter Winchell**
5:00	7:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Manhattan Merry-Go-Round**
8:15	7:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: **The Parker Family**
7:15	7:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **Irene Rich**
5:30	7:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **American Album of Familiar Music**
5:45	7:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: **Bill Stern Sports Review**
6:00	8:00	10:00	CBS: **Take It or Leave It**
6:00	8:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Goodwill Hour**
6:00	8:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Hour of Charm**
4:00	8:30	10:30	CBS: **Columbia Workshop**
6:30	8:30	10:30	MBS: **Cab Calloway**
7:00	9:00	11:00	CBS: **Headlines and Bylines**
7:00	9:00	11:00	NBC: **Dance Orchestra**

MONDAY

P.S.T	C.S.T	Eastern Daylight Time	
		8:15	NBC-Blue: **Who's Blue**
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
	7:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
1:00	7:45	9:45	CBS: **Hymns of All Churches**
	7:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh**
	8:00	10:00	CBS: **By Kathleen Norris**
	8:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Helen Hiett**
9:15	8:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Bess Johnson**
12:15	8:15	10:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	8:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Buck Private**
	8:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Ellen Randolph**
12:45	8:30	10:30	CBS: **Stepmother**
	8:30	10:30	NBC-Blue **Clark Dennis**
	8:30	10:30	NBC-Red **Bachelor's Children**
11:45	8:45	10:45	CBS: **Woman of Courage**
	8:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **Wife Saver**
	8:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **The Road of Life**
7:00	9:00	11:00	CBS: **Treat Time**
	9:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
11:00	9:15	11:15	CBS: **The Man I Married**
	9:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
	9:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Modern Mother**
	9:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **The Goldbergs**
10:15	9:45	11:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
	9:45	11:45	NBC-Blue: **Alma Kitchell**
	9:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
8:00	10:00	12:00	CBS: **KATE SMITH SPEAKS**
8:00	10:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
8:15	10:15	12:15	CBS: **Big Sister**
8:15	10:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
8:30	10:30	12:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
8:30	10:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
8:45	10:45	12:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
8:45	10:45	12:45	MBS: **Edith Adams' Future**
9:00	11:00	1:00	CBS: **Life Can Be Beautiful**
9:00	11:00	1:00	MBS: **We Are Always Young**
9:15	11:15	1:15	CBS: **Woman in White**
9:15	11:15	1:15	MBS: **Government Girl**
9:15	11:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
9:30	11:30	1:30	CBS: **Right to Happiness**
9:30	11:30	1:30	MBS: **Front Page Farrell**
	11:45	1:45	CBS: **Road of Life**
9:45	11:45	1:45	MBS: **I'll Find My Way**
3:15	12:00	2:00	CBS: **Young Dr. Malone**
10:00	12:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Light of the World**
2:30	12:15	2:15	CBS: **Girl Interne**
10:15	12:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **The Mystery Man**
10:30	12:30	2:30	CBS: **Fletcher Wiley**
10:30	12:30	2:30	NBC-Blue **The Munros**
10:30	12:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
10:45	12:45	2:45	CBS: **Kate Hopkins**
10:45	12:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: **Midstream**
10:45	12:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
	1:00	3:00	CBS: **News for Women**
11:00	1:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Orphans of Divorce**
11:00	1:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Against the Storm**
11:15	1:15	3:15	CBS: **Frank Parker**
11:15	1:15	3:15	NBC-Blue: **Honeymoon Hill**
11:15	1:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
11:30	1:30	3:30	CBS: **Renfro Valley Folks**
11:30	1:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: **John's Other Wife**
11:30	1:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
	1:45	3:45	CBS **Lecture Hall**
11:45	1:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **Just Plain Bill**
11:55	1:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
12:00	2:00	4:00	CBS: **Richard Maxwell**
12:00	2:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
	2:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
12:15	2:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
12:30	2:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
	2:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
	3:00	5:00	CBS: **Mary Marlin**
2:00	3:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: **Children's Hour**
1:00	3:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **Home of the Brave**
	3:15	5:15	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
1:15	3:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Portia Faces Life**
1:30	3:30	5:30	CBS. **The O'Neills**
1:30	3:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Drama Behind Headlines**
1:30	3:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **We, the Abbotts**
1:45	3:45	5:45	CBS: **Burl Ives**
2:45	3:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: **Wings on Watch**
		5:45	NBC-Red **Jack Armstrong**
	9:00	6:00	CBS: **Edwin C. Hill**
7:55	9:10	6:10	CBS: **Bob Trout**
2:15	4:15	6:15	CBS: **Hedda Hopper**
9:00	10:00	6:30	CBS: **Paul Sullivan**
2:45	4:45	6:45	CBS: **The World Today**
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
2:45	4:45	6:45	NBC-Red: **Paul Douglas**
7:00	5:00	7:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
3:00	5:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **This Is the Show**
7:00	5:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang**
7:15	5:15	7:15	CBS: **Lanny Ross**
3:15	5:15	7:15	NBC-Red: **European News**
6:30	8:30	7:30	CBS. **BLONDIE**
7:30	5:30	7:30	MBS: **The Lone Ranger**
6:30	5:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Cavalcade of America**
4:00	6:00	8:00	CBS: **Vox Pop**
7:15	6:00	8:00	MBS. **Cal Tinney**
4:00	6:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **The World's Best**
4:00	6:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **The Telephone Hour**
7:30	6:30	8:30	CBS. **GAY NINETIES**
	6:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **True or False**
	6:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **Voice of Firestone**
4:55	6:55	8:55	CBS: **Elmer Davis**
5:00	7:00	9:00	CBS: **LUX THEATER** (Sept. 8)
5:00	7:00	9:00	MBS: **Gabriel Heatter**
5:00	7:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Basin Street Music**
5:00	7:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Doctor I. Q.**
5:30	7:30	9:30	NBC-Blue **News**
5:55	7:55	9:55	NBC-Blue: **The Nickel Man**
6:00	8:00	10:00	CBS: **Freddie Martin**
6:00	8:00	10:00	MBS: **Raymond Gram Swing**
	8:00	10:00	NBC-Blue **Famous Jury Trials**
6:00	8:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Contented Hour**
6:30	8:30	10:30	CBS: **Girl About Town**
6:30	8:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Radio Forum**



Agnes Moorehead's is the pretty face behind Maggie Jiggs' voice.

HAVE YOU TUNED IN . . .

Bringing Up Father, on NBC-Blue Tuesday nights at 9:00, E. D. T. (rebroadcast to the West at 7:00, P. S. T.), sponsored by Rinso.

Yes, this is the famous old veteran of the comic strips in person. Instead of just looking at the pictures of Jiggs, Maggie, their daughter, Dinty Moore and all the other characters, you can now hear them in action on the air. And of course the story on the air is just as it has always been in the cartoons—Maggie is anxious to crash society, Jiggs wants to have a plate of corned beef and cabbage at Dinty Moore's, and daughter Nora just wants to live her own life without interference.

Around Radio Row, Bringing Up Father is what is called a "package" show. This means that the advertising agency which is hired by the sponsor to tell the world about a certain manufactured product—in this case, Rinso—doesn't produce the program itself. Instead, the scripts are written, the actors hired and rehearsed, and the music arranged by a company which makes a specialty of producing radio programs and nothing else. There are several such companies—Bringing Up Father is produced by one called Henry Souvaine, Inc. It's a method of getting radio programs on the air that seems to be getting more and more popular all the time.

As Jiggs and Maggie, you hear Neil O'Malley and Agnes Moorehead, two of radio's top actors. Agnes, in fact, is considered by lots of folks who should know, to be one of the greatest actresses in America. She can do any kind of part on the air, and recently in Orson Welles' picture, "Citizen Kane," she scored a smashing success as Kane's mother. Agnes is a lot better looking than Maggie Jiggs is supposed to be. On the stage of the NBC studio where Bringing Up Father is broadcast there are life-sized cardboard pictures of the cartoon characters. When Agnes saw the one of Maggie she remarked, "This is the first time I've ever felt I didn't have any reason to be dissatisfied with my looks."

Nora, Jiggs' and Maggie's daughter, is played by Helen Shields, a very clever young lady who looks like Miriam Hopkins, and Dinty Moore is played by Craig McDonnell, who looks like the late Walter Connolly.

← For Eastern Standard Time or Central Daylight Time subtract one hour from Eastern Daylight Time →

DATES TO REMEMBER

September 1: It's Labor Day, sign that summer's coming to an end.

September 8: The Lux Theater with its swell dramas and famous guest stars, comes back to CBS tonight at 9:00.

TUESDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Daylight Time	
		8:15	NBC-Blue: **Who's Blue**
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
	7:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
1:00	7:45	9:45	CBS. **Hymns of all Churches**
	7:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh**
	8:00	10:00	CBS: **By Kathleen Norris**
	8:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Helen Hiett**
9:15	8:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Bess Johnson**
12:15	8:15	10:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	8:15	10:15	NBC-Blue **Buck Private**
	8:15	10:15	NBC-Red **Ellen Randolph**
12:45	8:30	10:30	CBS: **Stepmother**
	8:30	10:30	NBC-Blue. **Clark Dennis**
	8:30	10:30	NBC-Red **Bachelor's Children**
11:45	8:45	10:45	CBS: **Woman of Courage**
	8:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **Wife Saver**
	8:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **The Road of Life**
9:45	9:00	11:00	CBS: **Mary Lee Taylor**
	9:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
11:00	9:15	11:15	CBS: **The Man I Married**
	9:15	11:15	NBC-Red **Pepper Young's Family**
	9:30	11:30	NBC-Blue. **Alma Kitchell**
	9:30	11:30	NBC-Red **The Goldbergs**
10:15	9:45	11:45	CBS. **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
	9:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
8:00	10:00	12:00	CBS: **KATE SMITH SPEAKS**
8:00	10:00	12:00	NBC-Red **Words and Music**
8:15	10:15	12:15	CBS: **Big Sister**
8:15	10:15	12:15	NBC-Red **The O'Neills**
8:30	10:30	12:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
8:30	10:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
8:45	10:45	12:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
8:45	10:45	12:45	MBS: **Edith Adams' Future**
9:00	11:00	1:00	CBS: **Life Can Be Beautiful**
9:00	11:00	1:00	MBS: **We Are Always Young**
9:15	11:15	1:15	CBS: **Woman in White**
9:15	11:15	1:15	MBS: **Government Girl**
9:15	11:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
9:30	11:30	1:30	CBS. **Right to Happiness**
9:30	11:30	1:30	MBS. **Front Page Farrell**
	11:45	1:45	CBS: **Road of Life**
9:45	11:45	1:45	MBS: **I'll Find My Way**
3:15	12:00	2:00	CBS: **Young Dr. Malone**
10:00	12:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Light of the World**
2:30	12:15	2:15	CBS. **Girl Interne**
10:15	12:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Mystery Man**
10:30	12:30	2:30	CBS: **Fletcher Wiley**
10:30	12:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: **The Munros**
10:30	12:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
10:45	12:45	2:45	CBS: **Kate Hopkins**
10:45	12:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: **Midstream**
10:45	12:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
11:00	1:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Orphans of Divorce**
11:00	1:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Against the Storm**
11:15	1:15	3:15	CBS: **Frank Parker**
11:15	1:15	3:15	NBC-Blue: **Honeymoon Hill**
11:15	1:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
11:30	1:30	3:30	CBS. **Renfro Valley Folks**
11:30	1:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: **John's Other Wife**
11:30	1:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
11:45	1:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **Just Plain Bill**
11:45	1:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
12:00	2:00	4:00	CBS: **Richard Maxwell**
12:00	2:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
	2:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
12:15	2:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
12:30	2:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
	2:45	4:45	NBC-Red **Young Widder Brown**
	3:00	5:00	CBS: **Mary Marlin**
2:00	3:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: **Children's Hour**
1:00	3:00	5:00	NBC-Red **Home of the Brave**
	3:15	5:15	CBS. **The Goldbergs**
1:15	3:15	5:15	NBC-Red. **Portia Faces Life**
1:30	3:30	5:30	CBS. **The O'Neills**
1:30	3:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Drama Behind Headlines**
1:30	3:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **We, the Abbotts**
1:45	3:45	5:45	CBS **Burl Ives**
2:45	3:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: **Wings on Watch**
		5:45	NBC-Red: **Jack Armstrong**
	9:00	6:00	CBS: **Edwin C. Hill**
2:15	4:15	6:15	CBS: **Dorothy Kilgallen**
9:00	10:00	6:30	CBS: **Paul Sullivan**
2:45	4:45	6:45	CBS. **The World Today**
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
2:45	4:45	6:45	NBC-Red: **Paul Douglas**
7:00	5:00	7:00	CBS. **Amos 'n' Andy**
8:00	5:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **EASY ACES**
7:00	5:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang**
7:15	5:15	7:15	CBS: **Lanny Ross**
3:15	5:15	7:15	NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen**
3:15	5:15	7:15	NBC-Red: **European News**
3:30	5:30	7:30	CBS: **Helen Menken**
	5:45	7:45	NBC-Red: **H. V. Kaltenborn**
7:30	6:00	8:00	CBS: **Are You a Missing Heir?**
7:30	6:00	8:00	MBS: **Wythe Williams**
7:30	9:30	8:00	NBC-Red: **Johnny Presents**
4:30	6:30	8:30	CBS: **FIRST NIGHTER**
4:30	6:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **For America We Sing**
4:30	6:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **Horace Heidt**
4:55	6:55	8:55	CBS: **Elmer Davis**
8:00	7:00	9:00	CBS: **We, the People**
7:00	7:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Bringing Up Father**
8:30	7:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Battle of the Sexes**
5:30	7:30	9:30	CBS: **Report to the Nation**
5:30	7:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **News**
5:30	7:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Hap Hazard Show**
5:55	7:55	9:55	NBC-Blue: **The Nickel Man**
6:00	8:00	10:00	CBS. **Glenn Miller**
6:00	8:00	10:00	MBS: **Raymond Gram Swing**
6:00	8:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **New American Music**
6:00	8:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Date With Judy**
6:15	8:15	10:15	CBS: **Public Affairs**
6:30	8:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **College Humor**
6:45	8:45	10:45	CBS **News of the World**

WEDNESDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Daylight Time	
		8:15	NBC-Blue: **Who's Blue**
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
		8:30	NBC-Blue: **Ray Perkins**
	7:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
1:00	7:45	9:45	CBS: **Betty Crocker**
	7:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh**
	8:00	10:00	CBS: **By Kathleen Norris**
	8:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Helen Hiett**
9:15	8:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Bess Johnson**
12:15	8:15	10:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	8:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Buck Private**
	8:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Ellen Randolph**
12:45	8:30	10:30	CBS: **Stepmother**
	8:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Bachelor's Children**
11:45	8:45	10:45	CBS: **Woman of Courage**
	8:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **Wife Saver**
	8:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **The Road of Life**
7:00	9:00	11:00	CBS: **Treat Time**
	9:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
11:00	9:15	11:15	CBS: **The Man I Married**
	9:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
	9:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **The Goldbergs**
10:15	9:45	11:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
	9:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
8:00	10:00	12:00	CBS: **KATE SMITH SPEAKS**
8:00	10:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
8:15	10:15	12:15	CBS: **Big Sister**
8:15	10:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
8:30	10:30	12:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
8:30	10:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
8:45	10:45	12:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
8:45	10:45	12:45	MBS: **Edith Adams' Future**
9:00	11:00	1:00	CBS: **Life Can be Beautiful**
9:00	11:00	1:00	MBS: **We Are Always Young**
9:15	11:15	1:15	CBS: **Woman in White**
9:15	11:15	1:15	MBS: **Government Girl**
9:15	11:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
9:30	11:30	1:30	CBS: **Right to Happiness**
9:30	11:30	1:30	MBS: **Front Page Farrell**
	11:45	1:45	CBS: **Road of Life**
9:45	11:45	1:45	MBS: **I'll Find My Way**
3:15	12:00	2:00	CBS: **Young Dr. Malone**
10:00	12:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Light of the World**
2:30	12:15	2:15	CBS: **Girl Interne**
10:15	12:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Mystery Man**
10:30	12:30	2:30	CBS: **Fletcher Wiley**
10:30	12:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: **The Munros**
10:30	12:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
10:45	12:45	2:45	CBS: **Kate Hopkins**
10:45	12:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: **Midstream**
10:45	12:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
	1:00	3:00	CBS: **News for Women**
11:00	1:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Orphans of Divorce**
11:00	1:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Against the Storm**
11:15	1:15	3:15	CBS: **Frank Parker**
11:15	1:15	3:15	NBC-Blue: **Honeymoon Hill**
11:15	1:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
11:30	1:30	3:30	CBS: **Renfro Valley Folks**
11:30	1:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: **John's Other Wife**
11:30	1:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
11:45	1:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **Just Plain Bill**
11:45	1:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
12:00	2:00	4:00	CBS: **Richard Maxwell**
12:00	2:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
	2:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
12:15	2:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
12:30	2:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
	2:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
	3:00	5:00	CBS: **Mary Marlin**
2:00	3:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: **Children's Hour**
1:00	3:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **Home of the Brave**
	3:15	5:15	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
1:15	3:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Portia Faces Life**
1:30	3:30	5:30	CBS: **The O'Neills**
1:30	3:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Drama Behind Headlines**
1:30	3:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **We, the Abbotts**
1:45	3:45	5:45	CBS: **Burl Ives**
2:45	3:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: **Wings on Watch**
		5:45	NBC-Red: **Jack Armstrong**
	9:00	6:00	CBS: **Edwin C. Hill**
7:55	9:10	6:10	CBS: **Bob Trout**
2:15	4:15	6:15	CBS: **Hedda Hopper**
9:00	10:00	6:30	CBS: **Paul Sullivan**
2:45	4:45	6:45	CBS: **The World Today**
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
2:45	4:45	6:45	NBC-Red: **Paul Douglas**
7:00	5:00	7:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
8:00	5:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **EASY ACES**
3:00	5:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang**
7:15	5:15	7:15	CBS: **Lanny Ross**
3:15	5:15	7:15	NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen**
3:15	5:15	7:15	NBC-Red: **European News**
7:30	5:30	7:30	MBS: **The Lone Ranger**
8:00	6:00	8:00	CBS: **Grand Central Station**
7:15	6:00	8:00	MBS: **Cal Tinney**
7:00	6:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Quiz Kids**
	6:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **The Thin Man**
7:30	6:30	8:30	CBS: **Dr. Christian**
4:30	6:30	8:30	MBS: **Boake Carter**
7:30	6:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **Manhattan at Midnight**
7:30	6:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **Plantation Party**
4:55	6:55	8:55	CBS: **Elmer Davis**
5:00	7:00	9:00	CBS: **TREASURY HOUR**
5:00	7:00	9:00	MBS: **Gabriel Heatter**
5:00	7:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Hemisphere Revue**
8:00	7:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Eddie Cantor** (Sept. 3)
8:30	7:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Mr. District Attorney**
5:55	7:55	9:55	NBC-Blue: **The Nickel Man**
6:00	8:00	10:00	CBS: **Glenn Miller**
6:00	8:00	10:00	MBS: **Raymond Gram Swing**
6:00	8:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Author's Playhouse**
6:00	8:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **KAY KYSER**
6:15	8:15	10:15	CBS: **Public Affairs**
6:30	8:30	10:30	CBS: **Juan Arvizu**
6:45	8:45	10:45	CBS: **News of the World**



Mary Mason is the petite star of the new CBS Show, Maudie's Diary

HAVE YOU TUNED IN . . .

Maudie's Diary, on CBS every Thursday night at 7:30, E. D. T., rebroadcast to the West at 7:30, P. S. T., sponsored by Wonder Bread.

What Henry Aldrich is to the American boy, the heroine of this new program is to the American girl. Maudie Mason, already famous among magazine readers, is a seventeen-year-old dazzle-dish, sparky, or marvie who wears saddle-shoes, gorges herself on lemon cokes, talks a language of her own, and is as constantly in trouble as Henry Aldrich himself. And incidentally, dazzle-dish, sparky, and marvie are all samples of that special Maudie language, and all mean the same thing: a very pretty, vivacious and delightful girl, someone who is too divinely super.

Maudie Mason is played by a sparkie whose name in real life happens to be Mary Mason. Mary is a little bit older than her radio character. She's twenty-two, which isn't exactly ancient, at that. She was born on the West Coast and worked there on the stage and in movies before she came East. You've heard her on other programs, but this is her first leading role on the air. She got the part last spring when she was acting on Broadway in "Charley's Aunt," and immediately got to work studying teen-age girls in order to understand Maudie better. Mary's rather serious and thoughtful herself, and Maudie offers her the first chance she's had to play an enthusiastic, careless sort of character.

Maudie's boy friend, Davy Dillon, is played by Bob Walker, another young actor who steps in this program from supporting roles to a big part.

Don't try to get in to a broadcast of Maudie's Diary if you live in New York or come there on a visit, because the producers of the program have decided not to have a studio audience. It's really too bad, too, because Mary Mason is too pretty to be wasted on sound-effects men and the boys in the control room.

← For Eastern Standard Time or Central Daylight Time subtract one hour from Eastern Daylight Time →

DATES TO REMEMBER

August 28: Benny Goodman does his last broadcast tonight in his Thursday-night sponsored series, NBC-Red at 8:00.

September 3: Eddie Cantor returns tonight, at 9:00 on NBC-Red.

September 4: The Maxwell House show starts another radio season tonight—so tune it in at 8:00 on NBC-Red.

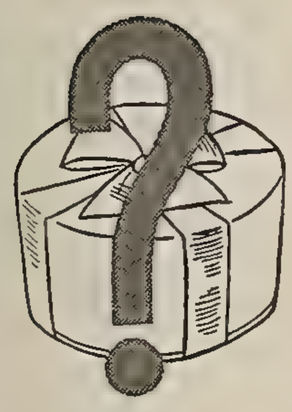
September 11: There's a new show starting tonight, designed to let you know what's going on in the world. It's called Ahead of the Headlines, on NBC-Blue at 10:30 P. M.

THURSDAY

P.S.T	C.S.T.	Eastern Daylight Time	
		8:15	NBC-Blue: **Who's Blue**
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
	7:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
1:00	7:45	9:45	CBS: **Hymns of All Churches**
	7:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh**
	8:00	10:00	CBS: **By Kathleen Norris**
	8:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Walter Patterson**
9:15	8:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Bess Johnson**
12:15	8:15	10:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	8:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Buck Private**
	8:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Ellen Randolph**
12:45	8:30	10:30	CBS: **Stepmother**
	8:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Clark Dennis**
	8:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Bachelor's Children**
11:45	8:45	10:45	CBS: **Woman of Courage**
	8:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **Wife Saver**
	8:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **The Road of Life**
9:45	9:00	11:00	CBS: **Mary Lee Taylor**
	9:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
11:00	9:15	11:15	CBS: **The Man I Married**
	9:15	11:15	NBC-Red **Pepper Young's Family**
	9:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Richard Kent**
	9:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **The Goldbergs**
10:15	9:45	11:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
	9:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
8:00	10:00	12:00	CBS. **KATE SMITH SPEAKS**
8:00	10:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
8:15	10:15	12:15	CBS. **Big Sister**
8:15	10:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
8:30	10:30	12:30	CBS. **Romance of Helen Trent**
8:30	10:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
8:45	10:45	12:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
8:45	10:45	12:45	MBS **Edith Adams' Future**
9:00	11:00	1:00	CBS: **Life Can be Beautiful**
9:00	11:00	1:00	MBS: **We Are Always Young**
9:15	11:15	1:15	CBS. **Woman in White**
9:15	11:15	1:15	MBS: **Government Girl**
9:15	11:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
9:15	11:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Pin Money Party**
9:30	11:30	1:30	CBS: **Right to Happiness**
9:30	11:30	1:30	MBS: **Front Page Farrell**
	11:45	1:45	CBS: **Road of Life**
9:45	11:45	1:45	MBS: **I'll Find My Way**
3:15	12:00	2:00	CBS: **Young Dr. Malone**
10:00	12:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Light of the World**
2:30	12:15	2:15	CBS: **Girl Interne**
10:15	12:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Mystery Man**
10:30	12:30	2:30	CBS: **Fletcher Wiley**
10:30	12:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: **The Munros**
10:30	12:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
10:45	12:45	2:45	CBS. **Kate Hopkins**
10:45	12:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: **Midstream**
10:45	12:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
11:00	1:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Orphans of Divorce**
11:00	1:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Against the Storm**
11:15	1:15	3:15	CBS: **Frank Parker**
11:15	1:15	3:15	NBC-Blue: **Honeymoon Hill**
11:15	1:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
11:30	1:30	3:30	CBS: **Renfro Valley Folks**
11:30	1:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: **John's Other Wife**
11:30	1:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
11:45	1:45	3:45	CBS: **Adventures in Science**
11:45	1:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **Just Plain Bill**
11:45	1:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
12:00	2:00	4:00	CBS. **Richard Maxwell**
12:00	2:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
	2:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
12:15	2:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
12:30	2:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
	2:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
	3:00	5:00	CBS: **Mary Marlin**
2:00	3:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: **Children's Hour**
1:00	3:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **Home of the Brave**
	3:15	5:15	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
1:15	3:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Portia Faces Life**
1:30	3:30	5:30	CBS: **The O'Neills**
1:30	3:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Drama Behind Headlines**
1:30	3:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **We, the Abbotts**
1:45	3:45	5:45	CBS: **Burl Ives**
2:45	3:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: **Wings on Watch**
		5:45	NBC-Red: **Jack Armstrong**
	9:00	6:00	CBS: **Edwin C. Hill**
2:15	4:15	6:15	CBS: **Bob Edge**
9:00	10:00	6:30	CBS: **Paul Sullivan**
2:30	4:30	6:30	NBC-Red: **Rex Stout**
2:45	4:45	6:45	CBS: **The World Today**
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
2:45	4:45	6:45	NBC-Red: **Paul Douglas**
7:00	5:00	7:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
8:00	5:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **EASY ACES**
7:00	5:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang**
7:15	5:15	7:15	CBS: **Lanny Ross**
3:15	5:15	7:15	NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen**
3:15	5:15	7:15	NBC-Red: **European News**
7:30	5:30	7:30	CBS: **Maudie's Diary**
6:00	5:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Xavier Cugat**
	5:45	7:45	NBC-Red: **H. V. Kaltenborn**
8:30	6:00	8:00	CBS: **Death Valley Days**
7:30	6:00	8:00	MBS: **Wythe Williams**
4:00	6:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **The World's Best**
7:30	6:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Maxwell House Show** (Sept. 4)
4:30	6:30	8:30	CBS: **Barbershop Quartet**
4:55	6:55	8:55	CBS: **Elmer Davis**
5:00	7:00	9:00	CBS: **Major Bowes Hour**
5:00	7:00	9:00	MBS: **Gabriel Heatter**
5:00	7:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **KRAFT MUSIC HALL**
5:55	7:55	9:55	NBC-Blue: **The Nickel Man**
6:00	8:00	10:00	CBS: **Glenn Miller**
	8:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Rudy Vallee**
6:15	8:15	10:15	CBS: **Professor Quiz**
6:30	8:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Ahead of the Headlines**
6:30	8:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Good Neighbors**
6:45	8:45	10:45	CBS **News of the World**

How Old does your Face Powder Whisper you are?





Can your Face Powder Keep a Secret?

Of course your age is your own affair! But can your face powder keep a secret? Can it hide those first sly signs of age? Or does it cruelly accent every tired line—make you look a little older? Find your LUCKY SHADE—find your most flattering shade—in my new Twin-Hurricane Face Powder!

By *Lady Esther*

When someone asks your age, do you hesitate, just an instant? Do you drop off a year or two? It's no crime, you know... everyone wants to look young!

But if you want to look younger, more attractive—why use a shade of powder that may age you—even a tiny bit?

Are you *sure* that the shade you are using is the perfect shade for you? Some shades can hide your loveliness and charm—just as certain harsh, unflattering lights can. But the *right* shade of powder can give your skin new softness and freshness—enchanting new glamor!

I hope you don't choose your powder by looking at the shade in the box. You must try different shades on your own skin before you decide which shade is yours, which makes you look your youngest.

That's why I offer you this gift; I'll send you FREE all 9 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Try them all—let your mirror tell you which is yours!

What is the secret of Lady Esther Face Powder? It's the new way it's made—the first really *different* way in generations. It's blown and buffed by Twin Hurricanes until it is softer and smoother by far than any powder made the ordinary way. You'll love it! It goes on so smoothly and evenly, and clings 4 long hours or more. Women by the thousands say it's as loyal and flattering as any face powder they've ever used!

Try All 9 Shades FREE!

Find your most flattering shade of Lady Esther Face Powder—without guesswork and without cost. Send for the 9 new shades and try them all. You'll know your lucky shade—it makes your skin look younger, lovelier! Mail this coupon now, before you forget.



Lady Esther
FACE POWDER

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER, (72)
7134 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 9 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

FLASH! ***Beginning September 15th, Lady Esther announces ORSON WELLES in an entirely new kind of radio entertainment. Columbia network, Monday evening. See your local paper for time.***

FRIDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Daylight Time	
		8:15	NBC-Blue: **Who's Blue**
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
	7:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
	7:15	9:15	NBC-Red **Isabel Manning Hewson**
1:00	7:45	9:45	CBS. **Betty Crocker**
	7:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh**
	8:00	10:00	CBS. **By Kathleen Norris**
	8:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Walter Patterson**
9:15	8:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Bess Johnson**
12:15	8:15	10:15	CBS. **Myrt and Marge**
	8:15	10:15	NBC-Blue. **Buck Private**
	8:15	10:15	NBC-Red **Ellen Randolph**
12:45	8:30	10:30	CBS. **Stepmother**
	8:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Clark Dennis**
	8:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Bachelor's Children**
11:45	8:45	10:45	CBS. **Woman of Courage**
	8:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **Wife Saver**
	8:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **The Road of Life**
7:00	9:00	11:00	CBS **Treat Time**
	9:00	11:00	NBC-Red **Mary Marlin**
11:00	9:15	11:15	CBS: **The Man I Married**
	9:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
	9:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **The Goldbergs**
10:15	9:45	11:45	CBS. **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
	9:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
8:00	10:00	12:00	CBS. **KATE SMITH SPEAKS**
8:00	10:00	12:00	NBC-Red **Words and Music**
8:15	10:15	12:15	CBS: **Big Sister**
8:15	10:15	12:15	NBC-Red **The O'Neills**
8:30	10:30	12:30	CBS. **Romance of Helen Trent**
8:30	10:30	12:30	NBC-Blue **Farm and Home Hour**
8:45	10:45	12:45	CBS. **Our Gal Sunday**
8:45	10:45	12:45	MBS **Edith Adams' Future**
9:00	11:00	1:00	CBS **Life Can be Beautiful**
9:00	11:00	1:00	MBS **We Are Always Young**
9:15	11:15	1:15	CBS. **Woman in White**
9:15	11:15	1:15	MBS: **Government Girl**
9:15	11:15	1:15	NBC-Blue **Ted Malone**
9:30	11:30	1:30	CBS. **Right to Happiness**
9:30	11:30	1:30	MBS **Front Page Farrell**
	11:45	1:45	CBS. **Road of Life**
9:45	11:45	1:45	MBS **I'll Find My Way**
3:15	12:00	2:00	CBS. **Young Dr. Malone**
10:00	12:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Light of the World**
2:30	12:15	2:15	CBS. **Girl Interne**
10:15	12:15	2:15	NBC-Red **Mystery Man**
10:30	12:30	2:30	CBS. **Fletcher Wiley**
10:30	12:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: **The Munros**
10:30	12:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
10:45	12:45	2:45	CBS. **Kate Hopkins**
10:45	12:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: **Midstream**
10:45	12:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
	1:00	3:00	CBS: **News for Women**
11:00	1:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Orphans of Divorce**
11:00	1:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Against the Storm**
11:15	1:15	3:15	CBS: **Frank Parker**
11:15	1:15	3:15	NBC-Blue: **Honeymoon Hill**
11:15	1:15	3:15	NBC-Red **Ma Perkins**
11:30	1:30	3:30	CBS: **Renfro Valley Folks**
11:30	1:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: **John's Other Wife**
11:30	1:30	3:30	NBC-Red **The Guiding Light**
11:45	1:45	3:45	CBS: **Trailside Adventures**
11:45	1:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **Just Plain Bill**
11:45	1:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
12:00	2:00	4:00	CBS. **Richard Maxwell**
12:00	2:00	4:00	NBC-Blue **Club Matinee**
	2:00	4:00	NBC-Red **Backstage Wife**
12:15	2:15	4:15	CBS. **Highways to Health**
12:15	2:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
2:30	2:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
	2:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
	3:00	5:00	CBS. **Mary Marlin**
2:00	3:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: **Children's Hour**
1:00	3:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **Home of the Brave**
	3:15	5:15	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
1:15	3:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Portia Faces Life**
1:30	3:30	5:30	CBS: **The O'Neills**
1:30	3:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **We, the Abbotts**
1:45	3:45	5:45	CBS: **Burl Ives**
2:45	3:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: **Wings on Watch**
		5:45	NBC-Red: **Jack Armstrong**
	9:00	6:00	CBS: **Edwin C. Hill**
	9:10	6:10	CBS **Bob Trout**
2:15	4:15	6:15	CBS **Hedda Hopper**
9:00	10:00	6:30	CBS **Paul Sullivan**
2:45	4:45	6:45	CBS. **The World Today**
		6:45	NBC-Blue. **Lowell Thomas**
2:45	4:45	6:45	NBC-Red: **Paul Douglas**
7:00	5:00	7:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
7:00	5:00	7:00	NBC-Red **Fred Waring's Gang**
7:15	5:15	7:15	CBS **Lanny Ross**
3:15	5:15	7:15	NBC-Red: **European News**
3:30	5:30	7:30	CBS: **American Cruise**
7:30	5:30	7:30	MBS **The Lone Ranger**
8:00	6:00	8:00	CBS: **Claudia and David**
4:00	6:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Auction Quiz**
	6:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Cities Service Concert**
4:30	6:30	8:30	CBS: **Proudly We Hail**
	6:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **INFORMATION PLEASE**
4:55	6:55	8:55	CBS: **Elmer Davis**
7:30	7:00	9:00	CBS **Great Moments from Great Plays**
5:00	7:00	9:00	MBS **Gabriel Heatter**
7:30	7:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Vox Pop**
5:00	7:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Waltz Time**
5:30	7:30	9:30	CBS **Hollywood Premiere**
5:30	7:30	9:30	MBS **Elisabeth Rethberg**
5:30	7:30	9:30	NBC-Red **Uncle Walter's Dog House**
5:55	7:55	9:55	NBC-Blue. **The Nickel Man**
6:00	8:00	10:00	CBS. **Penthouse Party**
6:00	8:00	10:00	MBS **Raymond Gram Swing**
6:00	8:00	10:00	NBC-Red **Wings of Destiny**
6:45	8:45	10:45	CBS **News of the World**



His clever musical compositions are bringing fame to Morton Gould

HAVE YOU TUNED IN . . .

Morton Gould's music, either on Mutual Saturday nights at 9:30, E. D. T., or during Major Bowes' illness on CBS Thursday nights at 9:00.

For some time now a young man named Morton Gould has been quietly minding his business, composing new tunes, arranging old ones in an exciting and clever way, and broadcasting the results with an orchestra led by himself on unsponsored programs over the Mutual network. Part of the listening audience heard and applauded his work, but sponsors didn't seem interested until one night this summer when Major Bowes was suddenly forced by illness to drop his famous Amateur Show. Then, with almost no warning at all, Morton found himself leading a 45-piece band on CBS, with Chrysler Motors for a sponsor—all because the Major, whom Morton scarcely knew personally, had been listening to and enjoying Morton's music for a good many months.

Slight, intellectual-looking Morton Gould took the sudden turn of affairs in his stride. All his life he's been used to having events shunt him from obscurity to fame. When he was four he astonished music teachers by being able to play the piano without ever having taken a lesson, and at six he had his own first composition published. It was a waltz called "Just Six." At seventeen he had graduated from New York University's School of Music and was giving lectures in music conservatories and colleges.

Morton is only twenty-seven now, and is a full-fledged composer of symphonic music as well as a radio star. He prepares all the distinctive arrangements of popular music you hear on his programs, leaving New York and hiding away at a summer vacation resort where he has no friends, in order to have complete privacy while he works.

He isn't married, and admits it's probably because he's always been too busy to fall in love.

◄ For Eastern Standard Time or Central Daylight Time subtract one hour from Eastern Daylight Time ►

DATES TO REMEMBER

August 29: For horse-racing fans—Mutual broadcasts the Saratoga Steeplechase at 2:30 this afternoon.

August 30: More horse-racing—the Hopeful and the Saratoga Cup, both on Mutual at 5:15.

September 5: Buddy Baer and Abe Simon fight tonight, and Mutual broadcasts the battle at 10:00.

September 19: Bob Burns is scheduled to start his new comedy series tonight, 9:30 on CBS.

SATURDAY

Pacific Standard Time	Central Standard Time	Eastern Daylight Time	
		8:00	CBS: **The World Today**
		8:00	NBC: **News**
		8:15	NBC-Blue: **Who's Blue**
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Hank Lawsen**
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Dick Leibert**
		8:45	CBS. **Adelaide Hawley**
		8:45	NBC-Blue: **String Ensemble**
		8:45	NBC-Red: **Deep River Boys**
	7:00	9:00	CBS: **Press News**
	7:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Breakfast Club**
	7:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **News**
	7-15	9:15	NBC-Red: **Market Basket**
	7:30	9:30	CBS: **Old Dirt Dobber**
	7:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **New England Music**
	8:00	10:00	CBS **Burl Ives**
	8:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Walter Patterson**
	8:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Let's Swing**
	8:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Happy Jack**
	8:30	10:30	CBS: **Gold If You Find It**
9:30	11:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **America The Free**
9:00	9:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Lincoln Highway**
	9:05	11:05	CBS: **The Life of Riley**
10:30	9:30	11:30	CBS. **Dorothy Kilgallen**
	9:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Our Barn**
	9:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Vaudeville Theater**
	9:45	11:45	CBS: **Hillbilly Champions**
8:00	10:00	12:00	CBS: **Country Journal**
8:00	10:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Consumer Time**
9:30	10:30	12:30	CBS. **Stars Over Hollywood**
8:30	10:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm Bureau**
8:30	10:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **Call to Youth**
8:45	10:45	12:45	MBS **Edith Adams' Future**
9:00	11:00	1:00	CBS: **Let's Pretend**
9:00	11:00	1:00	MBS: **We Are Always Young**
9:15	11:15	1:15	MBS: **Government Girl**
9:30	11:30	1:30	CBS: **Brush Creek Follies**
9:30	11:30	1:30	MBS: **Front Page Farrell**
9:30	11:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: **Cleveland Calling**
9:45	11:45	1:45	MBS **I'll Find My Way**
10:00	12:00	2:00	CBS: **Buffalo Presents**
10:00	12:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: **Johnny Long Orch.**
10:30	12:30	2:30	CBS. **Of Men and Books**
10:30	12:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Bright Idea Club**
11:00	1:00	3:00	CBS: **Dorian String Quartet**
11:00	1:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Indiana Indigo**
11:00	1:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Nature Sketches**
11:15	1:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Golden Melodies**
11:30	1:30	3:30	CBS: **Vera Brodsky**
12:00	2:00	4:00	CBS: **Calling Pan-America**
12:00	2:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
12:00	2:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Listen to Lytel'**
12:30	2:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **A Boy, a Girl, and a Band**
1:00	3:00	5:00	CBS. **Matinee at Meadowbrook**
1:00	3:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: **Tommy Dorsey**
1:00	3:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **The World Is Yours**
2:00	4:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: **Dance Music**
2:30	4:30	6:30	CBS: **Elmer Davis**
2:30	4:30	6:30	NBC-Red: **Religion in the News**
2:45	4:45	6:45	CBS. **The World Today**
2:45	4:45	6:45	NBC-Blue: **Edward Tomlinson**
2:45	4:45	6:45	NBC-Red: **Paul Douglas**
3:00	5:00	7:00	CBS: **People's Platform**
3:00	5:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **Message of Israel**
3:00	5:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Defense for America**
3:30	5:30	7:30	CBS: **Wayne King**
3:30	5:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: **Little Ol' Hollywood**
3:30	5:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Sammy Kaye**
3:45	5:45	7:45	NBC-Red: **H. V. Kaltenborn**
7:00	6:00	8:00	CBS: **Guy Lombardo**
4:00	6:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Boy Meets Band**
7:30	6:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Knickerbocker Playhouse**
7:30	6:30	8:30	CBS: **City Desk**
4:30	6:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **Bishop and the Gargoyle**
7:00	6:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **Truth or Consequences**
8:00	7:00	9:00	CBS: **YOUR HIT PARADE**
5:00	7:00	9:00	MBS: **Gabriel Heatter**
5:00	7:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Spin and Win**
5:00	7:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **National Barn Dance**
5:30	7:30	9:30	MBS: **Morton Gould**
5:30	7:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **NBC Summer Symphony**
5:45	7:45	9:45	CBS: **Saturday Night Serenade**
6:00	8:00	10:00	MBS: **Chicago Concert**
6:15	8:15	10:15	CBS: **Public Affairs**
6:30	8:30	10:30	CBS: **Four Clubmen**
6:45	8:45	10:45	CBS: **News of the World**



"I do solemnly swear..."

BOSTON, MASS.: INVESTIGATORS TESTIFY THAT 892 OUT OF 1019 USERS OF ANOTHER NAPKIN SAID, "MODESS IS SOFTER!"

Professional visitor. This woman is a professional investigator. She is swearing to the results of an amazing "softness test" conducted in Boston, Mass.

1019 women made this test. Each was a user of a leading brand of "layer-type" napkin. Not a single user of Modess, the "fluff-type" napkin, was allowed to make the test. Yet 892 of the 1019, when asked to feel these two napkins, said Modess, the "fluff-type" napkin, was softer!



Those little kits carried by investigators held the napkins so that all identifying marks were completely concealed. Women making the test could not see which was which. The investigators themselves did not know for whom the test was being conducted.



What could be simpler? "Just feel these two napkins and tell me which is softer." That's all there was to the test. The only napkin these women might possibly recognize was the one they habitually used, and no Modess user made the test. Yet Modess won by a staggering majority.



On the night of May 27th, when the final results were in, 892 of the 1019 women had said that the "fluff-type" napkin (Modess) was softer. And remember—these were all women who were users of the "layer-type" napkin. Amazing, isn't it, that women could go along, overlooking the fact that another and newer type of napkin might be softer?

Does softer to the touch mean softer in use? That is something you can answer only by actually *trying* Modess. Buy a box of Modess today. Learn for yourself if it gives you the same comfort that has won millions of loyal users. You can buy Modess in the regular size, or Junior Modess —a slightly narrower napkin—at your favorite store.

Modess

892 OUT OF 1019 BOSTON, MASS. WOMEN SAID—"IT'S SOFTER!"

What's New From Coast to Coast

(*Continued from page 6*)

shows as a special star feature.

Away from the broadcasting studio Clarence piles up more work for himself. He is organist at the Myers Park Methodist Church, has a twelve-piece dance band that plays at local affairs, composes many songs which he plays on request, and is musician's contractor for WBT. With all that activity, he's still seen around Charlotte every night, always escorting a beautiful girl—a different one every time. It's a swell hobby, this one of collecting pretty girls, and Clarence is to be envied because he's so successful at it.

* * *

Dinah Shore, the songstress, has two heart-interests and can't choose between them. But she's patriotic about the whole business—one of her beaux is Lieutenant Marvin Schacher of the Marines; the other is Corporal Allan Greive, of the Army.

* * *

The yen for a home of their own got both Ralph Edwards, the Truth or Consequences master of ceremonies, and Jay Jostyn, who plays Mr. District Attorney. Ralph bought a place up in Bedford Valley, New York, and is commuting for his radio shows and rehearsals. Jay, who used to live in an apartment suburb, moved farther out on Long Island and bought a big house and two acres of ground. He discovered that he was the proud owner of many different flowers and plants, none of which he could name, so now he's deep in the study of horticulture.

* * *

Joe Boland, an actor you've heard on many daytime programs, was the victim of too much wifely zeal this summer. Mrs. Boland, who works for CBS, spent her two-week vacation visiting her parents in Ohio, and since some of the furniture in their apartment needed reupholstering and refinishing, she decided that a good time to have the job done was while she was away. So she sent the furniture out—quietly forgetting that Joe, who was staying in town for the two weeks, would be left without a place to sit down in his own apartment. Luckily, the bed didn't need to be re-upholstered, so at least Joe could sleep.

* * *

Dick Todd, handsome but hefty young baritone of the Saturday morning Vaudeville Theater program on NBC, is trying to get rid of twenty pounds. He's been promised a Hollywood screen test if he can make it.

* * *

NASHVILLE, TENN.—There aren't many radio personalities who are as colorful as George Dewey Hay, the Solemn Old Judge of station WSM's beloved program, the Grand Ole Opry. He has been the program's master of ceremonies and guiding spirit for the full sixteen years of its existence, stepping up to the microphone every Saturday night to greet the hundreds who sit in the studio audience and the many thousands who sit listening in their homes.

He's not really a judge, but he has become so closely identified with his air character that all his friends have forgotten his first name and call him, simply, "Judge."

The Judge was born on November 5, 1895, at Attica, Indiana. He was a young man, just ready to start his career, when the United States entered the World War, and he enlisted in the Army in 1918. After the war he started out to be a reporter on the Memphis *Commercial Appeal,* and something that happened while he was on this paper probably gave radio listeners their Grand Ole Opry show. As a reporter, he ran across a log cabin in the hill country that gave a square dance and singing fest every Saturday night. People from miles around would come to take part in the festivities, and the young reporter was deeply impressed by the simplicity, sincerity and good humor of these gatherings.

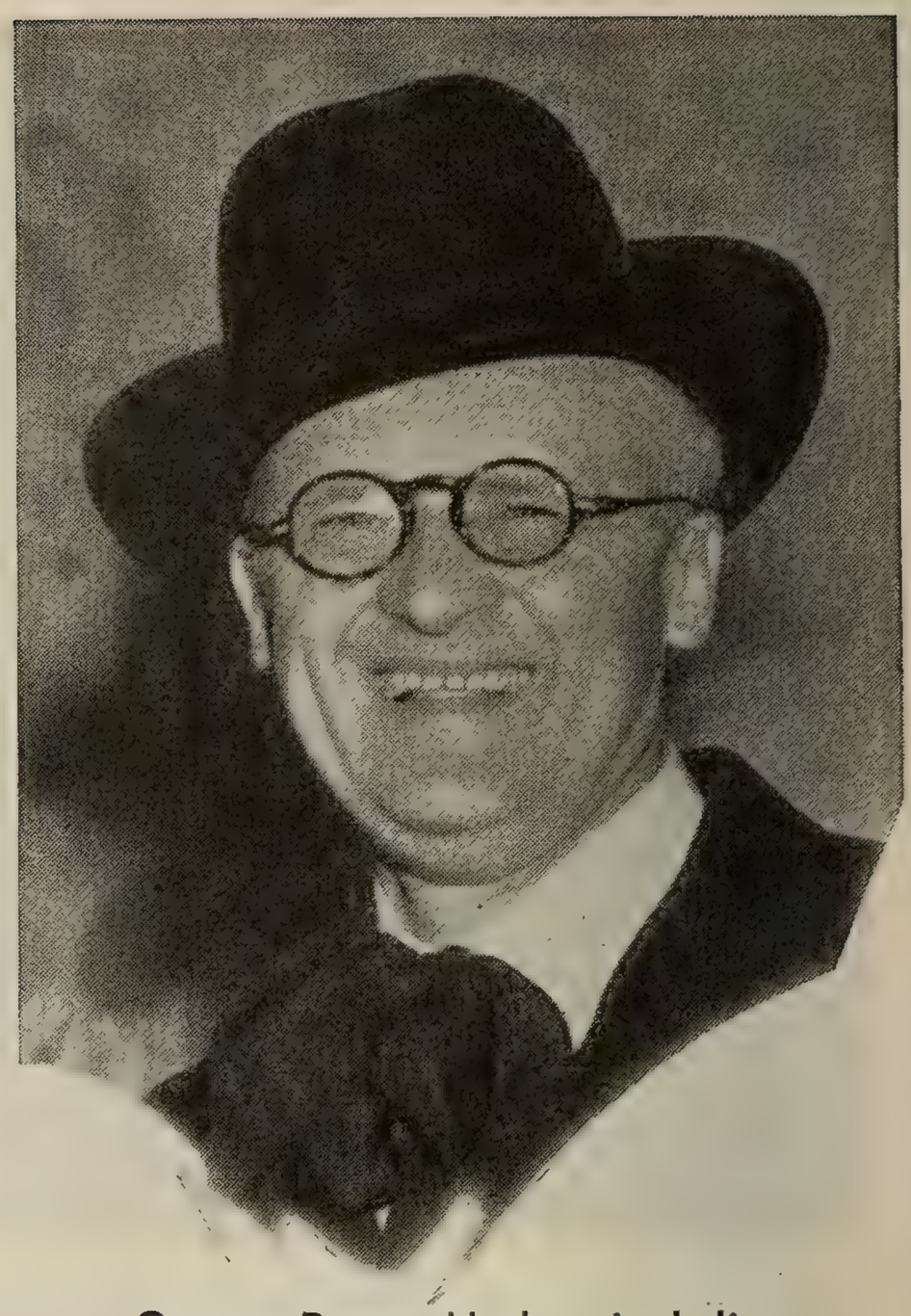
That was in 1923, and radio didn't amount to much in those days. But later, while George was still working as a reporter and studying law in his spare time, radio seemed more interesting to him, and he left the newspaper to become director and announcer at WMC, Memphis. After nine months there, he went to WLS in Chicago, where his memories of the log cabin festivities crystallized in the WLS Barn Dance, on which he became the first Barn Dance announcer and master of ceremonies. He spent almost two years at WLS and then came to WSM in Nashville, where he's been ever since.

The first Grand Ole Opry program was quite a different thing from the ones WSM listeners hear now. The cast consisted of one fiddler, named Uncle Jimmy Thompson, the Judge, and a steamboat whistle—plus a sincere desire on the part of everyone concerned to play American folk music that would please anyone who happened to be listening in. Today the cast numbers sixty-five, and Uncle Jimmy Thompson has long since passed on to his final reward, but the Judge, the steamboat whistle, and the sincerity remain.

The Grand Ole Opry got its name through chance. It happened that the first program went on the air right after a network show which had Walter Damrosch talking about Grand Opera. When the Judge and Uncle Jimmy took over the mike they extemporaneously christened their program the Grand Ole Opry, and the title has stuck for sixteen years.

The Judge has been married since March 29, 1918. Mrs. Hay was Lena Jamison of Chicago, and they have two daughters, Cornelia, 21, and Margaret, 17.

Whenever the Judge isn't busy at the WSM studios, you'll find him on one of Nashville's golf courses. He goes over all the courses at better than par. His hardest job, he says,



George Dewey Hay's grin belies his title of Solemn Old Judge on WSM'S popular Grand Ole Opry.

is living down the title, Solemn Old Judge, and convincing people that in spite of it he isn't really an old man. But that isn't really a hard job, once people have seen him in person.

* * *

SALT LAKE CITY—Ed Stoker, musical director for station KDYL since national defense caught up with "By" Woodbury last spring, is an ex-child prodigy who lived up to all expectations.

From the time he was able to climb up on the piano bench until he was nine, Ed was a strictly self-made musician, playing entirely by ear. His mother was an accomplished pianist, and he soon learned to play every number in her repertoire; but before he was ten she decided it was high time he learned to read musical notes instead of going by ear and instinct.

One year of serious piano study, and little Ed had made up his mind to follow a musical career. Since he thought he wanted to be a conductor, he started to study the violin, but three years later he returned to his first instrumental love, the piano, and became a pupil of Frank Asper, the Mormon Tabernacle's world-renowned organist.

By the time he was out of high school, Ed had organized a small orchestra and started barnstorming with it through the wilds of the still "woolly" West. The little band went into remote settlements that were never visited by any other musical group, and the stories Ed tells of his experiences in some of these out-of-way spots make Western thriller-fiction seem tame by comparison.

In 1937 Ed joined "By" Woodbury's band, and the following year when the band signed a contract with KDYL, he became "By's" assistant director. Now that "By" is serving the cause of defense, Ed is a full-fledged musical

director for the station.

Ed spent his vacation this summer right in Salt Lake City, although he'd been invited to come to Hollywood and visit some music publisher friends. He had a very excellent reason for giving up the Hollywood trip. A couple of years ago he and Woodbury went to Hollywood for a few days' rest, and put up at an expensive hotel on Wilshire Boulevard. One night, late, Ed was walking home alone and was within two blocks of the hotel when he found his arms pinned to his back, and a trio of thugs quickly took his money, watch, and rings. They were about to let him go when one of them said, "Wait a minute—that suit'd look good on me." Whereupon Ed was pushed into an alleyway, undressed, and made to continue his way home in the shabbiest pair of corduroy trousers anyone ever wore.

All this explains why Ed Stoker decided he'd have a better time this summer in Salt Lake City than in Hollywood.



Ed Stoker, musical director for KDYL in Salt Lake, refused to visit Hollywood—for a reason.

Have you missed the voice of announcer Jean Paul King? He's given up announcing, and has returned to his home town, Tacoma, Washington, to be director of public relations for a big firm there.

* * *

Jo Ranson, radio editor on a New York newspaper, has spent quite a few years writing nice things about the different shows he heard on the air—and now radio people are having their chance to pay him back. Collaborating with Oliver Pilat, Jo has written and had published a book about Coney Island, "Sodom by the Sea," and several air shows have commented favorably on the book or invited Jo to guest-star at the mike. Aspiring authors needn't think, though, that they need only be radio editors to get their books mentioned on the air—the books have to be good ones, too, like "Sodom by the Sea."

* * *

If you want to keep Rudy Vallee's friendship, don't tell him how good his air show has been lately. Too many people have done that, and it usually turns out that what they really mean is "since John Barrymore has been on it." (*Con't. on page* 60)



At least you are while that wise mother of yours has anything to say about it . . .

That funny white thing she just pinned around your middle was washed with Golden Fels-Naptha Soap. No wonder it feels so good and soft. It's completely, sweetly clean.

No half-way washing will do where your clothes are concerned. No half-way soap is going to leave dirt in your dainty things.

Fels-Naptha's two busy cleaners—gentle naptha and richer, *golden* soap—help your mother every wash day. They do the hard work that really gets the dirt out. That's why mother's face is so lovely and gay. That's why her arms are never too tired to pick you up and play.

You're in luck, young man. We'll bet when you get big enough for 'baby-talk', the first words you say will be *'Fels-Naptha'!*

Wash-weary
TABLE
LINEN



takes on a proud new look



when starched with
LINIT

"The Friend of Fine Fabrics"

Napery getting that limp-as-a-dishrag look? Worse still, does it launder up stiff as a board? *Listen,* "dress" it up as fine laundries everywhere do—with Linit! This *modern* laundry starch penetrates the fabric instead of merely coating the surface. Table linens iron up with a smooth, even finish, a luxury-feeling. They stay fresh and clean looking longer.



Protect and Display Prints in an album - to full advantage with *Engel* Pocket "Art Corners"



— Get the Genuine! — They mount prints tight or loose. Negatives may be filed in back of prints for ready reference. 10c buys 100 of a color - black, white, gray, gold, silver, sepia, red.

At your dealer or write to Engel Art Corners Mfg. Co., Dept. 60-X, 4721 N. Clark St., Chicago.

Rooking the Radio Buyer

Before you buy that new radio, or have your old one repaired, read about the methods unscrupulous dealers use to rob you of your money!

By FRANK W. BROCK and JAMES W. HOLDEN

DO YOU own a radio? Do you plan to buy one, if you don't have one already?

Yes?

Then watch out! You're the logical prey of the many tricksters who fatten on the radio trade, while honest dealers weep.

The chances are that you don't understand very much about radio. How it works and why—that's all pretty much a mystery to you. That's all right—even experts don't know exactly what electricity is. But it's this very ignorance on the part of the layman about the inner workings of radio sets which makes their sale such a rich and juicy field for unscrupulous racketeers. Repairmen with lazy consciences and glib tongues get their share of the booty too, when you call them in to fix your ailing radio.

You simply can't afford to buy a radio set or have your old one overhauled, without finding out in advance about some of the tricks that may be pulled on you. To expose these tricks is the purpose of this article. First, though, let's make it plain that we're not referring to reputable, well-known manufacturers or repairing firms. We're only pointing out how important it is for you to make sure that you do patronize these well-known, trustworthy companies. When you're shopping for a radio, don't worry too much over how many tubes your prospective set has—put more thought into finding out how many years the man you're buying it from has been in business, and how well he stands in the community.

Did you think that bootlegging went out with the Eighteenth Amendment? But the radio set you were looking at only yesterday may be a "bootleg" radio—particularly if it seemed to be "such a bargain."

The bootleg radio industry, which has snared many a bargain seeker, began when a New York man—call him Joseph K. Blank—had a Great Idea. He had friends who owned radio stores, and with them he formed a company to buy transformers and coils, dials and cabinets, and other radio gadgets at wholesale auctions of radio parts. These miscellaneous parts were shipped to a loft and Joe and his friends began manufacturing radios from them. The Blank radio was a piece of junk, but it made a noise and dealers could buy it cheap. Sales were only fair.

Then Joe enlarged on his original idea. One day he emerged from an auction with a boxful of gilt nameplates which had been etched for a famous manufacturer. They'd had to be put up for auction because the well-known firm that had ordered them was close to bankruptcy and couldn't use them. Joe took the nameplates and slapped them on his own sets. This made them counterfeit, but Joe didn't care—they sold like mad.

When the phoney nameplates were all used up, Joe went to a Brooklyn metal shop and ordered some more. But this time he didn't copy another trademark exactly—too much risk. He just borrowed names. Here, as discovered by the Federal Trade Commission at Washington, are some of the names that Joe and other radio bootleggers have borrowed:

Marconi, Edison, Bell, Victor, RCA and Majestic. There has been an RSA in spaghetti script like an RCA, and an EB which was a lot like a GE. A "Bronswick" looked altogether too much like Brunswick. Longer names were invented, affairs like Victor International and Edison-Bell. Some labels employed large and small type:

EDISON
Radio Stores

An Edison radio? Not at all—an "Edison Radio Stores" radio. The cutest label of the lot went like this:

LITTLE
GENERAL
ELECTRIC

When the maker was politely asked what right he had to borrow the name "General Electric," he retorted righteously, "I did nothing of the sort. My radio is the 'Little General.' The word 'electric' means it isn't a crystal set."

The Federal Trade Commission people in Washington point out that it isn't a crime to make a cheap radio, but to borrow a man's good name is a form of robbery. Radios like these

are still being thrown together out of cheap materials. They can legally be shipped to dealers without nameplates. Dealers can buy fake nameplates and put them on. Which is against the law—but there are so many dealers!

Remember that a dishonest dealer doesn't like to use a famous trademark *exactly*. Make sure that the name on the set you're thinking of buying is *exactly* like the name in that company's advertisements, and you'll be safe from this particular branch of skullduggery, at least.

There are "bargain" radios, however, that don't make any effort to carry a famous trademark—and still they may not be worth their dealers' asking prices.

One spring day five years ago a radio expert picked apart one of Joe Blank's radios. He was startled to find that one tube was a dummy, wired so that it glowed (all tubes give a dim light when they are working) but not connected to the operating circuits of the set. The maker had spared himself some expensive wiring and parts.

Last year the Chicago Better Business Bureau tore a certain bargain radio limb from limb. This was what they found:

THE advertisement indicates that the radio contains fifteen tubes. Experts who examined the set state that eight of the so-called tubes are so connected that the filaments light, but the other elements of the tubes perform no useful function. These tubes could be removed without stopping or interfering with the performance of the receiver."

A seven-tube set, and they were selling it as a fifteen-tube! Here was the conclusion: "The public can no longer always depend on the number of tubes in the set as an indicator of its value."

Some salesmen may casually mention "balance" or "ballast" tubes. Look out. These are likely to be dummies, as useful to the set as false teeth would be to a robin.

The radio expert in your family may ask how big the loudspeaker is. He knows that a twelve-inch speaker is better than an eight-inch. But on one line of cheap radios, investigators found six-inch speakers disguised with fourteen-inch metal hoods.

There is a branch of the furniture trade known as "borax." It's a racket. The idea is merely to sell wretched furniture at high prices by tempting the unsuspecting customer with lures. A few radio dealers use the same old bait.

Elderly Mrs. Lewis in New York saw a well known table radio advertised at a low price, ten dollars. This was all she could pay. She showed the advertisement to a friend who was a trade investigator.

"The worst store in the city," he snorted. "Better let me go with you."

The salesman turned on the advertised set, but it was rough and raucous. When Mrs. Lewis expressed her disappointment, the salesman snapped the set off and tuned in a "Little Giant International." It was much better.

"Here's a real radio. We get $19.50 for these, but this one is shopworn. You can have it for $16.50 if you'll take it with you."

The old "switch" trick. Advertise a famous item at a low price, try not



Use FRESH #2 and stay fresher!

PUT FRESH #2 *under one arm—put your present non-perspirant under the other. And then . . .*

1. See which one checks perspiration better. We think FRESH #2 will.
2. See which one prevents perspiration odor better. We are confident you'll find FRESH #2 will give you a feeling of complete under-arm security.
3. See how *gentle* FRESH #2 is—how pleasant to use. This easy-spreading vanishing cream is absolutely greaseless. It is neither gritty nor sticky.
4. See how *convenient* FRESH #2 is to apply. You can use it immediately before dressing—no waiting for it to dry.
5. And revel in the knowledge, as you use FRESH #2, that it will not rot even the most delicate fabric. Laboratory tests prove this.

FRESH #2 comes in three sizes—50¢ for extra-large jar; 25¢ for generous medium jar; and 10¢ for handy travel size.



Free offer—to make your own test!

Once you make this under-arm test, we're sure you'll never be satisfied with any other perspiration-check. That's why we hope you'll accept this free offer. Print your name and address on postcard and mail it to FRESH, Dept. 6-D, Louisville, Ky. We'll send you a trial-size jar of FRESH #2, postpaid.



Companion of FRESH #2 is FRESH #1. FRESH #1 deodorizes, but does not *stop* perspiration. In a tube instead of a jar. Popular with men too.

"I'm so in Love with your HANDS!"



What is the "Age of Romance" for a Woman's Hands?

THERE'S Sally in her "twenties"—but don't her hands look older? That's because they're so often rough. But busy Mrs. B. in her "fifties" has the gracious soft, smooth hands that are charming, romantic, at any age. Her secret? Just—simple, regular care with Jergens Lotion!

It's almost like professional hand care. Two ingredients in Jergens Lotion are used by many doctors to help hard, harsh skin to rose-leaf smoothness.

Your poor hand skin—so often water-dried, wind-dried! Jergens Lotion furnishes new softening moisture it needs. No stickiness! Easy and quick! 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—$1.00, at beauty counters. Start now to use this favorite Jergens Lotion.



WELL-KNOWN PALMIST "PSYCHOANALYZES" MISS WATSON'S HANDS

"This life line is very interesting," says Sonia Barrington, well-known New York palmist, "It indicates a changeful, colorful life."

MISS MARGARET WATSON, herself, writes from Chicago, "I had a problem to keep my hands smooth until I began to use Jergens Lotion."

FREE!.. PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

(Paste on a penny postcard, if you wish)

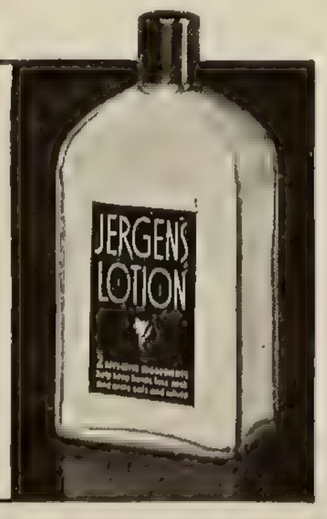
The Andrew Jergens Company, Box 3524, Cincinnati, Ohio (In Canada: Perth, Ontario)

Please send my *free* purse-size bottle of the famous Jergens Lotion.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____



JERGENS LOTION

FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

to sell it, persuade the prospect to buy a piece of junk at a higher price. A dealer can easily ruin the tone of a good radio so that you won't want it. This particular radio had been "gimmicked" by stuffing cotton around the loudspeaker. The trick would have worked with Mrs. Lewis, if her friend hadn't said sternly:

"We don't want a 'Little Giant Whatsit.' We want the set you advertised—a new one out of a sealed carton." Mrs. Lewis has enjoyed her radio ever since.

Mrs. Klien of San Diego is the wife of a doctor. She bought a table radio at a gyp store for eleven dollars and hurried home to put it in the kitchen. Mr. Klien came in, spied the receiver and turned it on. From the wry expression on his face, the lady saw that she'd picked a lemon. Back she went to the store, where the salesman was delighted to be helpful.

"You have a musical ear, madam. Why don't you pay five dollars more—what's five dollars?—and take home this Midget Marvel?" So Mrs. Klien found some money in her handbag and took home a Midget Marvel. A better set, she thought, but it was merely in better adjustment. This sales idea is old, but still thriving; a radio is put out of whack so that the customer will bring it back and pay more. A sharp dealer then sells something which cost him *less.*

DON'T believe the dealer who promises too much. Be shy when a store advertises, "Get foreign stations clearly any time you want them." Not even the National Broadcasting Company can do that, as you'll remember from some trans-Atlantic broadcasts you've heard.

But let's suppose you've successfully weathered the radio-buying period, and by sidestepping false claims and shifty dealers, have acquired a set that was worth the money. Now you become a target for all sorts of gadgets meant to clarify, revive, cut out noises, and eliminate the aerial. One morning a Wichita woman heard her doorbell. The man outside looked like a peddler—and was.

"Everybody needs this radio attachment," he said, holding out a simple plug. "Takes the place of wires strung in trees, brings in all the stations. Makes a poor radio sound like a bell. You'll never be sorry."

She was, though. The price was a dollar and a half—not much for such a miracle. The lady had only $1.36 in change, but the peddler took that—eagerly. She and her husband gave the device a trial. It might as well not have been in the radio at all. Noting a Chicago maker's trademark on the plug, they sat down and penned a scorching letter. The firm's reply was wonderfully polite, at least:

"We never sell to agents. If this man sold you our eliminator, he must have bought it at the ten-cent store."

Another marvelous little device is the noise filter, to strain out harsh blasts caused by X-rays, telephones or elevators. A few expensive filters work. Thousands that don't are sold by fast-talking gentlemen on street corners for a quarter or half a dollar. These filters have been torn apart. What do you suppose is inside them? Nothing.

You've seen the street-corner salesman with his big radio on wheels. On the top are a plug on a wire, switches, lights, a telephone dial, an electric

fan. He turns on the fan and the radio roars.

"The fan motor causes static," he explains. He pulls out the plug and waves the gadget—then plugs the gadget into the socket and the set into the gadget. Ah, the noise stops.

But yours won't. The salesman has a special radio. In it there is a special "gimmick" or buzzer to make static. Note the length of the prongs on the plug to the set and on the filter. Those on the filter are short. The usual plug, with long prongs, reaches down to a wire and connects with the buzzer. The filter plug doesn't reach to that wire. No contact, no noise, no static. The salesman pays a lot for his gimmicked radio—$85 or $90. But he also sells a lot of filters.

Your radio needs repairing? Now more troubles begin. If radio repairing has a bad name, no one regrets it more than the honest repairman. He'll probably tell you to be shy of the man who offers an estimate free.

Men who were cleaning up business in Kansas City laid a trap. They planted a perfectly good radio in a private home, loosened a single wire, and sent out a call to twenty-five "free estimate" repairmen. Only a few were honest enough to fix the set for a nominal charge. Others wanted to do all sorts of interesting, creative work. One would like to install a "voice coil" at $3, another a cone and field coil for $5.75. First prize, if any, went to the repairman who advised a new filter condenser at $7.25.

THEN a call was sent to repairmen who made service charges of from seventy-five cents to $1.50. Ninety per cent of these men found the loose wire at once and put it back, none charging more than $1.50. Only one had visions—he saw a "burnt-out condenser" and other horrors, which he would fix for $6.25. When he had gone, the experts found that he had helped matters along—he'd cut a few wires.

They gave him the job. When the radio came back the wires had been neatly mended. There were no new parts. Accused of faking, he confessed that the repair work was imaginary.

Chicago is the home of the Institute of Radio Service Men, whose members have a good reputation. In some cities you will find some of its members. Or you may be lucky enough to know a young man who is a radio enthusiast; they grow in every neighborhood. He can name a dozen good repairmen.

There *are* upright dealers and repairmen—plenty of them. There are also plenty of the other kind. If this article has helped you to distinguish between the two, that's a big step forward in getting rid of the gyps.

WARNING!

You'll split your sides laughing when you read the fictionization of the new R-K-O movie, "Look Who's Laughing," starring radio's Fibber McGee and Molly—in the November issue of

RADIO MIRROR

"Your little FACE feels like satin to kiss—"



Easier to act against *Dry-Skin Wrinkles* before they start—

WRINKLES may seem a long way off. But—suppose you have dry skin! Very dry skin may tend to wrinkle early. And it looks drab and unattractive.

So—hurrah for Jergens Face Cream! Made by Jergens skin scientists—it helps your skin to fresh satin-smoothness.

Use Jergens Face Cream serenely for all these purposes—

(1) expert cleansing; (2) softening your skin; (3) a "good grooming" foundation for your powder and make-up; (4) a fragrant, smooth-skin Night Cream.

Really a "One-Jar" Beauty Treatment, isn't it? Try Jergens Face Cream yourself for just 10 days—and you'll see! 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—75¢, $1.00, $1.25 a jar, at beauty counters. Say you want Jergens Face Cream.



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"SENSITIVE SKIN NOW SMOOTH AND SOFT..."

"I am delighted with Jergens Face Cream," writes Mrs. Ella Cobb Boatenreiter, Atlanta, Ga. "It cleanses thoroughly, leaves my skin smooth and soft, and makes a lovely powder base."

ALL-PURPOSE...FOR ALL SKIN TYPES

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FOR A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION

FREE! Generous sample of lovely new Face Cream. Mail coupon now.

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The Andrew Jergens Company, 1608 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio (In Canada: Perth, Ontario)

Please rush my *free* sample of the new Jergens Face Cream.

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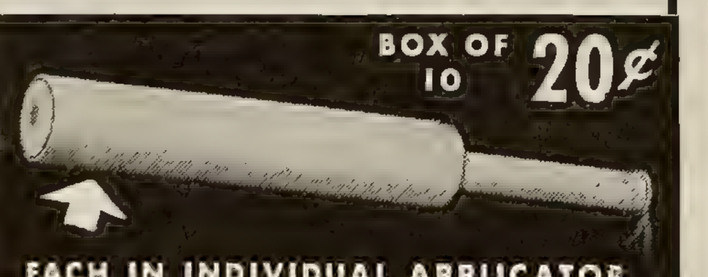
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—by a doctor's wife

As a doctor's wife, I've known about *internal* sanitary protection for a long time—and used it. Then, I recently heard that Modess had brought out Meds—a new and improved tampon! I tried Meds—and believe me, they are a discovery! Such comfort! Meds make you feel as free as on any other day. And such grand protection—because Meds are the only tampons, with the "safety center." And best of all, Meds cost only 20¢ a box of ten, an average month's supply—only 98¢ a bargain box of sixty! No other tampons in individual applicators cost so little!



Meds

THE MODESS TAMPON

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Where You Need It Most—

AT THE BALL OF YOUR FOOT!



Now you can have quick relief from pains, cramps, callouses, burning or numbing sensations at the ball of your foot.

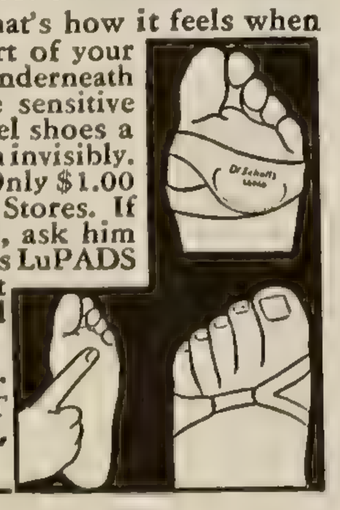
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LIKE WALKING ON AIR—that's how it feels when you slip it over the forepart of your foot. Has a soft padding underneath to cushion and protect the sensitive spot. Makes smart high heel shoes a joy to wear. Washable. Worn invisibly. Sizes for men and women. Only $1.00 pair at Drug, Shoe, Dept. Stores. If your dealer is not supplied, ask him to order a pair of Dr. Scholl's LuPADS for you or send $1.00 direct to us and mention size and width of your shoe.

Money back if not satisfied.

FREE—Dr. Scholl's FOOT BOOK. Write **Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Dept. L8, Chicago, Ill.**



"Love Story"

(*Continued from page* 11)

the other side of the desk. "Simon Legree, 1941 model," he said. "I suppose I can do it if I work like hell, but why should I?"

Joe's voice took on a wheedling note. "Why shouldn't you, Gerry?" he queried. "After all, you're in the business to earn money. Money can buy the dickens of a lot."

Money can buy a lot—the dickens of a lot . . . It can buy *love and rapture and dreams* . . . Gerald Gateson rose hastily, and a trifle unsteadily, to his feet.

"I'll see what I can do," he promised—anything to get away from Joe Mallaby's owlish, piercing gaze and his vehemence. "I'll give you a call in the morning."

Joe said, "You're a prince, Gerry, and I'll see that you don't regret it. I'll do as much for you, next time—" He hesitated, a shade self-consciously. "Say, I've jotted down a couple of slick ideas—they may give you a lift with your plot."

Gerald's voice was bitter when at last he spoke. "Keep your ideas, Joe," he grated, "I don't want them —or need them. I've got too blame many ideas, as it is!"

TOO many ideas, eh? As Gerald left the towering office building and stepped into an avenue that was painted yellow with hot, late afternoon sunshine, the ideas buzzed around in his brain, like angry hornets. They hopped up and down and stung him. He pulled his hat, viciously, over one eye and started walking in the direction of his flat, and the ideas beat a sharp staccato marching tune. Unfortunately they weren't ideas that would jell into the form of a dramatic romance. They were ideas that wouldn't jell at all. They were impossible ideas of letters that a fellow might write to a girl who didn't give a hang, any more. They were ideas for impassioned, purposeless speeches that might turn a woman aside from her fixed desire to marry a thick-necked, thick-waisted multi-millionaire.

"Be your age, darling," Dorothy had said, "this is the sort of a chance a woman only gets once in a thousand lifetimes. And Albert is a perfectly nice guy, at that."

Albert. Middle-aged. Twice divorced.

"But you said you cared for me," Gerald told her blankly. "I bought you a ring, today. It's in my pocket."

"Albert *gave* me a ring, today," Dorothy told him sweetly. "I'd show it to you—only it's out being appraised . . . A square emerald—it's *huge*. Oh, Gerald, don't look so tragic. We've only known each other a month."

A month or an eternity?

Gerald Gateson, staring at Dorothy, remembered their first meeting at Hal Kirk's penthouse studio. Dorothy, in filmy green, looking as cool as a lettuce leaf on that drowsy, torrid night. Dorothy, with her corn silk hair drawn back so tight, over her ears, that the curls on the nape of her neck seemed trying, prankishly, to escape. A month? Gerald had known Dorothy for a century after their very first exchange of glances.

They had leaned against the parapet at the extreme end of Hal's terrace, and talked—while in the background a rococo little fountain splashed foolishly. They had talked until the sky was faintly pink. Dorothy was a model, but she had plans for the stage. Gerald wrote radio scripts, did he—but how too, too wonderful! He must write a play for her, sometime. No, she wasn't interested in radio. It was more fun to see your audience—and have them see you . . . Gerald remembered how he had told her, fatuously, that it would be cheating—not to let an audience see her.

They had been together constantly from that time onward. Breakfast, lunch, dinner . .. . Gerald's radio scripts had suffered—more, perhaps, in quantity than in quality. Agency men declared that Gateson had gone haywire—you couldn't get your hands on him when you needed him—but Gerald didn't mind. What was work at a time like this? He was in love —madly, insanely, burningly in love. When Dorothy told him that she *might* marry him—this at the end of the first week—he was in the seventh heaven of delight. When at the end of the second week, she grew coy and artful, he was in the depths of despair.

"I'm a fool to go on this way," he told himself savagely—and continued to go on.

"You've got to marry me," he raged at the end of the third week, "or I'll kill myself."

Dorothy had taken to looking wistful by the end of the third week. Her eyes stared vaguely through Gerald —and beyond him.

"Men don't kill themselves because of love," she said with the serene air of a child reciting a text. "You're a writer, Gerry—could you support me, do you suppose? I mean *really* support me?"

Gerald almost felt as though he were facing a celestial income tax collector. He wanted to lie magnificently about his earnings—and found himself telling the truth, instead.

I'M not a rank beginner, you know," he said. "I can give you a nice apartment and charge accounts at the best shops, and jam for your bread and butter. And I can give you a love that will go on forever, piling up dividends."

Dorothy murmured, "What a sweet thing to say, Gerry!" She added, "I met a man a few days ago. His name is Albert Kelsy. He's a multi-millionaire."

Gerald nodded. "I've seen the chap around town," said Gerald. "Looks rather like a toad, at times. . . . Dotsy, let's go to Rio on our honeymoon—they're running some swell boats to Brazil—now that the European trade is shot—"

But Dorothy had spoken a shade petulantly. "Bert has two yachts," she said . . . *Bert.*

NEXT MONTH: A complete Radio Novel—Joyce Jordan, Girl Interne
The Exciting and Thrilling Story of a Woman Doctor—
in the November RADIO MIRROR

The blow fell swiftly. So swiftly that Gerald's heart was cut out of his body before he was aware of the knife. Dorothy, meeting him for cocktails, had demanded champagne, instead.

"This is an occasion," she told Gerald.

"Any time when I'm with you is an occasion," Gerald rejoined. He wondered why Dorothy made his every remark seem so ponderous.

Dorothy said, "But this is a special occasion, my pet. I'm engaged."

It was then that Gerald mentioned the presence, in his pocket, of a newly bought ring. And it was then that Dorothy told him about the square-cut emerald that was out—being appraised.

At first—at the very first—Gerald thought it was a joke. He laughed until his shoulders were shaking and there were tears in his eyes. Then he stopped laughing, but the tears remained.

"It's really not funny," he said. "That's a cruel form of humor, Dorothy."

Dorothy told him, "I'm not being funny, I'm being very serious." She regarded him gravely. "Of course, Gerry, we can go on being friends. We can see a lot of each other—" Finally, when Gerald didn't make any response, she suggested, "Why don't you go out and take a nice long walk, Gerry, and clear the cobwebs from your brain?"

So Gerald went out and walked. He walked through the afternoon and the twilight and until the dawn came up like thunder over the East River—where he happened to be at the time.

WHEN he dropped in at his flat, late in the morning, to get a clean shirt, he found seven telephone messages, five telegrams and a special delivery letter—all from Joe Mallaby's advertising agency.

And so, having realized that life—oddly enough—goes on, he obeyed the baker's dozen of summonses. And not more than an hour later he was saddled with a rush order to write—irony of ironies—a love story.

Sitting in front of a typewriter, trying to compose, is not easy when a hornets' nest has been let loose in the region between one's ears . . . Gerald Gateson covered a page with variations of her name—Dorothy, Dotsy, Dotsy darling, Dorothy Gateson, Mrs. Dorothy Kelsy, Mrs. Albert Kelsy . . . Then he tore up the page and started another one. On the second page he wrote the vivid description of a girl who had pale hair that lay in curls, like silver gilt bells, at the nape of her neck. That page wouldn't do, either. The third page was an impassioned letter—but it sounded so unreal, so sophomoric, that Gerald ripped it into shreds. After the third page he merely sat back—with his hands idle on the keys—and wondered what he should do.

There seemed to be several alternatives. First, there was always suicide. Of course, Dorothy had told him that men didn't kill themselves for love . . . but he'd show her! No, by God, he wouldn't!

Next there was the trip south. People weren't going south now, eh? Then he'd go north. His direction didn't matter much—neither did his destination.

Perhaps—he toyed with this thought—he would kill plump, complacent

TANGEE'S NEW

Red-Red...THE RICHEST AND REDDEST OF ALL LIPSTICK SHADES

The jewel-like clarity of Tangee's NEW Red-Red will liven your lips with a glowing new vivacity, soften them with a subtle new smoothness. For Red-Red is *true* red...the lipstick shade so rich and pure it goes with anything you might wear, a perfect foil for *both* your *gowns and furs.* Tangee's unique cream base helps prevent chapping or drying. Of course, there's a matching rouge. And Tangee's famous Face Powder: So clinging, so flattering, so *un*-powdery!

Another Tangee Lipstick—THEATRICAL RED...a bright and vivid shade with the same famous Tangee cream base. Matching rouge.



New *under-arm*

Cream Deodorant

safely

Stops Perspiration



1. Does not harm dresses, or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.

2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.

3. Instantly checks perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.

4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.

5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering, for being harmless to fabrics.



Arrid is the largest selling deodorant ... try a jar today

ARRID

39¢ a jar

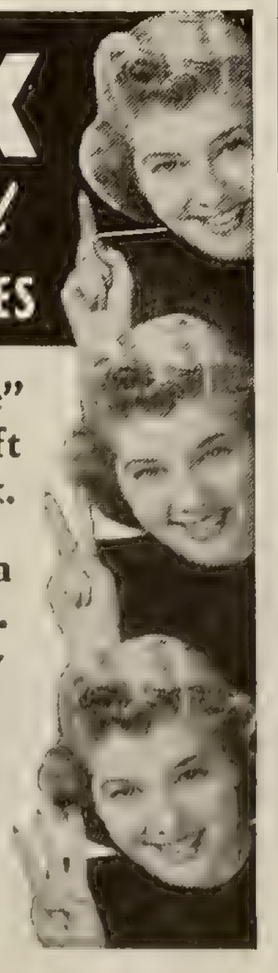
AT ALL STORES WHICH SELL TOILET GOODS

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SITROUX

Triple-Tested

CLEANSING TISSUES



softer! Say "Sit-True" for tissues that are as soft as a kiss on the cheek.

stronger! As strong as a man's fond embrace. Sitroux is made only from pure cellulose.

more absorbent! They drink in moisture. Ideal for beauty care. Useful everywhere.

Albert Kelsy—that would be a logical solution. But, reason argued, why go to the electric chair for erasing such a rotter? However, if he could see Dorothy and threaten her with this plan, it might be—effective . . . All at once his pulses were hammering—*if he could see Dorothy.*

As if he were a marionette worked by wires, Gerald was up from in front of the typewriter. *He'd go to see Dorothy.* Not to threaten—not that—but to plead his cause once more. Perhaps now that more than a day had passed, he'd meet with success. Anyway, it was worth trying.

Dorothy lived in Greenwich Village. On the outskirts of the village, rather. She lived in one of those remodeled houses that crowd their way into every downtown street; houses cut up into arty one-room, three-room and four-room suites. As he rang the bell marked with her name, Gerald was aware that he seldom called for Dorothy in her own home—it was always at a restaurant, or a roof, or at some one's studio that they met.

The bell echoed off into the dim distance of a dark hallway and the echo died. Gerald waited, while a lost, hungry feeling made his digestive apparatus quivery and uncertain. And then, just as he was about to turn away—no power on earth could have made him ring again—there came that eerie clicking sound which stands for open sesame. So Gerald turned the polished brass knob and went into the house.

Dorothy lived upon the second floor in the back of the house. As Gerald climbed the uncarpeted stair he wondered whether it were the weight of his shoes or the pounding of his heart that made so much noise.

One flight—and a pause. Not for breath, for composure. Two flights, and *her* door, staring him in the face. Gerald caught himself muttering sentences—foolishly, almost hysterically—before he ventured to knock. What would he say, he wondered? Something blatant and casual, like "So this is Paris?" Or should he say in a stern voice, "I've come to deliver an ultimatum!" Then the door flew open abruptly and he blurted out, "Dearest!" and stopped dead, for it wasn't Dorothy who stood upon the threshold. It was a slim, sandy-haired girl in a straight gray frock. A girl who held a froth of orchid chiffon over her arm, and whose right middle finger wore a thimble.

The girl regarded him in a puzzled fashion and then she smiled and said—"You must be Gerry. Come in, do."

Almost before he knew it, Gerald was in a room filled to overflowing with odds and ends of lingerie. And the girl was saying—

"Sit down, if you can find a place to sit. I'm Dotsy's sister."

As he stared at the slim girl Gerald found himself speaking. He said, "But I didn't know that Dorothy had a sister."

The girl laughed. "Dorothy is one of those people," she told him, "who seem entirely disconnected with such commonplace things as kinfolk . . . I know what you mean, exactly. You never felt she had parents, or had been born, even. You were too sure that she appeared from out of a birch tree in a forest. Dryad stuff."

"Exactly," admitted Gerald.

"As a matter of fact," said the girl, "there are only the two of us. Dotsy and myself. My name is Ellen—"

"You're her kid sister?" queried Gerald. He wondered if his fight for articulation were noticeable.

"Heavens, no," laughed the girl. "I'm Dotsy's *older* sister. I'm a school marm—but the school is in the throes of a measles epidemic and I'm having a vacation . . . Lucky the vacation should happen right now, too, what with Dotsy getting married—" Her voice became stilted. "I'm sorry," she murmured. "That was stupid of me."

"Don't be sorry," said Gerald. He added quite against his own volition, "She's *surely* getting married?"

"Uh-huh," nodded the sandy-haired girl. "Do you mind very much if I get on with my sewing? I must put every bit of this underwear in order."

"Why, no—go ahead," Gerald muttered. "I suppose it's a trousseau?"

Ellen laughed. "Not exactly," she said, "but it will tide Dotsy over until she and her Albert get to a place where bigger and better trousseaux can be bought."

The thought of Albert Kelsy—thick-necked Albert Kelsy—buying Dorothy a trousseau was almost more than Gerald Gateson could bear.

"It's rotten," he burst out. "Of course she doesn't realize—but she's selling herself—"

"She is," agreed Ellen. Just that, nothing more.

All at once Gerald was up from his chair—was striding across the littered space that separated him from Dorothy's older sister.

"Listen here, Ellen," he grated, "we've got to do *something.* We can't let this go on. It's—it's an atrocity. A crime . . . *We can't let this go on.*"

Ellen looked up briefly from her sewing. "Why can't we?" she queried. "Dorothy's got something to sell—youth, glamour, beauty. Albert has purchasing power—"

"But Dotsy loves *me,*" Gerald heard himself shouting. "We were going



Say Hello To-

ANN GILLIS—who plays Judy in NBC's Tuesday night program, A Date with Judy. Ann was born in Little Rock, Arkansas, fourteen years ago. When she was very little she went with her parents to Santiago, Chile. Her father died there and her mother brought her back to the "States," to live in New Rochelle, N. Y. Ann was such a talented little actress, even then, that when she was nine she and her mother headed for Hollywood, and almost at once Ann got the coveted leading role in "Tom Sawyer." She's been in many pictures since, one of her recent ones being "Nice Girl," in which she played Deanna Durbin's sister. She goes to school right on the movie lot, and her favorite study is mathematics, she says.

to be married. We'd have lived together until we were old, old people. . . ."

Ellen bit off a thread with the click of firm, white teeth.

"Don't you believe it," she told Gerald. She added after a brief pause, "I shouldn't bite threads, really. All the dentists say that it breaks the enamel."

Gerald's voice had quieted down, miraculously. "Do you think Dotsy didn't love me?" he asked. "Why, one night at the Rainbow Room she said—"

"Forget it, Gerry," advised Ellen. "You don't mind if I call you Gerry, I hope?" She hesitated slightly and then—

"I don't believe you understand Dotsy," she said slowly. "I don't believe that you ever did understand her . . . Maybe I'd be doing you a kindness if I explained—"

Gerald started to speak and changed his mind. He stared vaguely at a spot on the wall, above Ellen's sandy head. As if in a daze he heard her voice going on.

"My sister," said Ellen, "was always rather—breath-taking. Even as a youngster, in school, she was—a riot . . . Her hair, for instance—it's natural. She scarcely uses a drop of peroxide—"

"Dotsy's hair—" muttered Gerald.

ELLEN went on. "She always had charming clothes to wear to classes," said Ellen. "Mother went without necessities so that Dotsy could look like a little princess. I was only three years older, but pretty soon I didn't mind having patched elbows—if it meant that Dotsy might own an extra dress . . . When I was nineteen, and she was sixteen, I didn't even mind having her steal the only serious beau that ever happened to me . . . She didn't really want him—the excitement was all finished in a couple of weeks—*and I got over wanting him.*"

Gerald said, "A girl of sixteen doesn't know what it's all about."

Ellen laughed. Her laughter was easy, tolerant.

"Dotsy was born knowing what it's all about," she said. "When she decided to come to New York she was only eighteen, but she hadn't any scope for her talents in our little midwestern town . . . My father was dead by then, and mother was rather ill. We'd been saving money for an operation—" She stopped, and sewed furiously for a space of minutes. Finally Gerald, unable to endure the thick silence, said—

"For God's sake don't stop in the middle of a sentence!"

Ellen told him ruefully, "It's one of my worst habits, I'm afraid. You see, I was crazy about my mother . . . Well, you can't send a girl to New York without some sort of a stake, and mother might have died, anyway. Some people even die on the operating table."

There was another long, throbbing silence. Out of it Gerald spoke.

"If you're trying to imply that Dotsy selfishly took the money you'd saved for the operation," he began, "well, I won't—"

Ellen interrupted. "Oh, of course, my sister didn't realize," she said. "Dotsy isn't selfish—she just doesn't think. She didn't think when she got in a jam over buying a mink coat on the installment plan . . . It was lucky I was planning a cruise at the time. I had nearly enough cash to settle up."



WISHING *won't make it so!*

JUST your luck, you moan. . . . You've looked forward to this jamboree for weeks, but the day that suits everybody else doesn't suit you one bit! For it's the wrong time of the month for you.

If only you could smile and laugh and be gay . . . be the life of the party! You wish it with all your heart.

Well, other girls manage it, and so can you! But they don't get rid of grouches merely by *wishing* . . .

They've learned the secret of lasting comfort—Kotex sanitary napkins.

You see—Kotex is *less bulky*, which means you're not bothered by rubbing and chafing. And that's not all . . .

Say "Phooey" to old fears!

Kotex helps take your mind *off* your troubles because it has a new moisture-resistant *safety shield* which gives a girl added protection . . . added confidence and poise.

And what a relief to know that with Kotex there can never be any bumps and bulges to give your secret away.

Honestly! Kotex has flat, pressed ends that can't show even when you don't wear a girdle.

So is it any wonder that Kotex is the most popular napkin made! It's the answer to *your* problems when you want to feel gay and happy and carefree!

Be confident . . . comfortable . . . carefree

—with Kotex!



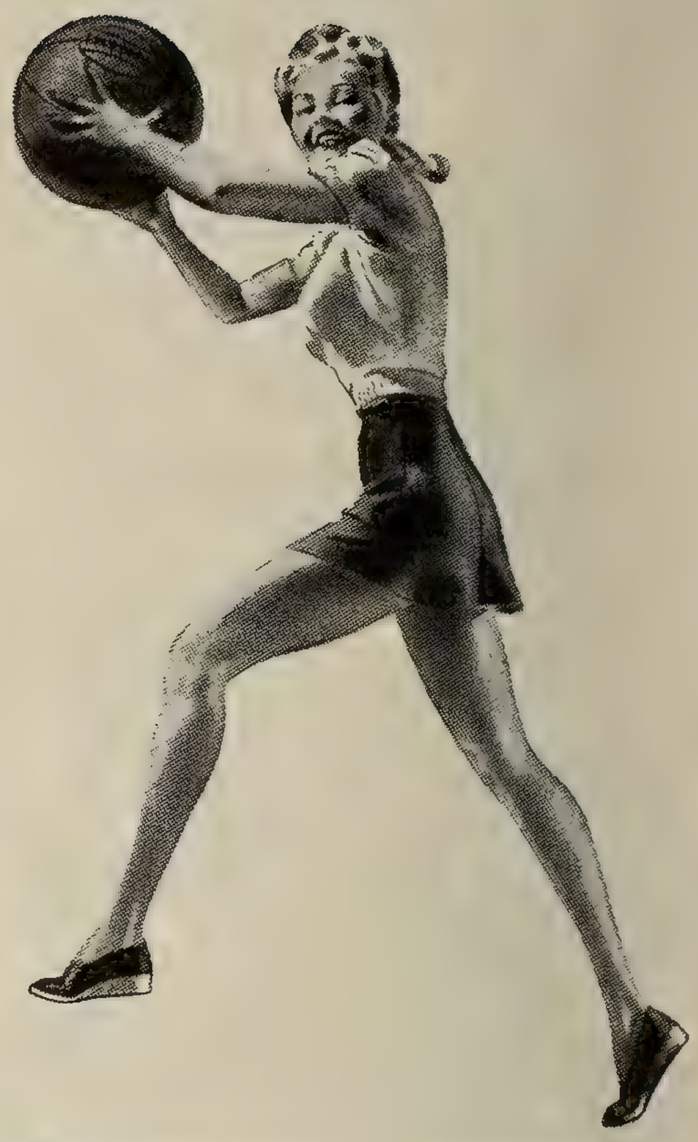
WHAT EVERY GIRL SHOULD KNOW about what to do, what not to do, on "difficult days". Send for the new FREE book: "As One Girl To Another". Just write P. O. Box 5434, Dept. MW-10, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.



★Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



EENIE — MEENIE — MINEY — MO

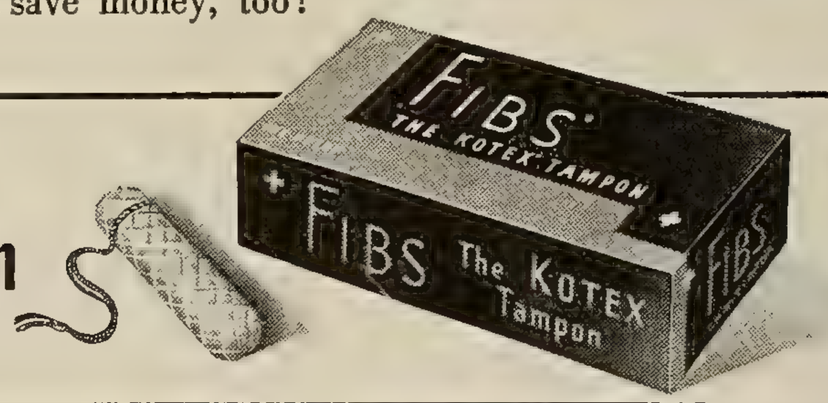


...which Tampon should I choose?

I had to be sure which brand of this new *internal* sanitary protection was best (and you can't ask a clerk!). Then I spotted the words: "*The Kotex Tampon*" on a package of Fibs...and that settled it for me! Here was a name I could trust completely! And actually, Fibs cost less...*not 8, not 10, but 12 for 20c.*

A lucky choice . . . with Fibs I can even slip into my playsuit and enjoy life with nobody the wiser! Worn internally, Fibs require no pins or belts and are *so easy* to use that no artificial method of insertion is needed. What's more, only Fibs are *quilted* for greater comfort and safety. Remember to ask for Fibs . . . enjoy chafe-free comfort and save money, too!

FIBS*—the Kotex* Tampon



NOT 8—NOT 10—BUT
12 FOR 20¢

★Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A cruise! Rio de Janeiro with—

"We'll go to Rio on our honeymoon," Gerald had told Dorothy. "They're running some slick boats—"

And Dorothy had murmured, "*Bert has two yachts . . .*"

Two yachts. Gerald's voice was harsh and strident. "I've no doubt that Albert Kelsy will pay you back, with interest, for the mink coat," he told Ellen. "And he'll probably take you cruising on one of his yachts. You're the bride's sister."

ELLEN laughed—she was given to laughter, this Ellen. "Oh, my dear," she said, "I'll never meet Albert! I've never met any of Dotsy's men, since she left home. That is, except you . . . And you must admit that you were an accident!"

You were an accident . . . Strange how words can eat, like acid, into a man's ego.

"Oh, I was an accident, all right," said Gerald slowly. "Listen here, Ellen . . . When is Dorothy planning to marry that oaf, Kelsy? Maybe if she waits a month she'll be tired of him. Maybe, if I just sit back and don't butt in, she'll change her mind—"

Ellen laid aside the fluff of chiffon upon which she was sewing. "Gerry," she said, "you might as well know now, instead of later. Ellen and Albert aren't going to wait—neither of them wants to wait. And, after all, there's no real reason why they should—" She paused and after the space of a dozen heavy pulse beats, Gerald spoke.

"Then?" breathed Gerald. "Then?"

Ellen's voice was very gentle when at last she made answer. "They're probably being married at this very moment," she said. "Don't feel too badly, Gerry. Dotsy wasn't for you . . . If you'd written a 'Gone With the Wind,' perhaps, it might have been different. Or if you had a private income or a Hollywood contract—she was always a little movie struck."

Gerald heard himself saying, "She'd film like a million dollars," and Ellen nodded.

"Maybe Albert Kelsy will buy a producing company for her—or a Broadway production," she said. "He's got money enough to buy—anything . . . *Why, Gerry* . . . Why, you poor boy . . . *Come here!*"

Oddly enough, Gerald Gateson found himself with his head pressed against a shoulder that wasn't as slim and rigid as a severe gray frock would make a fellow believe. After a long time he gave a shuddering sigh and heard a voice saying, very tenderly—

"Here, use this for a hankie."

Gerald clutched at something as a drowning man clutches at a life preserver. He didn't realize until much later that the something was an intimate chiffon garment in a delicious shade of orchid.

It was quite a while later that Gerald said huskily, "You're treating me like one of your scholars—"

Ellen patted him briefly on the cheek. "Oh, no, I'm not," she said. "I wouldn't dare touch one of my children, right now. You see they're quarantined—and I've never had the measles."

Gerald spoke slowly. As he spoke he scrambled to his feet. "You have a way of rationalizing things," he said, "haven't you? Of making maudlin speeches become sensible. Of putting the skids under sentiment."

Ellen didn't get angry. She merely nodded in thoughtful agreement.

"I suppose I have," she said. "You see, my whole life's been made up of rationalizing things—" She hesitated. "When Dotsy was born, a neighbor woman had me out on the porch—I was only a wee tot. We sat there—I was on her lap. And then suddenly a little cry—a demanding, imperious little cry—cut through the silence. And I said, 'I'm not, any more.' It was my first attempt at being rational."

"What did you mean?" asked Gerald.

Ellen said, "That's what the neighbor woman wanted to know, and years later I was able to explain. Why, Gerry, I meant that I wasn't the baby any more. I'd been an only child until then."

Gerald Gateson laughed. It was a rough, mirthless laugh.

"I'm not the baby any more, either," he said. "And I guess Dotsy is—is married, by now." His voice lowered an octave. "She's so sweet," he said, "so darn sweet! I'm the unluckiest guy in the world . . . I wish I were dead."

Ellen told him, "Don't you dare say a thing like that. Why, *you're* lucky!"

FOR a brief moment Gerald was shocked into silence. Then he spoke.

"If you were a man and said a thing like that, I'd knock you down," he told Dorothy's sister.

Ellen reached forward and laid her hand on his arm. Gerald was astounded to see that her fingers were shaped like Dorothy's fingers—slim and tapering. Struck by a new idea, he raised his eyes to Ellen's face and saw that her nose—save for a nut-

meg sprinkling of freckles—was like Dorothy's nose. The way in which her hair grew against her forehead was like Dorothy's hair line, except that Ellen's hair was sandy instead of pale gold. But Ellen's eyes—they weren't Dorothy's. There was something warm and homey about Ellen's eyes—they weren't jewel eyes like Dorothy's, sparkling between long black lashes. They were cozy, comfortable eyes, the color of freshly made gingerbread.

"If you were a man," he began again lamely, but Ellen interposed.

"Oh, you misunderstand me," she told him hurriedly. "I didn't mean lucky *that way.*"

GERALD stared into those warm eyes. "Oddly enough I believe you," he said. "You're not a cat, Ellen. Just how did you mean it?"

Ellen explained. Simply, as if she were telling a lesson to a class.

"Dotsy has always been beautiful," she said. "She's always been radiant. She's like a candle, Gerry. You know, luminous . . . She deserves a perfect setting for her beauty—because such beauty is rare. She deserves someting like a—a solid gold candelabra. We, you and I, are only a pair of pewter candlesticks."

"So what?" asked Gerald. He didn't intend to sound slangy—*"So what?"*

Ellen went on with the lesson. Gerry felt that she was reducing it to words of one syllable for his benefit.

"We're a pair of pewter candlesticks," she repeated, "too dull and un-exciting and everydayish to hope to hold Dotsy for very long. But we were lucky to have held her for a little while. She's exquisite, Gerry. There aren't many people as exquisite as Dotsy—and the world is full of people like us!"

Gerald said, "I don't see—"

Ellen told him, "Let me finish, Gerry. Certain people, in this life, are destined to be the candlesticks. Their purpose is to hold up a glowing torch for the rest of the world to see . . . And, when the torch is gone, the candlesticks aren't *resentful.*" Her voice quickened until the words were tumbling over one another. "I don't regret my drab childhood, with the patched dresses, or the beau I lost, or the trip I didn't have. Since years have softened the blow, I know that mother is happier in heaven . . . Maybe, now that Dotsy is settled, if she stays settled, I'll find some way to create a little synthetic light on my own hook. Maybe you'll be a better writer because the hem of beauty's dress has brushed you, in passing."

A better writer—a better writer? Because the hem of beauty's garment had brushed the soul, in passing . . . All at once, and as if from out of nowhere, Gerry saw the outlines of a story that he—a better writer already—was aching to set down on paper. It would be the story of a girl, an older sister . . . Given a chance, at last, to produce her own light and warmth . . . No longer carrying the candle high for someone else! Gerald Gateson was thinking of the directions that Joe Mallaby—the agency man—had sketched for him earlier in the day. "A love story," he had said. "And it must be colossal . . . The best ever . . . *You won't lose by it!*"

A love story? Would Ellen—Dorothy's sister—have one of her own? What would happen to Ellen now that she no longer dwelt in a reflection of glory? Would a hairdressing shop, and smart new clothes create for her a new personality and a wider horizon line? Would some man learn to care for her, perhaps? Marry her—perhaps? Well, thought Gerald savagely, that man had better be pretty regular—or else! Already he felt the vague stirrings of a keen jealousy for the interloper.

Ellen asked, cutting his reverie into fragments—"Where are you going, Gerry?" and Gerald Gateson realized, with a slight sense of shock, that he was halfway to the door.

"Why," he said briefly, "I'm going back to my flat. I've a job to do, Ellen—a rush job. I must deliver it by noon tomorrow."

"I see," murmured Ellen. She threaded a needle with orchid colored silk. She held the needle very close to her eyes and bent her head over it—"I see . . ."

Gerald said, his hand on the door knob, "Ah, but you don't!" He added, as he swung open the door, "How long will you be here, Ellen? In town, I mean?"

ELLEN told him, "There's no way of knowing, Gerry. But I'll be here until the quarantine is lifted."

"So!" said Gerald Gateson. He heard himself laughing. An alien sound, maybe—but still it was laughter. "Well, when I've finished my job tomorrow, I'll give you a—" he started to say a ring and changed hastily to phone call . . . "Maybe," he added, "we can have dinner together."

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Richard Hudnut offers a new and exciting idea in cosmetics—"matched makeup"—designed to give the added glamour of harmony in makeup!

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These ingredients are so pure they're often advised by doctors for sensitive skins.

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"Magnet Red" *a dramatic red red*

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Tamale *new "Latin-American" shade*

COTY

What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 49)



Jack Logan of station WJAS in Pittsburgh is a success as both an announcer and comedy stooge.

PITTSBURGH—Jack Logan, station WJAS' popular announcer, made a whirlwind entry into radio—and then almost found himself out of it before he'd really got in.

Eight years ago some amateur actors sat in a small radio studio in Charlottesville, Virginia, waiting for their director, who was going to organize them into a radio stock company. But the director was critically ill, and sent a substitute instead—young Jack Logan, a student at the University of Virginia who knew a little about acting but nothing at all about radio. His lack of knowledge didn't bother Jack, though, and he organized the group and in two weeks was directing them in scripts he'd written himself. The station management was impressed, and hired him as a staff writer.

Being a staff writer wasn't as good as it sounded, Jack soon discovered. He worked twelve or thirteen hours a day for fifteen dollars a week. Finally he told the boss he'd quit if he didn't get a raise. The boss countered by refusing the raise but putting Jack on the air as an announcer. Just about this time the depression put an end to Jack's college career, so he stayed with the station, realizing that in the long run announcers made more than writers—in Charlottesville, anyway.

From Charlottesville he went to one or two other stations, but in 1935, when he was in Pittsburgh on a visit, he heard that WJAS, the CBS station there, needed an announcer. He applied for the job, and got it. Now, after six years at WJAS, he's Pittsburgh's most popular announcer, best known for his work and comedy stooging on the Wilkens Amateur Hour. He also writes and broadcasts news, and does educational and special events shows.

Jack was born in Staunton, Virginia, in 1916. He's been completely bald since his thirteenth birthday, but doesn't feel sensitive about that fact since his bare pate is the object of frequent comedy on the Wilkens program. People who think they're "big shots" make him yawn and persons with bad postures irritate him, but it takes a lot more than that to make his hair stand on end.

* * *

Pity the staff of KNX, the CBS outlet in Hollywood. Every Friday KNX is the scene of broadcasts by Hedda Hopper, Louella Parsons and Jimmy Fidler—rival Hollywood gossip columnists all. It's the CBS people's duty to keep the three from getting into each other's hair, lest the three-cornered feud that slumbers there burst into open warfare. Because, while the fireworks would certainly be pretty to watch, somebody might get scorched.

* * *

Styles this summer have been strictly feminine, according to scouts posted in the lobbies of NBC's Chicago studio. To date, not a single pair of slacks has been spotted on the limbs of feminine radio stars. This is a complete reversal of last year's fashion, when an average of two out of five girls wore them to daytime rehearsals.

In the hat department, most favored style is the huge cartwheel. Blonde Audrey Totter, of the Ma Perkins and Road of Life casts, has a big black felt which she ties, Gibson-girl fashion, with an ethereal bit of yellow tulle. Which is all very well, but those big hats cause trouble in the studio. When two or three girls, each wearing one of them, cluster around the microphone they interfere with each other and cast such a deep shade that they can't read their scripts. Not only that, but one sound engineer claims to have traced a disturbing echo to a cartwheel hat that was acting as a sounding board.

Several of the girls have showed up in smart tailored suits. Back from a California holiday, Mrs. Mel Williamson, wife of the Wings of Destiny director, flaunts a "sweetheart" suit cut from the same material as the gray flannel worn by her husband, and with the jacket patterned after his. She carried out the idea by wearing a shirt cut like his, and a small copy of his lapel boutonniere. Evelyn Ames, the Contented Hour's Lullaby Lady, is another suitwearer, setting off her long brownette bob and summer tan with rose linen and a white silk blouse.

* * *

Ilka Chase, mistress of ceremonies on the CBS Penthouse Party program, just couldn't bear to turn down the chance of playing a leading role in the summer-theater tryout of a new stage play, "Love in Our Time." And that explains why an early-August broadcast of Penthouse Party came from Westport, Connecticut, where there isn't a penthouse for miles around. Ilka persuaded her sponsors to move the show there for one program, and was able to act in the new play without disarranging her radio schedule.

* * *

Bob Burns will have a new kind of program—new for Bob, that is—when he returns to the air in the fall for a different sponsor. Instead of just telling tall stories, he'll play the leading role in a half-hour comedy drama. He'll be missed on the Kraft Music Hall, but it seems he and the sponsor just couldn't agree on the salary question any more.

Young Doctor Malone

(*Continued from page* 33)

had said goodbye, the police would find the real murderer and everything would be all right.

Instead, on the following day, they arrested Veronica and formally charged her with the murder of her husband.

"But it's impossible!" raged Laurence Dunham, Jerry's partner in the Sanitarium and Veronica's brother-in-law. "No one that knows Ronnie could ever believe she'd commit murder. Jim Farrell had a wide circle of acquaintances—people of all sorts. Aren't those stupid police investigating them?"

"They say they are," Jerry said wearily. "They've traced that telephone call he got the night he was killed. It was only a Mrs. Thomas—she and her husband met Farrell on the boat coming up from Rio de Janeiro last year—inviting him and Veronica to dinner. She says he accepted, and sounded very cheerful and ordinary. . . . It seems he saw almost none of his old friends after he got back from Rio."

Dunham pulled agitatedly at one end of his neat mustache. "Damned bad luck, you having dinner with her that night," he murmured, avoiding Jerry's eyes.

JERRY walked to the window and stood for a moment gazing out at the congested cross-town traffic. Finally he said, "I've been thinking, Larry—maybe it would be better if I resigned, here at the Sanitarium."

"Resign? My dear boy, nonsense!" Dunham said with unnecessary vehemence. Without turning, Jerry said:

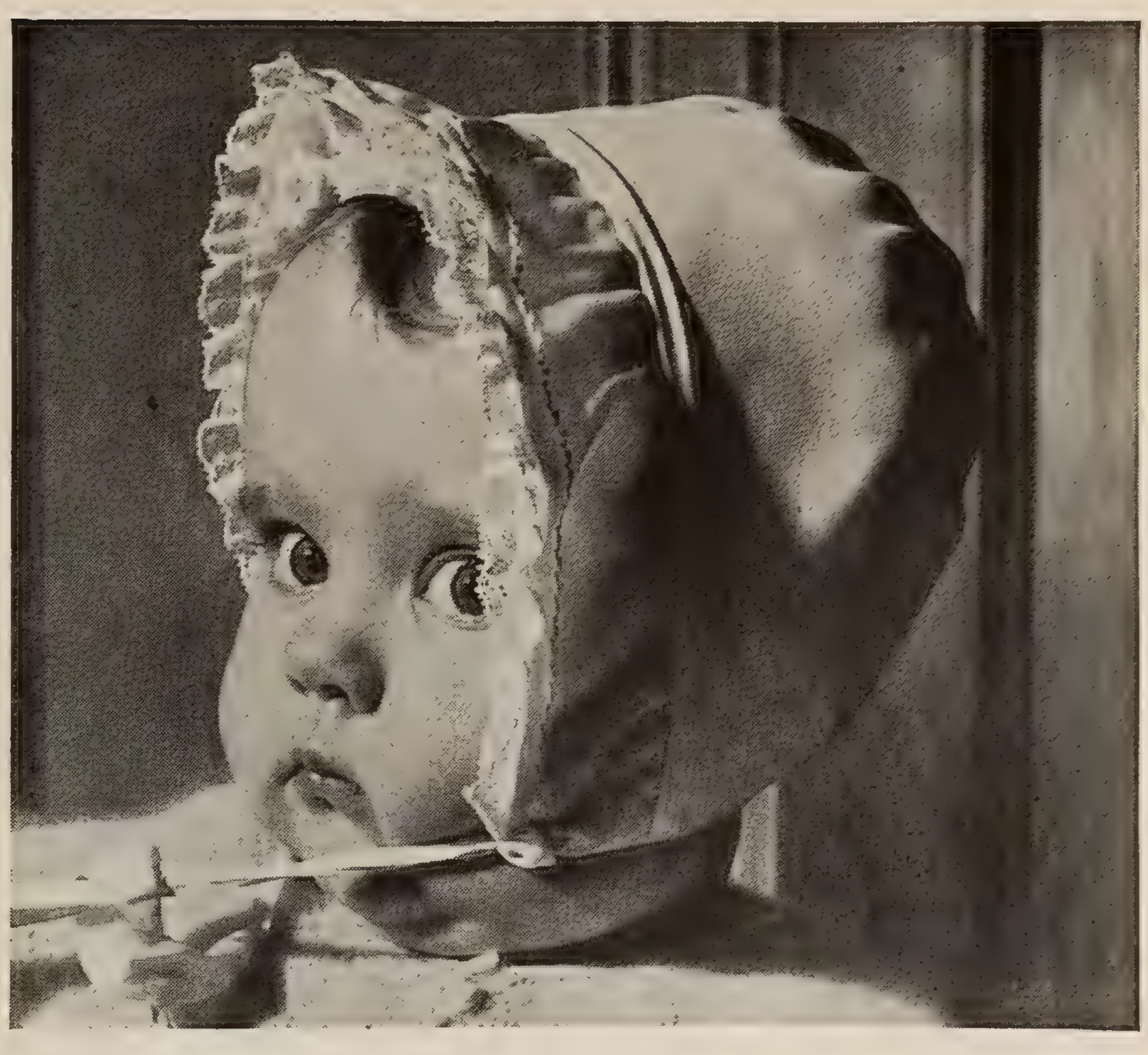
"It isn't nonsense. You know well enough what a scandal can do to a high-society place like this. It's bad enough that Veronica is your wife's sister, without having your partner mixed up in what looks like a particularly sordid love-affair."

"But Veronica *is* my wife's sister," Dunham pointed out dryly. "We're in this thing—bad luck though it is—together, and we'll stick together. The point is that you and Veronica have nothing to be ashamed of—and Veronica didn't kill Farrell—and sooner or later the truth's bound to come out. That's what we've got to keep remembering—the truth *will* come out."

But this was not so easy to keep in mind throughout the nightmarish weeks before the trial. The case against Veronica fitted together with horrible precision. The elevator operator stuck tenaciously to his story that no one but Farrell and then Veronica had entered their apartment. There was a service entrance which might have been used without his knowledge, Veronica's lawyer admitted, but that was a negative point. He could only make the most of it at the trial.

Worst of all was the fact that Veronica's fingerprints were the only ones found on the paper-knife which had been used to take Farrell's life. She could not remember how they had got there, she said; she supposed she might have tried to pull the weapon out.

Jerry did not see Veronica until the trial began. Her lawyer, George



"A DARK SUSPICION HAS JUST CROSSED MY MIND!"

"WONDER IF GRANDMA could have forgotten the rubdown after my bath this morning!!!

"I'll admit I was still too worked up about the soap in my eye to worry about powder at the time . . .

"By Jupiter, though, come to think of it—I *didn't* get a rubdown! It was right out of the tub and on with my shirt! Not a particle of that delicious Johnson's Baby Powder did I have! Not even so much as a hasty dusting!

"I remember now—I thought 'This dressing business is going mighty fast'. . . *Fast*—I'll say it was!

"The idea of Grandma thrusting me into a romper without even one little sprinkle of Johnson's! I'd just like to tell her how smooth and slick and comfortable I *haven't* been feeling all day!

"Believe me—this is the last time I go visiting without a can of downy-soft, soothing Johnson's clutched in my fist. A baby can't be too careful!"



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Cape, had hinted that a visit to her would not look well to reporters and the public. Dunham and his wife saw her frequently, but their reports were not cheerful; she was beaten and discouraged, convinced that in remarrying Farrell she had started a chain of events that would end by ruining not only her own life but Jerry's as well.

Old, valued patients of the Dunham Sanitarium were transferring their allegiance to other nursing homes, other doctors. Hardly a day passed that Jerry did not find on his desk a memorandum asking him to furnish some other physician with someone's case history. Once more he made an effort to resign, but when he saw how harassed and upset Dunham became at the suggestion he agreed to wait, at least, until after the trial.

One afternoon he returned home unexpectedly to find a woman reporter with Penny, firing questions at the unsophisticated and flustered old lady. Later, after he had sent the woman away, Penny confided that Bun had not gone to school in two weeks, ashamed to face the barrage of curiosity from his fellow-students. In resignation, Jerry made arrangements to send them both to an Adirondack hotel until the trial was over.

SO then he was alone. He spent long hours at the Sanitarium, returning to the apartment in the evening after a meal taken at some restaurant—coming in, switching on the lights hurriedly to banish the darkness of the rooms, trying to read and finding himself after a time with the book forgotten on his lap, his thoughts far away.

He missed Ann terribly. She was writing every day now, and he read and re-read her letters, longing to have her back with him. Still he stubbornly told her to stay where she was. His own experiences with reporters, with the police sergeant who had questioned him at Veronica's apartment the night of the murder and afterward, even with Veronica's lawyer and his searching questions—all these told him that Ann must not return. He would not subject her to all that. And there was another reason as well—an obscure one, which he himself could only feel and not reason out. Ann had left him because of Veronica, so now he must vindicate himself before she came back. And nothing could bring that vindication but Veronica's acquittal.

He did not look beyond that. He did not think what might happen to himself and Ann if Veronica were not acquitted.

Suddenly, the trial was beginning. He sat in the courtroom while a jury was chosen, while the Prosecuting Attorney made his opening statement. Across the room Veronica's head was bowed, aloof; her face gave no hint of her thoughts while the Prosecutor outlined what he expected to prove:

"That James Farrell, after his remarriage to the defendant, discovered an intrigue between her and Dr. Gerald Malone—that in the quarrel which followed he threatened to expose this intrigue—and that in a sudden burst of passion she caught up the paper-knife which lay at hand and stabbed him. . . ."

Witnesses came—the police sergeant, the medical examiner, the fingerprint expert, the neighbors who had heard the Farrells quarreling, the elevator boy in the apartment house. George Cape tried to break down the elevator boy's testimony.

"But someone *could* have used the service entrance without your knowledge?"

"Well . . . they could of, I guess. But they'd of had to use the stairs right off the hall. I'd of heard 'em."

"How could you have heard them if you were taking someone up in the elevator at the time?"

"I couldn't," the boy said sullenly—then more triumphantly, "but only one party come into the house between Mr. Farrell and Mrs. Farrell. That was the only time I was away from the downstairs hall."

"Then someone could have entered by the service door and gone upstairs at that time!"

"Well . . . yes."

Endless questions, cross-questions, bickerings between attorneys . . . and the courtroom rustling, murmurous with people.

The defense offered its witnesses—the waiter at the restaurant where Jerry and Veronica had eaten that night, the cab-driver who had taken her home . . . Veronica herself.

She was creamy-pale without makeup, and she answered questions in a low, controlled voice. Under Cape's skilful, sympathetic guidance she told of her divorce from Farrell, her remarriage, her movements that night.

Then the Prosecuting Attorney:

"Did Mr. Farrell know Dr. Malone?"

"Yes. They had met, once."

"Did you tell him you were going to have dinner with Dr. Malone?"

"No. He was out, I had no chance to tell him."

"Why did you wish to dine with Dr. Malone, so soon after your marriage?"

"Dr. Malone and I are—are old friends."

"Ah, yes. Now, Mrs. Farrell—"

Questions, questions, questions, returning always to the mention of "Dr. Malone," until at last the Prosecuting Attorney shouted:

Say Hello To—



BURL IVES—who is heard with his "gittar" frequently over CBS, and regularly Saturday mornings on his own Coffee Club program. He comes to radio after years of touring the United States on foot or by any other handy means of transportation, collecting American folk-songs. He's been a rover ever since, two months before finishing college, he decided he didn't want to graduate and be a football coach. Although he loved football he loved singing and wandering around more. So he left, taking all the money he had—fifteen dollars—his guitar, and an extra pair of slacks. Singing in hotels or taverns, he made enough to live on, and that was all he wanted. He has settled down in New York now, but maybe not for long.

"Isn't it true, Mrs. Farrell, that you were in *love* with Dr. Malone?"

Veronica had been twisting in her chair; now she threw her head back and stared wildly at the attorney. "Yes!" she cried. "Yes, yes, yes! But Jim didn't know it, he wouldn't have cared if he had—all he wanted was my money—"

Sobbing, she buried her face in her hands, while reporters slipped from their seats and ran for the door. Court was adjourned for the day.

The following morning Jerry was called to the stand. He was sluggish with fatigue, for he had slept hardly at all, and it did not seem possible that this was he — Gerald Malone — on a witness stand giving testimony in a sensational murder case. George Cape's questions, like those he had put to Veronica the day before, were politely phrased, easy to answer, but the Prosecutor in his cross-examination was arrogant, ironic, openly disbelieving of everything Jerry said.

"Didn't you and your wife, Dr. Malone, quarrel over your friendship with Mrs. Farrell?"

"No!"

"Yet you are separated?"

"Mrs. Malone is living in Chicago just now, yes. We are not separated."

"She has been in Chicago for more than two months, hasn't she?"

"Yes, but—"

"Dr. Malone. You heard Mrs. Farrel say yesterday that she was in love with you. Had you been aware of her feelings toward you before then?"

"I—"

GEORGE CAPE answered Jerry's agonized glance; he was on his feet protesting to the judge, "This line of questioning has nothing whatever to do with the case!"

"Objection over-ruled," the judge said dryly. "Witness will answer the question."

"Yes, I knew," Jerry said, every word an agony. "But Mrs. Farrell understood that I did not love her."

"Yet you invited her out to dinner only a week after her marriage!"

Jerry did not lose his temper. He did not create a sensation by "breaking" on the stand. But it was only through the most rigid self-control that he refrained, and he stepped down at last feeling bruised and stiff all through his body.

There was only one more witness, the Mrs. Thomas who had called Jim Farrell the night of his death to invite him and Veronica to dinner. She was a pretty, faded little woman whose testimony was so unimportant that introducing it at all impressed the jury as a sign of weakness, of desperation, on the part of the defense.

A black fog of depression settled over Jerry as the attorneys began their summing-up. The room was stifling, and the constant muted murmur of the crowd rang in his ears. Abruptly, he stood up and left. There was nothing more he could do—nothing any of them could do—but wait for the verdict.

The next day their waiting was over. The verdict came—"guilty."

Jerry saw Veronica, standing to hear the verdict, sway and put a hand on the table to steady herself, then stand perfectly still, the immobile center of a swirl of movement all about her. Suddenly, Jerry was shaken by fury. The fools! Couldn't they have seen past the carefully interlocking structure of evidence and find the truth?

The clamor in the courtroom



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What skipper wouldn't find smooth sailing with a crew like Katherine Fitts, young CBS actress of Hollywood Premiere? The Captain is Felix Mills, west coast director, and he's named his yacht "Burrapeg."

mounted, the sharp raps of the bailiff's gavel impotent against it. At its height another, sharper sound from the hallway cut all the noise off for an instant as if by a knife. A woman screamed, and a blue-coated policeman burst through the swinging doors.

"One of the defense witnesses—Mrs. Thomas! She's shot herself!"

George Cape was on his feet, shouting to make himself heard. "Your Honor! I request a recess at this time until tomorrow, when I hope to have new evidence to offer!"

Swiftly, the judge granted the request, rose and left the courtroom. Police surrounded the quiet figure of a pretty, faded little woman in the hallway.

In an oddly hushed, sober courtroom, the next morning, Austin Thomas told the story of why his wife had killed Jim Farrell.

"It is my fault she is dead," he said in a voice that shook with emotion. "I advised her not to take the blame for the murder because I thought Mrs. Farrell would be acquitted. I should have known—"

He licked his dry lips, gazing out over the attentive, uplifted faces. "We met Jim Farrell on the boat coming up from Rio last year," he resumed. "I was older than my wife, I was glad to see her dancing and having a good time with Farrell. I didn't realize that things went—farther than that.

"Two months ago Farrell tried to blackmail Helen—my wife. He had letters that she had written to him, and he threatened to let me see them. She was terrified—tried to convince him she couldn't get the money for him. She should have realized he was bluffing, particularly after he married Mrs. Farrell again. But she didn't. She called him, that night, and arranged to meet him in his apartment, hoping she could get the letters from him. I guess she didn't know exactly what she could do. He told her to come up the back stairs, and she did, waiting until the elevator boy was out of the way.

"Farrell wouldn't listen to her. He said he'd send me the letters the next day if she didn't pay. And Helen was desperate—out of her mind. She snatched up the paper-knife and stabbed him. Then she ran away. When she came home she was hysterical, too upset to keep from telling me the whole story. And I—I told her not to confess, but to wait. I said no one would ever be accused of the murder, and when Mrs. Farrell was arrested I said they wouldn't convict her. It's my fault—"

His face working, he was unable to go on, and the case of the State vs. Veronica Farrell was ended.

JERRY saw Veronica for a few minutes in an anteroom. Her quiet gravity was in startling contrast to George Cape's beaming excitement.

"Aren't you glad?" Jerry asked.

"No—not particularly," she said simply. "I don't seem to have any capacity for emotion left. I keep thinking of that poor woman, too—"

"You mustn't think of her, or of anything that's happened."

"No, of course not," she said mechanically. Cape had moved away to the other side of the room; she asked in a lower voice, "Has Ann come back, Jerry?"

"She'll be here tomorrow. I telephoned her last night, and she's taking tonight's train."

"I'm very glad," she said, and for a few seconds she laid her hand on his. "You had something very precious there, you and Ann. I hope you still have it. Without meaning to, I did my best to take it away."

"It wasn't you entirely," he told her. "I think things first began to go wrong when I gave up my work at the hospital to join Larry in his Sanitarium. I wasn't being true to myself, and Ann knew it. Subconsciously, she began to wonder if I could be untrue to her, too."

"Perhaps," Veronica agreed. "Don't let her wonder that any more, Jerry. Goodbye, my dear. I'm going to leave New York tomorrow. I may not be back for a long, long time."

"Goodbye, Veronica."

When he came out of the Criminal Courts building he went automatically toward the first in the line of parked taxicabs. But before he reached it he swerved and went down the steps of a subway. Somehow, he wanted to be near mankind—in the midst of it, as he had been in the old days when he worked in the charity clinic of the hospital.

Some of this feeling he tried to express to Ann, the next evening, when they sat alone in front of the fireplace. Penny and Bun had returned to New York, but immediately after dinner, with elaborate tact, they'd gone off to the movies.

WITH Ann on a hassock at his feet, Jerry felt once more that closeness—not at all physical, but a complete and satisfying communion of their thoughts and emotions—which had once been so important a part of their life together. They'd lost it in the last year, but now, miraculously, it had returned. And Ann understood what he was trying to say, even without listening to his words.

"You were so right," he confessed, "when you wanted me to stay at the hospital, not go in with Dunham—"

Ann pressed her fingers against his lips. "Don't say that, Jerry," she begged. "I don't want to be right—I don't want even to appear to have that cheap triumph. And I'm not even sure I was. We've both learned a good deal. We've made an adjustment that some couples never make. I don't know," she wrinkled her brow in concentration, "but I feel as if our marriage had—moved into a new phase. A better one, one with more understanding. I mean—oh, I seem to think of you now as a human being, not just as *my husband!*"

Jerry nodded. "It's hard to express. But I know what you're trying to say, because I feel it too."

For a while they were silent, content to enjoy this new sensation of completion. Then Jerry said, "All the same, I'm resigning from the Sanitarium and going back into real work. I don't know just what *kind* of work, but I do know it'll be real."

"Yes, Jerry. I'm glad."

"But first," he added, holding her hands more tightly, "we're going away, all by ourselves. We're just getting to know each other—let's make a good job of it!"

"Go away? Where?"

"What's it matter?" he said with boyish eagerness. "Florida—the Caribbean—anywhere so long as we can be together!"

Once Ann, with invincible common-sense, would have pointed out, "We can be together right here." But now, in her new wisdom, she too caught fire from his enthusiasm. Her eyes shining, she said:

"Jamaica!"

"And Haiti!"

"And Port-au-Prince . . . Cartagena . . . Caracas . . ."

But all the magic names they recited were not half so thrilling as the single word—"together."

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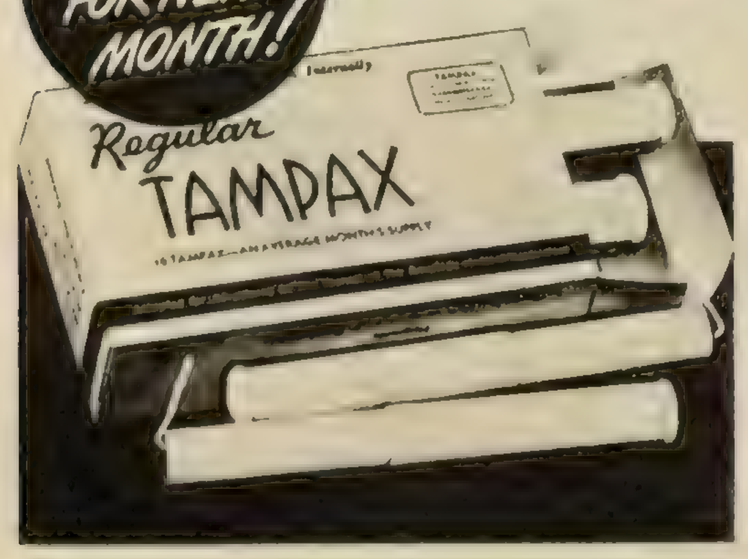
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Let Me Forget

(*Continued from page* 28)

"No—we mustn't stop. Dance faster—faster—"

Bill stumbled.

"Sorry! That's what I get for not counting when I dance!"

"It's not your fault, Oliver," I said. "It's this long veil—you caught your foot in it, didn't you?"

"You've no veil," he said. "You've—what did you call me? *Oliver?*"

He stopped dancing. The dream shattered. We were in the middle of the floor at the country club. And the man was Bill Collins. Unreasoning terror tore at me.

"You called me Oliver!" he repeated.

"No!" I cried wildly. "I didn't! I couldn't! I called you Bill—your name's Bill—why should I call you anything else!"

He began to lead me from the floor, while people stared, and I clung to him, sobbing. "I didn't call you Oliver!" I said. "I won't remember—I mustn't! Bill, don't ever let me remember!"

Then the room tilted again, and grew dark, and everything was blotted out.

I was in my bed at home when I woke up, and Bill was gone but Dr. Chase was there. The next day he took me to a house in the country and left me there with Mary Murphy. I felt just as I had in the weeks before I opened the dancing school—limp, unable to think or plan for myself, drained of every emotion or desire. I knew now that there was something knocking at the doors of my mind, demanding admittance—something of unimaginable horror. As long as I lay still and let other people manage my life, I was safe. But once I began to remember. . . .

SUMMER ended, and fall brought its fierce colors to the trees and bushes. With the cool days I began to slip from my soft, warm nest of indifference. The world was calling to me again. The world and—Bill.

I missed him. I knew why he never came to see me. It was because he was frightened. All his normal, healthy instincts had revolted against me. He thought I was crazy.

Perhaps I was.

Dr. Chase visited me once a week. He was always kind and friendly, always very casual, but I knew why he came. It was to watch me.

"You said I'd have to earn my living," I reminded him once. "Who is paying for this house? And Mary's wages?"

He avoided my gaze. "Don't worry about that right now," he said. "You've been too ill to take care of yourself, but soon you'll be well again and then you can go back to work."

"Is Bill Collins paying?" I asked.

"Well—yes," he admitted.

"He mustn't," I said in agitation. "I won't let him. I'm going back to work now—right away. There's no reason I can't, I'm perfectly strong and well."

"Perhaps you are. But I want you to stay here, for a little while longer at least. And Bill does, too."

My brief burst of energy had already spent itself. I sank back. "All right," I said listlessly.

But each day brought, imperceptibly, an added impulse to face the world again, and by late December I had made up my mind to return to Grayfields and the dancing classes after the first of the year. I couldn't, I told myself, remain here, on the scant fringes of life. I must leave, no matter what effect leaving would have upon me.

Then, on Christmas Day, Bill came to see me—his arms loaded with parcels, his eyes begging for understanding and forgiveness.

"I couldn't come sooner," he said. "Dr. Chase wouldn't let me. He said he wanted you to be alone until you were feeling all right again. So I obeyed orders, but—" he gave a rueful grin—"it wasn't easy."

Happiness and relief flooded me. "Then it wasn't because—" I exclaimed. "I mean—I thought you didn't like me any more."

"Like you!" He'd dropped the parcels, and now he put his hands on my arms. "*Like* you!" he repeated tenderly. "Don't you remember I said I loved you? And I meant it, and still mean it. I want to take care of you, Ethel—forever."

I PULLED myself away. Trying to keep my voice steady, I said, "But there's something—strange about me, Bill. I don't know what it is, myself. You must have realized it—and now you're only trying to be kind."

"I'm only trying to be kind to myself, because I love you so."

"No, wait," I said. "You must wonder how much I remember about . . . about the past. Things that happened before I knew you. And the answer is—nothing! I don't remember a thing, Bill. There must be months, between the time I got out of college and the time I came to Grayfields, that I don't remember at all. That's the sort of woman you're asking to be your wife."

"I love the woman I'm asking to be my wife," Bill said steadily. "Better than anything in the world. And the only thing that matters to me is—do you love me?"

"I do!" I sobbed, pressing my face against his shoulder. "So very much! Only—"

"Only nothing, darling," he insisted. "That's all I wanted to know."

Dr. Chase didn't want us to be married.

I realized that later in the evening, when he came in to wish me Merry Christmas and found Bill there. When Bill told him our news the briefest possible expression of alarm flashed over his face and was gone, succeeded by his usual friendly smile.

"Will it be a long engagement?" he asked after a while.

"Not any longer than I can help," Bill said. "About three days would be right, I think"—and we all laughed. But I thought Dr. Chase seemed relieved when I protested that I'd need at least a month.

Only after they'd left did I feel a moment of that old fear. It wasn't right, no matter what Bill said, to marry him while there was still that dark, terrifying thing waiting outside the closed doors of my mind. Dr. Chase knew it, too—that was why he didn't really want us to be married.

What if I opened the doors, and let it—whatever it was—in? Could I

face it down—or would it devour me?

I knew I did not have the courage to find the answer to that question.

In the morning I put all my doubts aside. It was easier, then, to tell myself that it didn't matter—I could keep the doors closed forever, and be happy.

Back in Grayfields, Dr. Chase and his wife asked me to stay with them until the wedding, and Mrs. Chase helped me with all the shopping I had to do. We didn't buy a wedding gown, for she insisted on giving me one that she had. "It was worn by a very dear friend of the doctor's," she said, "and I know he'd be very happy if you'd wear it too."

Busy with my preparations, enfolded in Bill's love, I was no longer afraid.

A few days before the wedding, Mrs. Chase brought the white lace gown and delicate veil to my room. Eagerly I tried it on to see if it would fit. The dress was rather unusual in style—a close-fitting bodice above a tremendously full skirt of exquisite lace.

"It fits you perfectly, my dear," Mrs. Chase said. Struck by a smothered quality in her voice, I looked at her and saw that she was not smiling, and that spots of rouge stood out queerly on her pale face. Hurriedly she went on, "Come over to the mirror and see."

Wonderingly, I obeyed, and stood for a long moment staring at the girl in the glass. At last I said in a far-away voice, "Please, Mrs. Chase—will you leave me alone for a little while?"

I SCARCELY heard the door close behind her.

Now memory was coming back. I closed my eyes, pressed my hand over them, but I was powerless to stop it.

This was my wedding dress. I had worn it before. In the incense-haunted air of a cathedral, beside the man I loved. And afterwards—dancing . . .

The strains of a waltz drifted through the room, growing louder, stronger. Oliver and I were together, carried away on the sound, wanting to dance forever.

"Oh, Oliver, I do love you so!"

"My wife—"

"How wonderful to hear you say that. My husband!"

The melody lifting us, driving us, faster and faster . . .

Oliver's voice, breathless—"Rather nice, making love to you while we're dancing. I must do it often, during the next fifty years."

"Yes. You must. We'll dance and dance, and you'll tell me how much you love me, and I'll— Oh, Oliver, I'm sorry. It's this long veil—you caught your foot in it, didn't you?"

"No, I—"

"Oliver—you're trembling! Let's stop dancing!"

"No—I'm all right. Only a little—dizzy. Help me, Ethel! Don't let me fall!"

But I was trying to hold him while he slipped from my arms and the music stopped in a sudden jarring crash and people clustered around us.

"We were so happy," he whispered. "Dancing . . . I love you so—don't let it stop . . ."

"No, darling, I won't."

A man was kneeling beside him, ripping open his collar.

"Heart failure," I heard someone say. "He's . . . dead!"

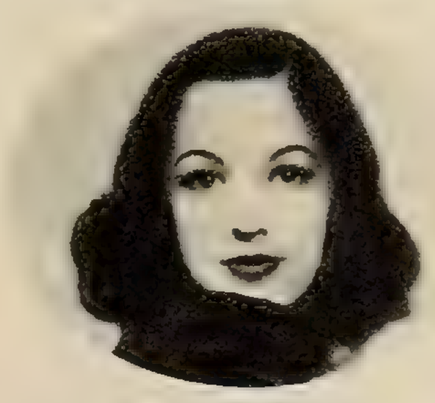
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Mrs. Chase's neat, comfortable guest-room swam slowly back into place. I was still in front of the long mirror, not knowing how long I had stood there. My ears rang with the pounding of my heart.

Suddenly, with shaking fingers, I began to undo the fastenings of the wedding gown. My suitcase was in the closet; I tore the door open and snatched it out, opened it and filled it with clothes. I dressed in the first things that came to my hand.

I must go away—at once! The past had come back to me, and now I knew why I had feared it so: because I must live with it, forever. The past and I, all alone together. Bill would not want to join that lonely little company now—we could not let him, the past and I, because he was the future, and for us there was no future.

The suitcase in my hand, I turned toward the door. It opened, and Bill was standing there.

"Ethel! Dearest—Mrs. Chase told me you had recognized the wedding dress—she sent for me. And now you remember, don't you?"

"Yes, I remember. I remember everything, and I've got to go. Don't try to stop me, Bill—please!" I tried to force my way past his outstretched arms.

WHY should I let you go? I've been waiting for you to remember, hoping that you would. Dr. Chase told me everything after that night we went to the dance together. He said you'd had a terrible mental shock, that you'd never be cured until something forced you to remember. That's why he made me stop seeing you. He thought loneliness would bring things back."

Bill was talking rapidly, as if the torrent of words could hold me in that room.

"But we left you alone, and nothing happened. So I persuaded him to let me marry you. He didn't like it. He was afraid you'd break down at the ceremony. That's why we gave you your old wedding dress. And it worked! Darling, it worked!"

"Yes," I said hysterically. "It worked! I remember everything now—everything I wanted to forget."

"But don't you see? You're free now! You were always afraid—afraid of remembering. But now you *have* remembered, and there's nothing more to be afraid of. You were haunted, and now you're not!"

I fell back a step. "Haunted . . ." I said. "Yes. You're right. I was."

"Do you—" For the first time, there was apprehension in his voice. "Do you still love Oliver so much you can never love me?"

"Oh, no!" I said without hesitation. "No, that's all over."

"Then—"

At the question in his voice, the eager love in his face, all the troubled confusion of my mind seemed to melt away like the mists of night under the brave sun.

"Then," I said strongly, "of course I don't mind remembering. Because this is yesterday—and today—and tomorrow—and forever. For you and me."

Meet Henry Aldrich's Sister on Next Month's Cover of RADIO MIRROR

Baby!

(*Continued from page 35*)

eyes were loving.

We've been so happy, Peggy Connant thought. On nothing, actually on nothing. Not even a yacht between us. Peggy smiled as she walked along and people turned to look at her. Not a million dollars in the bank. Not even ten sometimes. What had she said to Bill, that day at Luna Park? Oh, yes.

"I used to think," she had said, "that when I got married, I'd be going to the French Riviera, Bermuda, places like that. And here I am—" and then she had broken off, suddenly, because of the look on Bill's face and because that wasn't what she had wanted to say, at all. "No, darling," she had said quickly, "you don't understand. I like it. I like the way we are. I'll bet there are thousands of women, who have been to all those famous places, who'd give every minute of it to be in my place with someone to love, who loved them. Women are really awfully simple people, darling. They want love. And I love you and I'm happy. Terribly happy."

AND she was. "Diamond bracelets Woolworth doesn't sell, Baby." Bill was always humming that over and over. That was their theme song. And it meant something and they'd look at each other and understand. What was a diamond bracelet compared to her Popeye? Bill had knocked over all the balls at Luna that day and won Popeye for her. They had debated a long time between a Kewpie Doll and Popeye and Popeye had won out. Now, it was on their dresser. Bill's shirts and socks and dime cufflinks that never matched were in the top drawer, and her things were in the second drawer and Bill was always mussing up her things, looking for something of his that shouldn't have been in her drawer, at all.

"Bill, will you get out of that drawer!"

"Okay, honey. Just looking for something."

"Bill! Look at that drawer!"

"Aw, I don't like you when you frown, honey. Smile, Baby."

Smile. It was so easy to smile, then. But now? What will he say when he's told about the baby? Just the other night, he was talking about rent and gas and dentist and light and carfare and clothes and so on and so on. It never seemed to end. There just didn't seem to be any way out. And now, this. The final blow. A baby.

Where will we get the money? Where? Must everyone be wonderful at making money? Isn't there a place for the little people who don't want a great deal? Isn't there a place for the Bills and Peggys? Why must he be unhappy? Why must he always be smothered with bills and bills and bills. We're in such a mess, darling. Where will we get the money?

Peggy Connant forced herself to stop thinking about it. She had walked three blocks out of her way. There's the baby to think about, Peggy Connant, think about the baby. What will he be? Just what sort of a baby, just what sort of a boy, just what sort of a man? What did she want him to be?

She began to notice the people passing her on the street. Her baby would be one of the people on the street, some day, maybe like one of those passing her. She watched their faces, intently.

A young man came toward her, a tall, sensitive-faced young man, carrying a violin case under his arm. His head was down, he didn't seem to be noticing anything. He seemed to be way out of the world of Peggy and the people around him. A musician, possibly a great, young musician. He did have an air of being somebody, Peggy observed, as he went by her. Her baby, David, a musician. David Connant, world's premier violinist. Maybe.

Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief. That was the way she had said it as a little girl. Doctor? Yes, maybe. That would be nice. David Connant, surgeon. "Oh, yes, he's undoubtedly the best doctor in the city, Mrs. Connant. You should be proud of him."

A man brushed against her. His nose glasses were tight against his face, his mouth was thin and hard, his eyes worried. Peggy Connant saw all that in the second he brushed against her, muttered an apology and hurried on. He was carrying a briefcase. A lawyer, a stock broker, perhaps. She decided he was a stock broker. David Connant, Connant and Company, Wall Street. No. No, she wouldn't like that. Or a lawyer, either. People had so many troubles and you became hardened to them and her David would never be happy that way.

But some lawyers became Presidents. David Connant, solemnly taking the oath of office, riding in a car and waving at the people. And millions and millions of people at the radio waiting for his voice, waiting for the words of someone she had known as a baby, a boy, a young man. Now, a President.

SHE stopped in front of Conn's Book Store. In the window were books and books. She could do a lot of reading later on. She had always wanted to catch up on that, so many fine things she hadn't read, so many wonderful writers. Writer?

What was it Bill had said once? Oh, yes, "I could write a book about us." And she had asked him laughingly why he didn't and he had said, "Oh, I guess I wasn't made to be a writer." But David? Yes, maybe.

Silly to think of it like this. It. It was really only it. It wasn't anything yet. But why not dream? Why not be silly and happy about it? The pain wasn't really anything. Mrs. Cohen had said once, "You forget about the pain as soon as you see it." Mrs. Cohen should know, she had seven of them. But what would Bill say? Would he be angry?

She was walking very slowly, now. She was thinking of all the things she would have to tell David. All the things that had given her so much pain, which she could help him avoid. She was so much wiser than when she had first married Bill. She had so much to pass on to her son. He would be a beautiful child. A beautiful name, David Connant. A beautiful child.

A newsboy was shouting near her. She wasn't listening to the words, only to the hoarse, plaintive cry. And then the headlines of the paper seemed

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to scream out at her, scream louder than the voice of the ragged, little boy. War! 700 Lost at Sea. Berlin, London, Rome. Death! War!

Captain David Connant. But it would be all over by then. Or would it? She saw him now, sailing through the skies. She heard the spit of the machine gun and saw the plane wobbling and then, plunging crazily, dizzily, down, down! He was calling for her, calling in a far off voice. "Mother! Mother!"

"David!"

She felt someone catch her by the arm. She saw faces blur and then come back into focus again. Her legs felt weak, the hand gripping her arm hurt.

"I'm all right," she heard herself say.

"You sure?" a male voice, gruff but concerned.

"Oh, yes. I'm fine."

"What was it, Mister?"

"This young lady gave me quite a start. She screamed and started to wobble. I thought she was gonna pass out."

Screamed? Had she really screamed? She had to get away from them. She thanked the man, confusedly, and walked away, faster and faster. David! It had all seemed so real. War! How Bill hated war, how he hated bloodshed and violence and killing. "Raise 'em up and blow 'em up." What would she say if Bill said that? She felt desperately that she needed something to say to that, some answer. A girl, that was it!

PEGGY CONNANT almost stopped still. A girl. Funny she hadn't thought it might be a girl. Yes. Why not? A girl. She remembered her own childhood, now. She tried to think how it was being young and a girl. What did you do? What did you need?

She remembered, now, in chaotic snatches, some of her own little-girl speeches. "Mother, do you think my dress hangs right? Don't you think I ought to have it let out a little here? There's the freshest boy in my class. Of course, I don't like him. Mother, can't I go to the party Saturday? But, Mother, Mary is a year younger than I am and she wears lipstick."

Peggy Connant turned off Elder Street into Paxton Avenue, thinking about it being a girl. They couldn't blow it up, if it was a girl. They couldn't kill it in their wars. Ruth? No. Nina? No. Betty? No. How about Carol? Yes, Carol. Carol Connant. It sounded lovely.

What would she be? A debutante? Well, hardly. A singer? Carol Connant. There was something stagey about that, something theatrical. Or the movies, maybe. The beautiful Carol Connant, now starring in— But why not just an ordinary girl, like her mother, somebody to tell about babies? She'll ask me about formulas and feeding, Peggy Connant thought, and I'll be very wise and I'll know just what to do and what to tell her. Bill will be proud of her. Our daughter, Bill.

"Hey, there, Mrs. Connant!"

Peggy Connant stopped. She looked around. It was her block. She turned around, confused. She'd walked right by the house. What a fool thing to do. The janitor, Mr. Swenson, was standing there, smiling. She felt a little silly.

"What's the matter?" the janitor asked. "You walked right by. You forget where you live?" He was teas-

ing her now. He was a tall, spare man with a little bit of blond hair left and a very thin face. He was a bachelor. He had been a sailor once and he had never had a wife or a baby. He'll never have a wife or a baby, Peggy thought, looking at him

"What's the matter?" the janitor repeated. "You all right?"

"Oh, I'm all right," she said. "Guess I was dreaming or something."

THE janitor smiled. "Sure like to dream this weather away. Been a regular scorcher, hasn't it?"

"Yes," Peggy said, not really listening, "yes, it has." She sat down wearily on the steps and looked up at Mr. Swenson. The street was quiet. All along the shady side of the block, people were sitting on steps, accepting the heat, hating to go in to hot, stuffy rooms. "It's cooler out here," Peggy said to Mr. Swenson. "I don't like to go in."

"Your husband's home, Mrs. Connant," Mr. Swenson said. "You're pretty, little girl, but when the husband come home and not find the wife, sometimes, he's plenty mad." It was Mr. Swenson's favorite form of humor, joking about husbands and wives. Now, he laughed, noiselessly.

"Home?"

"Sure. Went upstairs about ten minutes ago."

Peggy felt herself getting tense. She was afraid to go in now, afraid to tell him. She looked at Mr. Swenson, helplessly, as if his smiling, foolish face could give her some sort of answer to her problem. Mr. Swenson only smiled more.

"I guess I'd better go up," Peggy said.

"I fixed that water faucet for you, Mrs. Connant," Mr. Swenson said, as Peggy went in the door, but she scarcely heard him.

There were four flights of stairs to walk. She went up the first flight very slowly. She wanted to turn and run. A baby. She was going to have a baby. She'd have to tell him.

As she passed the second flight, she heard Mr. Gold's violin. Mr. Gold's door was open. The old man sat on a straight-backed chair just inside the door, his tired, lean back bent over the instrument in his old hands. He turned his deep, wonderful, almost black eyes on Peggy as she drew near his door.

"Good evening, Mrs. Connant," his voice was as soft as a child's.

"Good evening, Mr. Gold," Peggy said. "You're playing very well tonight."

"So, Mrs. Connant?" He wagged his head a little. "Thank you. In sixty years, even a fool learns to do something."

Mr. Gold seemed to be the wisest and tenderest man Peggy had ever known. Often, she had taken her troubles to Mr. Gold. But now, the baby. What could he tell her? Be happy. Tell your husband. He's a good boy, a fine boy. But, Mr. Gold didn't know about the bills, about the way Bill could look sometimes. She didn't go into Mr. Gold's room.

On the third landing, Peggy Connant met Mrs. Mazlov in the hall. Mrs. Mazlov had three children. She had a little girl only three months old. Peggy often wondered how the Mazlovs lived. Mr. Mazlov made so very little.

"Good evening, Mrs. Mazlov."

"Ah! Peggy," Mrs. Mazlov said. "Good evening." Mrs. Mazlov always seemed to be cheerful. "Hot tonight, ya?"

"Yes," Peggy said. "How's the baby?"

"Lot's better. You come in, see her again, yes? Baby likes you, Peggy, very much. You like baby, too, ya?"

"Well—I—" Peggy started to say

"I know, I know," Mrs. Mazlov said "I was the same way when I was young. Baby looks like lots of trouble. But, Mrs. Connant, for people what got very little, a baby is the whole world, believe me."

"I guess so, Mrs. Mazlov."

"You believe me, Peggy, that's so Baby is good."

MRS. MAZLOV went on down the hall. Peggy stopped in front of the door. 5 C. The paint was beginning to chip off a little on the lower part of the 5. Peggy's stomach fluttered terribly. Peggy Connant's going to have a baby. Tell Bill, tell Bill. You've got to tell Bill. Then the door opened. It was Bill. He was standing there, smiling, looking happy.

"Bill," she said.

"Well—mental telepathy," Bill laughed. "I knew it before I opened. Say, where have you been? I was just going after you."

"I was just walking, Bill."

"Well, don't stand there in the door. like a scared chicken. Come on in. Remember? You live here, darling. And I won't beat you because dinner's not ready." Bill was laughing now. There was real laughter in his voice. "Say, I'm so happy tonight, I love you so much, I could be satisfied with a raw potato."

"Bill," Peggy said, her voice sounding as if it didn't belong to her. "Bill. I want to tell you."

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"Wait," Bill said. "I'm going to tell you something. Here," he pulled her over to the window. "There, a nice breeze to keep you cool, while I give you some news hot off the press." Peggy tried to break in, but Bill kept talking. "Flash—Bill Connant gets ambition. Listen, sweet, little funny face. Today the great lords of industry opened up the pearly gates long enough to give your husband—me—Bill Connant a raise."

"Bill—I—"

"Speechless? So was I, Baby. Five bucks a week more. Isn't that terrific? We're in the upper brackets, Baby. Get anything we want."

"Bill," Peggy tried again. She felt the tears coming into her eyes. She fought to keep them back. "Bill, I've got to tell you something."

"Sure, darling. As soon as I finish. I've got to say it, funny face, before I lose my nerve. If I stop talking, I may not say it, Peggy." Bill paused and looked at her, that old, adoring look that Peggy had prayed for for weeks now.

"Peggy—this five a week—that's over $250 a year. I began to think of ways we could spend it."

Peggy felt her heart pounding. "Spend, Bill?"

"Sure, you know me. A car, I said. Nope, the old jalopy's still pretty good. A cottage maybe this summer? But what the heck, I don't get a vacation until next year. Peggy?"

"What, Bill?"

"Gee, this is crazy, Peggy. I'm afraid to tell you."

She would always remember the way he looked when he said that. "Afraid, Bill? There's no reason to be afraid, is there, Bill?" She said it as if she wanted him to say it back to her.

And he said, "Of course not, darling. What I'm trying to say, Peggy, is—well—look at the newspaper headlines."

Peggy felt herself going again. She was very afraid now.

BILL went on, "World's going smash—maybe. There isn't time enough to go anywhere or plan anything, so how can we spend it to make both of us really happy, to make our lives—well—make them mean something?"

Peggy looked at him. She wasn't thinking, now. It felt as if she wasn't even breathing.

"Peggy," Bill said, "I've got to say it fast, or I won't be able to say it, at all." He took a deep breath. "Peg, let's spend the money on having a kid."

Peggy heard a shout in the street. Bill's face seemed to go far off and then it came very close. The day and the year and all time seemed to merge into that one moment. She held on to herself, holding Peggy Connant all in one piece by a tremendous, glorious, supreme effort.

Bill was frightened. "Peg, what's the matter? Why do you look like that? Peg! I know—we never talked about it—but I was scared of the idea, Peg—and—and I didn't know whether you wanted a kid. Peg! For Pete's sake, say something!"

"Say something—" Peggy Connant said and her voice was strong and young and alive in her. "Say—something—oh, Bill!"

She was in his arms. She was crying and she didn't know why and she didn't care why. "Bill, wait until you hear!"

The End.

Superman in Radio

(*Continued from page* 40)

a hall. But then, the death-like quiet was broken as a sudden muffled cry for help echoed through the stone corridors. Ilana turned white and vainly tried to hold Kent back as he ran in the direction of the sound.

"Come on Jimmy—down these steps. That cry came from the cellar!"

They entered a tunnel and followed the sound of a groaning which grew louder by the second. Then—a room. And, chained to the wall—a man, unconscious.

"Quick, Jimmy—go out and fill your cap with water from that brook outside—hurry!"

ALONE again, Superman snapped the chains as if they were string. Jimmy returned and the water soon revived the prisoner. Haltingly, he told them his story. He had been the officer of a private yacht. One still moonlit night his vessel had sailed close to the island. They had seen the rocks close to shore but had thought they were in safe, deep waters. But, suddenly, there was a crash—a tearing, rending noise as if the bottom had been torn off their ship. Then, as hidden rocks cut deep, the vessel began to sink and break up. He, Carl Edwards, the only survivor, had been washed up on shore. When he awakened, he was a prisoner in the big house. Boris let him live only because he needed an assistant. Why, and to serve what purpose, the madman had not yet told him.

When he finished, Kent, eager to get at the bottom of the mystery, asked Jimmy to lead Edwards to the hidden motorboat and wait for him. He was about to go back through the tunnel when he heard footsteps come softly down the stairs. It was Ilana, searching for him. Minutes went by as she began to tell him the history of the Island. Her brother had been the caretaker for an eccentric millionaire who had built the place. Then he died and Boris was alone. One day—

"I received a cable to come at once. He said he had discovered untold riches and needed my help . . . I arrived and found my brother mad with a lust for what he had found. Determined to kill anyone who came near the Island, he removed the harbor markers which warned ships off the hidden rocks. He did that with a horrible purpose—he wanted no ship or its passengers to come anywhere near him. That's how Edwards' vessel—and yours, too—crashed and sank. He needed Edwards to help him—but he kept him in that cell to beat him into submission. He'll go to any lengths to protect his secret. And that secret—"

She never finished. From far off came a cry for help which reached only the sensitive ears of the Man of Tomorrow. He whirled and sped through the tunnel. As Jimmy's frantic cries carried over the Island, the powerful figure in blue costume and flying cape emerged from the camouflaged opening to the tunnel. He flew over the water, saw the smashed bits of a boat, Jimmy, unconscious, sprawled over a sand-bar—and, deep in the water, Carl Edwards was helpless—his leg was caught in the powerful shells of a giant tropical clam!

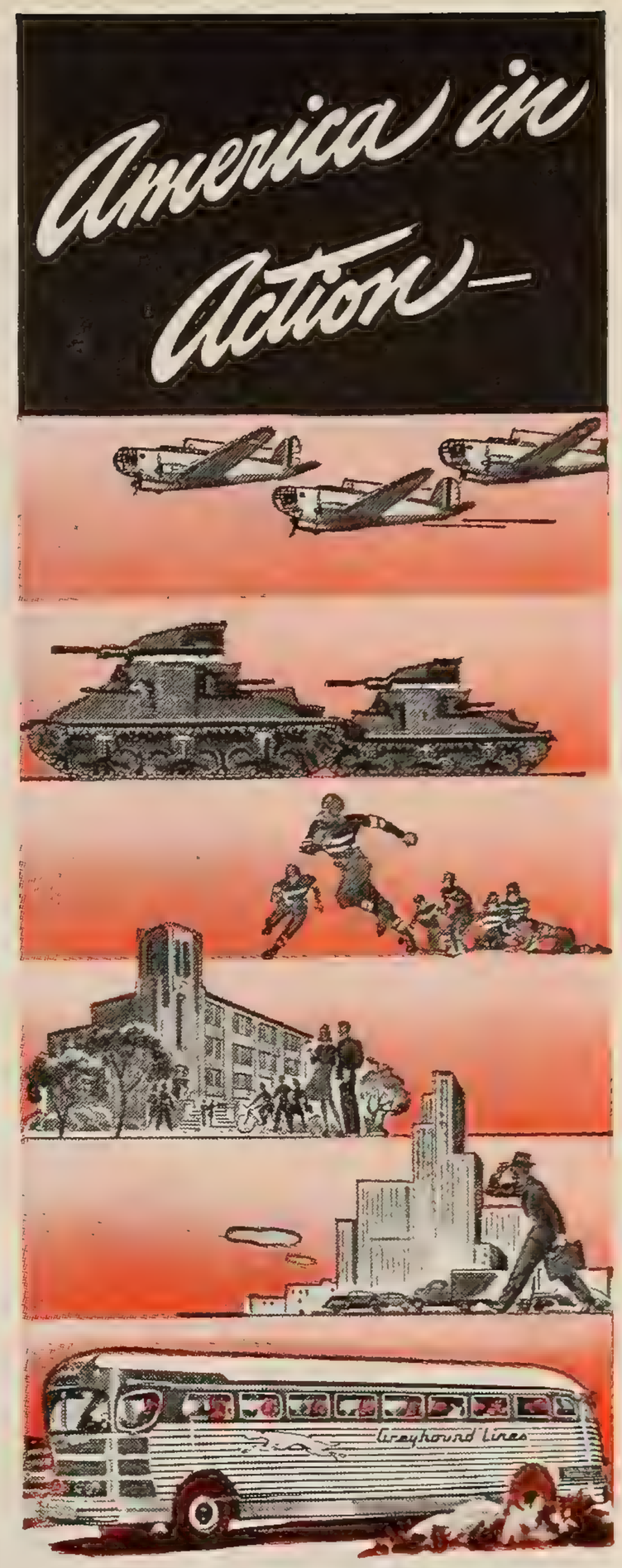
Superman dove deeply: "Good thing the water's clear—but I've got to work fast before Edwards drowns. If I can only get my hands between those shells, I can pry them open—Got it! Now to wrench the shells apart and free his foot—Great Scott these things are powerful!" The great muscles bulged. Then—"There—that does it. And I think we've solved the mystery of Dead Man's Island!"

Effortlessly, Superman carried Jimmy and Edwards back to the beach. When they came to their senses, he was waiting for them as Clark Kent. Sure now that the clams held the secret, he led the way back into the house. Quietly, they stepped into the room in which Boris had ordered his sister to kill the intruders. But the madman was there waiting for them. Gun raised to shoot, he ordered them to halt. But Kent, ignoring the threat, threw himself at the murderer. He caught his wrist just as Boris pulled the trigger. The shot didn't go wild—an Unseen Avenger guided the bullet into Boris' heart. Ilana breathed softly: "May he rest in peace." The tortured look left her face, and silently, she guided Kent to a steel cabinet in the wall. She spun the dial. The door swung open and Kent gasped:

"Whew! There's a king's ransom! That whole cabinet is full of pearls!"

"Yes," said the girl, "there lies Boris' secret. He got them from the big clams. But I shall leave them here—they have caused enough sadness—enough grief. Let them remain here forever."

Kent swung the door shut. Tight-lipped, they all followed Ilana to the small sailboat she had concealed in a cove. As they cast off, Kent and Jimmy looked back just once at Dead Man's Island to which Superman had brought Justice.



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Amanda of Honeymoon Hill

(*Continued from page* 16)

would see her tearing through the woods toward the whiteness of that house, clear in the night, in such anguish as she had never known. She did not know that a grim-faced father would seize her as she entered the cabin and push her into her room and throw the bolt across her door, telling her she would never leave that room until she went to Charlie's house to be his wife. From that dreadful minute when she crawled through her tiny window, tearing her dress, bruising her body, until she pounded on the studio door and it was opened to her by Edward, there was but one emotion driving her—to be with him, and being with him, to be safe.

She flung herself into his arms, sobbing and moaning as if in pain, and he held her gently, and smoothed her hair.

"Edward, Edward, keep me—save me. There isn't anyone else—don't turn me out—"

He guided her over to a chair and forced her into it. Her face was that of a tortured child and she lifted it to his, and a furious anger filled him at whoever had done what had been done to her. And when he learned the truth—her marriage, planned without her consent, her sick and dreadful distaste for Charlie Harris—he jumped to his feet and walked around the room with such bitter rage choking him that he could not speak.

"IT'S awful in the Valley," Amanda whispered, her delicate features strained and tired, "awful when you're married. Oh, Edward," and with a sudden cry she held out her hands to him, "I can't bear to have Charlie marry me. Keep me here. I'll work for you. I'll scrub, I'll cook, I'll—"

"Hush, dear Amanda." He knelt beside her, and held her shaking hands against his cheek. "You're safe. I won't let them take you away."

Then Amanda sighed and smiled. "I knew you would save me."

With sudden decision he said, "I know—I'll take you over to Mother at Big House."

"No—no—don't send me away. Let me stay with you."

"You dear innocent," Edward exclaimed, and drew her to her feet, and looked into her eyes. "You can't do that. Amanda, you trust me, don't you?"

"I trust you until death," she answered.

The words hurt in their simplicity. He spoke quickly to hide his emotion. "Then you must do as I say. I'll take you over to Mother."

He tucked her hand under his arm, and together they went across the dew-wet grass toward the lights of Big House glimmering behind massed trees of maple and live oak.

But Amanda shrank from the vast rooms of Big House, from the beautiful, gracious woman, Susan Leighton, who hid under a kind manner her surprise at this strange guest. She felt a little easier with Colonel Bob, Edward's uncle, who was so openly delighted with her and did his best to make her feel at ease.

She slept that night in a bed so soft she was afraid she would fall through it, and a negro servant showed her how to wash in a mysterious room where one turned handles and water appeared like magic. She knew she was doing right in staying here, because Edward had told her she must. But she was frightened in the morning until he had come to get her. Then they spent most of the day together in the studio. Late in the afternoon he asked her to go to her room, saying that he and Colonel Bob were bringing her a dress to wear to the dance that evening.

"A dance—a dance—" Amanda clapped her hands. Then a shadow crossed her face. "That's when you and Sylvia are to announce that you're going to be married?"

Edward nodded, suddenly quiet. "Come along," he exclaimed, a trifle brusquely.

Amanda, moving around her room and humming softly to herself, heard the door open and turned, her eyes bright with anticipation. Then she stiffened, with a swift, almost defensive motion. It was Sylvia, not Edward, who was entering the room.

"Oh, Amanda, I'm so glad you're alone," Sylvia smiled brightly. But there was no answering smile on Amanda's lips. "I want to talk to you. You really need a friend to advise you—"

"I have a friend—Edward—and he is all I need," Amanda said.

"But that's just it, Amanda," Sylvia said softly, deliberately. "There are so many things you don't understand. You are only—forgive me for saying this—but you're only a Valley girl. You shouldn't come to this dance tonight. You'll be terribly out of place, and I'm sure you'll be miserable and unhappy."

Amanda looked directly into the beautiful face and hard eyes. "Edward has asked me, and if you want to be a dutiful wife you wouldn't say anything against his wishes. Besides, to tell you the truth, I don't like you, Sylvia, and I don't trust you."

"YOU dare to speak to me like that!" Sylvia's eyes flashed. "You poor, foolish girl! Now I *will* tell you the truth. Edward has asked you out of pity. He's too kind for his own good. He is sorry for you. If you go you'll shame him before all his friends. Of course, if you're willing to accept pity I can't say anything more—" and she was out of the room.

Amanda turned away to the window, her back very straight. Fierce pride of the Valley flamed in her. Pity—she would die before she would take pity from anyone. But, when Edward returned, exclaiming eagerly as he opened the door: "Amanda, Uncle Bob has found the perfect dress for you," all she could say was, "I'm not going to the dance, Edward. It was kind of you to ask me, but I'm not going."

"Of course you're going," Uncle Bob said from the doorway. "Just look at this." And he held toward her a shimmering gown of lace and chiffon. "I found it in one of the trunks, and there's a veil and shoes to match."

"I'm not going." But Amanda's eyes were like stars as he placed the dress in her arms.

Edward was puzzled. "Don't be silly, Amanda. What's happened? My evening will be ruined if you're not there."

"Edward," Amanda said, and her

face was so serious that both men stared at her in surprise, "give me your oath that you are speaking the truth."

"Of course I am, you amazing child. Now run along into the dressing room and put on that dress."

When Amanda returned to the room Edward stood breathless at the beauty and dignity of the girl smiling at him in her rapt joy, and Colonel Bob gently touched her red-gold hair.

"You are lovelier than any of the Leighton women, and that's the greatest compliment I could make you," he said. "Now let me help you with the veil."

But even as he placed it on her head, there was the sound of running feet, and Sylvia, her lips a thin line, her face white, spoke from the open door.

"Take off that veil. Mrs. Leighton gave it to me to be my wedding veil. What right have you, Edward—or you, Colonel Bob—to put it on her?"

Amanda whirled; her fingers shook as she caught the delicate web of lace from her hair and tossed it into Sylvia's hands.

"I wear no other woman's wedding veil, and if you think I'd do it, you're mistaken. Take it and keep it. I'm Valley born, and I'm proud of the Valley, and don't you ever speak to me like that again." She turned to the window, her head high.

"Now, Edward," Sylvia's voice had a deadly quiet in it, "it's time we went down to our guests." She held out her hand.

For a second he hesitated, and as Colonel Bob watched him with a curious smile, he said, almost gently, "I'm sorry, dear, but I'm taking Amanda down. She is our guest, too, and I think something is due her after what has happened."

LIKE a child, tremulous with excitement, and clinging to Edward's arm, Amanda came down the stairs into the great hall. The men and women crowded around her, fascinated by her gentle dignity, her frank delight, her quaint speech which was part of her charm. The hour slipped by, as light and happy as the music and laughter which gave it wings. The soft, summer night pressed against the windows, a light breeze rustling the trees, carrying the sweetness of flowers through the rooms.

"Amanda," a sudden thought struck Edward, "can you sing any of the old ballads?"

She nodded. "I've known them since I was a child."

He handed her his lute, and her fingers touched the strings. Then her voice, clear and sweet, rose in songs that were old when England was young. "Helen of Kirconnell," "The Two Corbies," "Robin Adair"—Suddenly her fingers faltered, her voice broke, and all turned to follow her wide horrified gaze to where a tall man, coming out of the darkness, was striding across the floor toward her.

"Edward!" The lute clattered to the floor, and both hands caught his arm.

"You're coming with me, Amanda," Joseph Dyke's voice was hard and harsh; "and I'll strip those devil's clothes from your back before you go to wed Charlie." His great hand pulled her from Edward's side. "A daughter of mine, dressed like Jezebel, standing in the house of an outlander, and singing to 'em—"

Amanda's voice rose in stark terror: "Don't let Pa take me—don't let Pa



COPYCAT—
I BET YOU BUY SOME, TOO!

Don't worry...even if the whole neighborhood "copycats" your shelving, their kitchens won't look like yours. For there are oodles of pretty patterns available in ROYLEDGE!

This beautiful 5¢ shelving actually brings professional-decorator charm to bare closets and cupboards. Protects them from dust and dirt with its smooth, flat surface; edges them smartly with its colorful border-patterns. Needs no tacks, wipes clean easily, lasts for months . . . yet—miracle of miracles—*9 feet cost only 5¢. Buy some Royledge*...and see for yourself!

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Royledge SHELVING

9 FT. 5¢



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HOW TO FIGHT HEADACHES

3 ways at same time!



Break Headache's Vicious Circle this proved, sensible way

• A headache disturbs your *nervous system;* with jumpy nerves often goes an *upset stomach,* in turn affecting the pain in your head—thus making a "vicious circle." Mere single-acting pain relievers may still leave you feeling dull, sickish.

Millions break headache's "vicious circle" with Bromo-Seltzer because it acts *3 ways* at the same time; helps *stop pain, calm nerves, settle stomach.* Next time, try Bromo-Seltzer.*

**Just use as directed on the label. For persistent or recurring headaches, see your doctor.*

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WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved promptly.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

Just rub it on the gums
DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION
Buy it from your druggist today

take me—"

Edward was at her side, only to find himself thrust aside by a powerful arm.

"Let her go, Edward Leighton. We want no truck with you."

"You aren't going to take her." There was anger and fury in Edward's voice.

"You can't stop me. She's my daughter. I have the right of it."

SON!" It was Susan Leighton's imperious voice, "Of course, you can't stop Mr. Dyke. He is Amanda's father."

"For once I'm with you, Susan Leighton," Joseph Dyke said angrily. "Come Amanda." Then, as she still struggled against the cruel grip of his fingers, unyielding, stiff, he swung her up into his arms.

"Edward," she moaned, "you promised me."

"Amanda!" He flung himself forward. "I can't let you go—"

But his mother stepped before him, as Dyke strode out into the night, speaking in a low, commanding voice. He watched the white glimmer of Amanda's dress until the darkness hid it. She no longer struggled; Edward had broken his promise. The one person to whom she had looked for help, the one person in whom she had placed her trust because he had been gentle and kind, had betrayed her. And the numb despair of her heart crept like a cold wave over her body. She did not see him stoop and pick up the broken lute, or see him walk away from the whispering guests, away from his mother's hand and Sylvia's voice. Nor did she know that he stood, staring down the Valley Road, his face as white as hers, but on it a new determination which made him look old and stern.

With her pride so terribly hurt, must Amanda put aside all her dreams of a better, more beautiful life, and obey her father's stern orders to marry Charlie Harris? Be sure to continue this love story of two worlds in the November RADIO MIRROR.

Who Is Claudia?

(*Continued from page* 17)

Peggy, were agog over this incident for days. "You would have thought, to see Pat," Mrs. Ryan never tired of telling them, "that she stood before audiences and recited every day of her life."

Even Pat's appearance at the local movie theater in a "Kiddie Revue," for which she was paid two dollars an evening didn't cause as much commotion. Because somehow the day she recited that little rhyme her mother had brought from England, they all sensed it was a beginning. They were ready for anything after that. And it was just as well.

Otherwise not even as sane a family as the Ryans would have known quite how to act this summer with their daughter suddenly become a star. Just having her grow up to be nineteen had seemed enough, especially when she was such a beautiful nineteen, with her cool gray eyes, smooth blonde hair, and fresh young face with so much pertness that it seemed always to be saying, "Hi." But to be a star—

IT HAPPENED, though, whether the Ryans were prepared or not. The beginning was several years ago when Rose Franken began writing stories about a captivating heroine named Claudia and her young architect husband, David, later writing a play about the same Claudia. Last spring radio decided it wanted a Claudia program on the air. So Rose Franken wrote some scripts that were auditioned by a sponsor who said, "Wonderful," and who arranged for them to appear right away on the Kate Smith program, with the plan that they would continue this summer when Kate began her regular vacation.

All that was needed was to find someone to play Claudia. That's all, just someone young enough, beautiful enough, vibrant and charming enough to sound as fresh and as romantic as the made-up character named Claudia.

Pat Ryan won out over a hundred competitors. Nineteen-year-old Pat Ryan. The very first broadcast proved how right the choice had been. Every succeeding broadcast on Friday nights is further evidence that a new star is to shine brightly for a long time to come.

I found out why Pat Ryan had become a star when I talked to her. We met in the reception room of the Columbia broadcasting studios on the twenty-second floor where a deep, brown leather lounge runs along the wall, flanked by shining chromium, and far below, always, there is the drone of traffic with crescendos of shrieking brakes and strident horns.

Pat sat on the edge of the lounge, small and straight. She wore a blue and white polkadot dress and a big blue hat sat far back on her smooth, bright hair. While at least a dozen young men waved at her and waited hopefully for an invitation to sit down, Pat told me her story. And telling it, revealed the secret.

Pat Ryan *is* Claudia. Pat is the girl who talks about three or four different things at the same time. She is the beautiful teen-age girl, naive and yet so wise beyond her years, who talks breathlessly, frankly, and reveals in her inflections, her gestures and her attitudes the most desirable femininity. Which is what the storybook Claudia is made to be. Only Pat Ryan is that girl in flesh and blood.

Charm is indescribable. It just is. Pat Ryan can best be described by a record of one of her conversations. Listen to her as she talked that afternoon.

"My mother's my very best friend," she said. "I shouldn't say that, I know. People poke fun at you for saying things like that. Let them! It's true. I talk to my mother without any restraint. I tell her all about my dates and things. You see my mother understands about practically everything in the world except the New York Yankees. She really doesn't appreciate that team at all. I even ride in the subway to see them play, they're so wonderful. And subways and tunnels are two things I must say I'm sissy about. When my father has his day off and we go to

the ball-game together—it's through father I've come to love baseball, as you can imagine, mother feeling the way she does about it—or not feeling any way about it, to be more exact—well, when father and I go to see the Yankees play he talks all the time we're in the subway to keep my mind off it.

"All the boys I know simply adore my mother. I've known only one who didn't like her. An acrobat dancer, when I was six, who had the most surprising muscles. His mother made trouble between us. She insisted he be nice to me. We were in the same 'Kiddie Revue.'

EVERYBODY says, when you have a career," Pat explained, "that it's important to keep life from getting in the way of it. I think it's more important not to let your career get in the way of your life. I was lucky to learn this as young as I did, when I was in the 8A and I got left back because I was absent so much doing 'Skippy' recordings that I didn't pass Latin. Being left back was much more unhappy making than doing 'Skippy' recordings was happy making, if I make myself clear at all.

"Of course now that I'm 'Claudia,' I don't think about much of anything else. But in my secret heart I know I want to marry some day and live as normally as possible. No one can go on being a star forever. I know I need something substantial. I realize a well-balanced life is best. As mother always says when she hands me the dish-towel, 'You can't tell how long this will last. You'd better be prepared to be a poor man's wife. There always are so many more poor men than rich men in the world and girls always seem to find the poor men so much more charming. Maybe they are; there has to be a law of averages.' Oh, you'd just love my mother!

"My older sister, Peggy—who's married and has a two-year-old, Dennis—they live with us—talks to me the same as mother. Because she wants me to take Dennis to the park mornings. And I like doing it. It's so comfortable to sit in the sun and watch Dennis play with the other little boys and girls and compare notes about when he walked and talked and what he weighs and what he eats for dinner with all the other mothers and nurse-girls.

"Did I tell you how I lost four pounds?" she asked.

"I was one out of two hundred and fifty when I auditioned, you see. I felt certain they'd choose someone with a big Hollywood name in the end. I did my best, *naturally!* But really I concentrated on and counted on the role of 'Peggy' in 'Meet Mr. Meek' which I tried out for at the same time. When I heard I'd been ruled out on 'Peggy' because I was too young, I was *desperately* disappointed. *Little did I know* what was ahead—you never do know, I guess . . .

"It was after I learned that it was between me and four others who got the part of Claudia that I lost the four pounds," Pat supplemented. "The agency kept telephoning, 'They're down to four . . . they're down to three . . . they're down to two . . . we'll let you know at five o'clock . . . we'll let you know in the morning . . .' Finally, I simply couldn't stand it another minute so I went to the beauty parlor and had a manicure and mother telephoned, 'It's definitely set. You're Claudia!' and I could hardly wait for the polish to dry; I ran all the way home and bought mother flowers.

"I thought the excitement would be over then until I played Claudia for the first time. But it wasn't. 'You'll have to move,' our friends told us. 'Now you'll have to do this! Now you'll have to do that!' But we didn't. We stayed right where we were. Mother even talked me out of getting a car."

About this time the elevator doors clanged open and a young man from the CBS publicity department appeared and joined us on the long leather lounge. Very casual, he was, and you could say that he was there only in the line of duty, being the conscientious young CBS representative watching over an interview and seeing that it went well.

But I wasn't so sure about all that, and when he'd left us—reluctantly—I asked Pat about him. She confessed then that he's one of three young men she dates with these days. And from the look in her eye I gathered that he might have just a bit the advantage over the other two.

BUT I guess," she said a little wistfully, "I'm so busy now thinking about Claudia I don't really have time to think about anything else—not even boy friends."

The question of romance safely out of the way, Pat went on, at her usual breakneck speed.

"Ten percent of my salary I save—for a trousseau some day; ten percent I use for spending money, to buy



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LOVALON does not dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.

At stores which sell toilet goods

25¢ for 5 rinses

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clothes, to fill my church envelopes; and the rest I give to mother . . . The Ryans aren't a religious family in the church going sense. Mother sent my sister Peggy and me to Sunday School when Peg was eight and I was four as a matter of routine. Peggy quit Sunday School at eighteen. My younger sister, Junie—she's sixteen—and I will always go to church, I believe, for it means a lot to us.

"I sing in the St. Cecelia Choir and I'm manager of the church's basketball team. Most of the girls on the team have full-time jobs and it's easier for me to handle the business end, make arrangements to play different teams, things like that. I work Friday nights when we broadcast and Thursday mornings when we rehearse and I have to meet people and have pictures taken in between. But I couldn't say I work more than two whole days and one evening a week altogether. I like being manager better than being captain. Because when I was captain I was always afraid to give orders, to tell any girl she had to get her uniform on, to put anyone off the court or take someone else on. And once when I found the courage to say, 'Let's take Dorothy out of the game and put Ethel in,' some of the girls questioned me right out there on the floor. 'Just because you're on the radio you think you're somebody,' one of the them said later in the dressing-room. I think anybody who uses your work to put you down is terribly unfair. Almost every time it has happened I haven't been able to answer. I've just walked away. But that time I said plenty. I was very angry and I screamed a little, I think. Anyway I told the girls I didn't think it was any honor to be captain and do all the work unless they were with me. I told them everything I had been thinking and I had been thinking a great deal in my spare time. Everyone kissed and we went home in the end. But it was a bad time. I just hate to feel all stirred up inside, the way I did that time and the way I do any time people talk against England. That always gets my mother and me standing against them shoulder to shoulder. My grandmother's in London right now. We send her what we can but you aren't allowed to send much—tea and sugar . . ."

* * *

NOW on Friday nights there are some members of New York's fine Metropolitan Club who wait quietly for eight o'clock when Ryan will turn the radio to Claudia and David and, listening, they'll remember their youth and be refreshed, like weary travellers at a rushing stream.

As the program ended the other evening a gentleman with a florid face and a white walrus mustache and a life-long interest in genealogy approached Ryan intently.

"Is it from you or Mrs. Ryan that Miss Pat inherits her remarkable ability?" he asked solemnly.

"She doesn't get it from either of us," Ryan explained. "All my life when I haven't been a waiter I've been a soldier. I served in the Spanish-American war and it was when I was a dough-boy in London, years ago, that I met Pat's mother—during an air-raid. And we were married a few weeks later."

"Which goes to prove you can't believe what you hear," chuckled the gentleman with the walrus mustache "What about all these people who insist no good ever comes of a war romance like yours? Ryan, you ought to introduce them to Claudia—I mean. Miss Patsy."

Beauty While You Work

(*Continued from page 9*)

bath full of warm, soft water is more definitely a beauty and health aid for me. Not nearly enough of us are as careful about this daily routine as we should be. For a more effective bath, next time do the real work first. Cover yourself with suds from head to toe, using a soapy wash cloth. Then fold a towel for a head rest, climb into the tub and stretch out full length and really relax.

Now is the time of day for a facial that you can give yourself with a minimum of time and a maximum of effect. There is a surprising variety you can try at practically no expense. There are the beauty masks that you can buy at the five and ten that will draw the blood to the surface, tighten the skin and remove all excess and dead skin. Then there is the home-made two-minute facial for use when you're behind schedule or when your husband calls at the last minute and says there'll be company. Do this and you'll have your facial—in a flash.

FORM a soft paste with one or two yeast cakes and enough witch hazel to soften. Spread on smoothly and leave for a minute or two until it dries. Remove it with cold water. Your face will feel as bright and beautiful as it looks.

By timing yourself right up to the minute, you can make your every-day beauty routine as automatic as brushing your teeth. Be consistent. Consistency always brings the results.

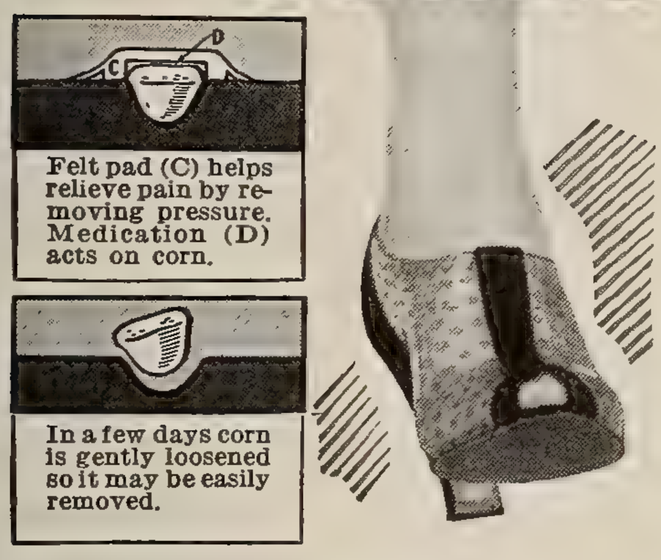
If the day has left you all in, take another minute for a quick pickup. Before your bath, sprinkle table salt over yourself and rub off with a moist sponge. You will tingle all over, your nerve ends will be less tense and you'll find life worth living again. Another trick is a handful of washing soda in your bath for a pep-you-upper. For feet that have been stood upon all day, try a white iodine-oil massage. (Half a teaspoonful of white iodine mixed with an ounce of oil.)

Cold witch hazel compresses over your eyes and forehead will help relieve a headache brought on by too much work, too little food and too much worry.

For that afternoon when in spite of everything you haven't time for a shower and you have to cool off, rub your face and neck with gauze-covered ice and use chilled cleansing cream. To remain cool, pat chilled talcum powder in the crook of your arms and behind your knees.

It's six and dinner is about to be served. Now you must put your best face forward. Take five minutes to put on makeup, even if it makes the meal five minutes late. It's better to be late and beautiful than early and unattractive. Ask your husband!

WALK AWAY YOUR CORNS



HOME paring only affects the top of a corn—usually leaves part of the corn in your toe. But Blue-Jay acts as shown in the diagrams. While you walk in comfort it gently loosens the corn so that in a few days it may be easily removed. (Stubborn cases may require more than one application.)

Blue-Jay Corn Plasters cost very little—only a few cents to treat each corn—at all drug counters.

Good Housekeeping Bureau 4653

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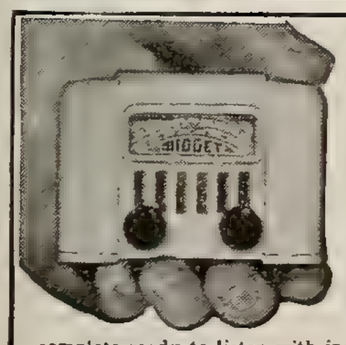
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MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Facing the Music

(*Continued from page 4*)

Proser's Dance Carnival in Madison Square Garden was an ill-fated venture. It folded after twenty-two days. The heat kept the dancers away.

* * *

Fourteen members of Skinnay Ennis' crew were in a bus accident and some of the men were seriously hurt. Ennis and his vocalist, Carmine, escaped the crash. There have been a number of these accidents lately and talk is circulating that the musicians' union will prohibit leaders from taking their bands on long tours, via bus.

* * *

Claude Thornhill will succeed Charlie Spivak at Glen Island Casino in September and inherit the MBS wire.

* * *

Larry Taylor who was one of the better band vocalists, is now a music publisher. Larry used to sing with Charlie Barnet and Morton Gould.

* * *

"Facing the Music" salutes Freddy Martin for getting the coveted Lady Esther CBS commercial. It is high time this excellent orchestra received proper attention.

A Correction

Several issues back I stated that Canada Lee, colored actor who scored such a hit in Orson Welles' "Native Son," was developing a dance band. I stand corrected. Lee expects to devote himself entirely to the stage and radio.

* * *

Raymond Scott is going to have another small band beside the Quintet. It will be called the "Secret Seven" and will devote itself to the discovery of "mystery music." Figure that one out.

* * *

From the day of its conception, the Hut Sut Song has had a history as screwy as its own lyrics.

Although whipped into commercial shape by singer Jack Owens and Ted MacMichael, one of the Merry Macs, it was originated by an attorney for the California State Legislature, Leo Killian, with whom MacMichael had once attended school.

Finding it amusing, MacMichael persuaded his outfit to do it on the air, and turned it over to 25-year-old arranger, Walter Schumann, for preparation.

Schumann, seeing its potentialities, submitted it to established music publishers, who, in a body, turned it down. So Schumann went into the publishing business himself.

Experienced Tin Pan Alley executives estimate the cost of promoting a song into the hit ranks, somewhere between 20 and 30 thousand dollars, divided between office overhead and salaries for field men in key cities.

Schumann operated single-handed, from his own home, a simple frame house in Hollywood. Replacing the expensive "contact" method, and using his own ingenuity and a belief that the country needed a whacky song, he called upon friends of his in radio, asking them, as a favor, to use it on their programs.

To date it has been played by every band in the country, and has been recorded by Horace Heidt, Freddy Martin, the King Sisters, the Merry Macs, Joe Reichman, Frankie Masters,



There's good reason why PAZO ointment has been used by so many millions of sufferers from simple Piles. First, PAZO ointment soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. Second, PAZO ointment lubricates hardened, dried parts—helps prevent cracking and soreness. Third, PAZO ointment tends to reduce swelling and check bleeding. Fourth, it's easy to use. PAZO ointment's perforated Pile Pipe makes application simple, thorough. Your doctor can tell you about PAZO ointment. Get PAZO ointment from your druggist, today.

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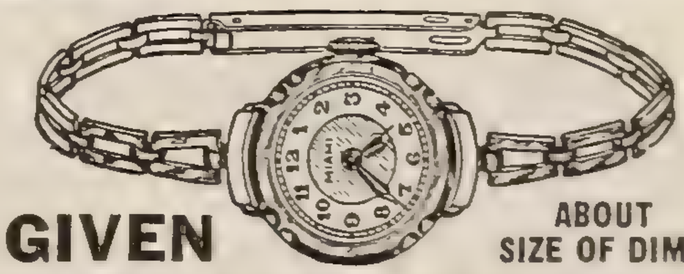
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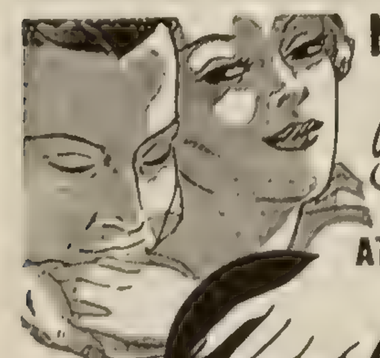
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This is one time that double-talk has made cents.

Clap Hands, Here Comes Charlie

WHEN Charlie Spivak was told that his parents would take him to the neighbors' wedding, he looked forward to the event with all the enthusiasm a fourteen-year-old boy can muster. He was certain that it would surpass in thrills such red letter dates as the closing of school, the measles, and the annual visit of the circus. The boy was right. Although more than a decade and a half have passed since then, Charlie will never forget it.

"Don't ask me to tell you the names of the bride and groom," he said, as his band paused between dance sets at Glen Island Casino, "but I can still hear the strains of the soft, muted trumpet that played for them."

The magnetic music Charlie heard that night decided his career. Forgotten were the plans of his father to make his son a doctor. It wasn't a well-known orchestra that attracted the boy; just one of those makeshift groups one hears at such functions. Only the trumpet stood out, clean and sharp, waiting impatiently for the rest of the band to catch up. The notes that poured forth reverberated through the boy's short, stocky frame.

"It was a strange sensation," the bandleader recalled, "because I had never felt that way about music before. I went over to that rickety bandstand and never left it."

Next day the boy went to see his Pied Piper. He didn't have to go far. Trumpeter Milton Stein was a local musician who lived a few blocks from the Spivak grocery store in New Haven, Connecticut.

"I heard you play last night," said Charlie worshipfully, "and I can't get the music out of my head. Would you teach me to play like that?"

Stein was inclined to ignore the boy's strange request. But something in Charlie's manner made him pause.

"Tell you what, kid," suggested the musician, half-heartedly expecting his offer would discourage the lad, "I'll give you a few lessons. But it will cost you a buck a piece."

"Gosh," replied his future pupil eagerly, "I'll be glad to pay that even if it means doing without the movies."

Although Stein wearied of his task after a dozen lessons, Charlie was confident. He sought out George Hyer, trumpet virtuoso with the New Haven Symphony and made arrangements to continue his study. Lack of funds made the going difficult.

"My first cornet was so small," Charlie explained, "that I was always getting the first valve in my nose."

However, Charlie overcame these difficulties and by the time he was graduated from high school he had no trouble getting a job with a local band known as the Paragons. Paul Specht heard him and added the youngster to his band. He stayed with Specht five years and acquired a small reputation. Like other fast rising jazz instrumentalists, Charlie got offers from a dozen other bands; linked up with the Dorsey Brothers, Bob Crosby, Ray Noble, and Ben Pollack. It was while with the latter on a road tour that the trumpeter met his wife Fritzie, a St. Paul librarian.

When the baby came, Charlie decided it was his duty to stick close to home and he concentrated on jobs with network studio bands.

It was Glenn Miller who suggested that Spivak form his own band. The bespectacled trombonist was so positive that his friend would click that he helped finance the undertaking.

That was a year ago. The band has developed quickly, thanks to a stream of Okeh recordings and a heavy air buildup on Mutual from Glen Island Casino, known as the cradle for new swing bands. Tin Pan Alley thinks the Spivak crew is destined for big money brackets; points to the night last July when 1,700 people packed the Westchester dance rendezvous to help Charlie beat his friend Glenn Miller's record there.

The band is heavily staffed. There are 21 people in it, including singer Garry Stevens, who hitch hiked to Glen Island to get the audition, and The Debs, a trio of girl singers. Most of the musicians are from Washington, D. C., and were recommended to Spivak by Miller. Although the organization is not making real money at the present time, Charlie believes profits will come once the band embarks on a lengthy road tour this Fall. He has paid back Miller.

Highlight of the band is Charlie's exciting trumpet solos. His style of playing sweet and hot without blasting the roof has caused much comment. To accomplish this, Charlie invented a mute designed especially for microphone and recording work. It is patented under the name, "Spivaktone" and will be on the market some time next month.

"Using this mute I could blow my trumpet into your ear without piercing it and the person sitting next to you would be unable to hear it," he explained proudly.

At present, Charlie, his wife, and six-year-old son, Joel Allyn, live in a rented house in New Rochelle, N. Y., near Glen Island. Pride of the household is the Spivak heir. But father



Say Hello To-

LESTER DAMON—who grabbed the title role on the Adventures of the Thin Man program on NBC Wednesday nights when every actor on Radio Row was auditioning for it. Lester began his acting career in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, eight years ago, and went from there to the famous Old Vic Theater in London to play in Shakespearean dramas. Returning to the United States, he was kept busy in Broadway shows until 1938, when he guest-starred for one performance in Backstage Wife. He liked radio so much that when his current stage show closed he went to Chicago and began working on the air so single-mindedly that in the following three years he's played the lead in fourteen network serials, which is a real record.

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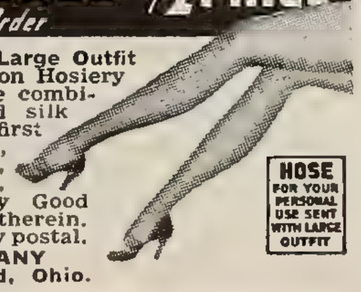


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and son disagree on music quite often. Joel prefers to follow in the wake of Gene Krupa and plays his drums from sunup to sundown.

One night Charlie came home and heard his young son viciously attacking the skins.

"Say, you aren't playing that right," reprimanded Charlie, "You'll never be the greatest drummer in the world if you continue that way."

"Well," answered the boy, "you don't play the sweetest trumpet either."

"If I don't, who does?"

"Oh, that's easy," piped the boy, "Harry James."

Off the Record

Some Like It Sweet:

Tommy Dorsey: (Victor 27461) "Kiss the Boys Goodbye" and "I'll Never Let a Day Pass By." Sprightly package of tunes from the new Paramount picture vocally decorated by Frank Sinatra and Connie Haines.

Harry James: (Columbia 36146) "Don't Cry Cherie" and "La Paloma." Another nostalgic outburst for a France that was. But Harry James' soothing trumpet and Dick Haymes' singing give it the necessary impetus for hit classification. James also comes through with just about the best recording of "Daddy" I've heard.

Guy Lombardo: (Decca 3799) "My Gal Sal" and "On the Boulevard." Lombardo is favoring the old timers with the proper sentimental setting.

Mitchell Ayres: (Bluebird 11179) "Time Was" and "Anything." Mary Ann Mercer turns in a commendable singing performance on a platter that shows off this band better than on previous occasions.

Barry Wood: (Victor 27478) "Any Bonds Today" and "Arms for America." What Lucille Manners is to the national anthem, this Lucky Strike singer is to Irving Berlin's two new tributes to defense savings. He punches them solidly and with patriotic fervor.

(**Recommended Albums:** Xavier Cugat's romantic Rumba Album for Victor, Ozzie Nelson's Prom Date, which is filled with college tunes and serves as a herald for the approaching football season, and Columbia's colorful circus album recorded by the Ringling Brothers-Barnum and Bailey band.)

Some Like It Swing:

Charlie Spivak: (Okeh 6246) "Charlie Horse" and "When the Sun Comes Out." For a mild mannered fellow, Spivak can certainly turn out plenty of enthusiastic swing music. A well balanced platter that should head your record list.

Jimmy Lunceford: (Decca 3807) "Chocolate" and "Battle Axe." Here's your boogie woogie potion for the month.

Will Bradley: (Columbia 36182) "When You and I Were Young, Maggie" and "I'm Misunderstood." Probably one of the best disks turned in by this band in many weeks. The old timer is taken for a sizzling ride, while the reverse turns out to be a gracious ballad properly interpreted by singer Terry Allen.

Glenn Miller: (Bluebird 11187) "Take the 'A' Train" and "I'll Have to Dream the Rest." An instrumental novelty taken in slow stride and welcomed by Miller fans who have wearied of the over abundance of ballads this band has made.



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By DR. GRACE GREGORY



Soap and water comes first on Paula Kelly's beauty regime. Paula swings those songs on the Glenn Miller CBS program.

WHAT is the first requirement for beauty? Simple! Plenty of soap and water—and we mean plenty. Also, time to use them properly. Only when you have made the fullest use of these essentials are you ready for all the rest of the exquisite toiletries and cosmetics which are now available.

Paula Kelly, the beautiful and popular soloist heard on Glenn Miller's Moonlight Serenade, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday nights at 10 P.M., E.D.T. over CBS, admits frankly that she is a soap-and-water girl. Her beauty routines begin with proper bathing. And she looks it—always refreshed and relaxed, in spite of the strenous demands of her career and her home.

Paula's mother was a singer, and little Paula faced her first audience at the age of ten. She and her two sisters appeared as a trio with local dance bands, until they won a prize on Major Bowes' Amateur Hour. They traveled for fourteen weeks as headline act of a Bowes' unit.

At this point Paula, at the impatient age of sixteen, decided she must begin her career as a soloist. She had an audition with two orchestras. Both of them wanted to sign her immediately. She liked them equally. So—believe it or not—she had two distinguished orchestra leaders flip a coin to decide which was to have her.



Fate apparently looks out for Paula when she flips coins. She went from success to success, and finally met and married Hal Dickenson, one of the Modernaires who recently became permanent members of Glenn Miller's band. For a while she seemed more interested in marriage and her baby daughter than she was in professional music. But again fate took a hand. Paula joined Glenn's orchestra, taking the place of Marion Hutton, who was leaving in anticipation of her baby.

Paula believes that there's just one thing will keep your skin in top condition—plenty of the right kind of baths. Plenty of soap and water.

You will of course choose your soap carefully.

If you like perfumed soaps, or tinted soaps, that is your privilege. Anything that helps to make the daily beauty bath a joy to be anticipated and reveled in is a thing to be commended. If you like one of the pure white soaps, you can add your perfume to the bath in many other ways.

In any case, use plenty of warm water, softened, and cover yourself with rich suds. Relax in your bath, and give yourself a sudsy rub-down all over. Give special attention to a detailed soaping and massage of the feet. Always keep a pumice stone handy. You will be amazed how many foot troubles can be helped or avoided by massaging off dried or hardened skin with pumice.

If you are a busy woman in the morning (aren't we all!), have a freshening shower when you get up, and plan for fifteen or twenty minutes of leisurely bathing at some other time. For the business girl, it is a fine idea to take that relaxing tub when you dress for the evening. You'll feel like a different person, all nerve strain washed away.

Another good time for the beauty bath is bed time. It is a great help toward genuinely refreshing sleep.

There are all sorts of gadgets to make the bath luxurious and effective. There are bath brushes and complexion brushes and big rubber sponges. There are seats across the tub if you want to let the lather stay on awhile (a very good idea). There are even bath pillows to fasten at the head of the tub for those who have discovered what an excellent place is the beauty bath for thinking things over. There are bath salts and bath oils and bubble baths for those who like perfume and variety. And when you come out, there are toilet water and dusting powders in your favorite odeurs, to give the finishing touches.

In short, your bath can be a ritual of the utmost luxury. But the essentials for beauty, health, and refreshment are plenty of pure, mild soap, plenty of warm, softened water, and leisure for their proper use.

The Difference Love Makes

(*Continued from page* 21)

in his voice. He seemed very tired. "It'll be a good, routine broadcast."

"That's swell," I said. "That's what you wanted."

"Let's go for a ride, Jane," he said, suddenly. "I want to get away."

There was something strange in his tone. I couldn't quite analyze it. Disgust? Unhappiness?

We drove high into the hills in the north, where it was cool and the air was heavy with the smell of fir trees. Far below us, the valley stretched out and Middletown was a mass of tiny, glowing lights.

"It looks lovely from here," I said.

"You should see New York, Jane," Rand said. And he began telling me about New York. He spoke of it that way some men speak of a woman, the woman. He described it, excitingly, the tall shafts of steel and glass scratching at the clouds, the rumbling of the streets where movement never ceased, the theatres with the dingy fronts and the wealth of the world's drama inside.

"I'd like to see you there, Jane," he said. "Why, a girl with your looks, your mind—you could take that stone city by the heart and wring anything you wanted out of it."

That was when I realized that I had let myself fall in love with him. It was the way my heart contracted with pain that made me know. It hurt so much because he hadn't said he wanted me with him, hadn't even hinted that he'd like me to be in New York, because then I'd be near him.

"No, Rand," I said. "That's not for me. There's nothing in New York that I want." And inside, I cringed from that lie. In a few days, the only thing I really wanted would be in New York. Rand. "I belong here," I said, "with my family, with my kind of people. They need me—and—and I need them."

He looked at me quizzically. "Don't you ever think of yourself, Jane? Haven't you any ambition?"

I smiled sadly. "I guess I haven't," I said. "I guess all I want is a decent sort of life for myself and for other people."

"You're a funny girl, Jane," Rand said. "You're certainly a new type of female for me." And he was unusually silent, as we drove back to the camp. I expected him to try to kiss me goodnight. He didn't.

It was the next afternoon that everything turned topsy-turvy. Rand had stopped by to offer to drive me into town to do my shopping. I was just putting on my hat, when little Mrs. Liebowitz stuck her head in the doorway.

"Janie," she said, "you are going to town?"

"Yes," I said. "Can I bring you something?"

"Please, Janie," she said, "bring for my Benny a doctor."

"What's the matter with Benny?" Rand called from his car.

"I should only know," Mrs. Liebowitz said. "I'm afraid."

"Let's take a look at him," Rand said. "Maybe we ought to take him with us—save time."

Benny was sick, all right. He lay on his bunk in the shabby trailer, groaning. His hands and feet were like ice and his thin, little body was clammy with sweat.

Mrs. Liebowitz was helpless. She cried and wrung her hands, while Rand and I bundled Benny into some blankets and carried him to the car. We put him in the back seat with his mother. We were just about to start off, when Mrs. Marino came running up to us, her newest baby in her arms.

"Please—I go, too?" she pleaded. "The bambino—I—"

"Get in the back," Rand said, without any hesitation.

RAND wasted no time in getting to the hospital. He turned in at the ambulance entrance.

While we waited in the clinic, Benny moaned and tossed in his mother's arms. Mrs. Marino cooed tearfully over her baby. We waited a long time, but the house physician didn't come. An interne came, instead. He examined the children.

"Typhoid," he said, finally.

"That's what I thought," Rand said. "Well?"

"Well?" the interne repeated. "I'm afraid you'll have to take them to the County hospital."

"That's sixty miles from here."

"I'm sorry," the interne said. "But we can't admit them here. They're isolation cases and our wards are full. Besides," he added, as if it were just an after-thought, "they're not residents of the town."

"I get it!" Rand said ominously. "That's lovely. And what about the other two hundred odd children in that camp? What about inoculating them? What about cleaning up that place?"

"That's the County's affair," the interne said.

Rand's jaw was working and I was afraid he was going to hit that interne. Somehow, he managed to control his temper. "I suppose you've got private wards here," he said coldly.

"Oh, yes," the interne said, "but you have to pay in—"

"Never mind that stuff," Rand said. "Here—" he slapped a wad of money on the table. "You see that these kids are attended to, right away!"

Rand wouldn't leave the hospital until I had taken my first injection against typhoid. Then he took my hand and hurried me to the car.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"Never mind, Jane," Rand said. "Just come along. Now I am mad." He ground the gears in his anger. "These crumby, small town grafters," he muttered. "I'll show them!"

And suddenly, the story was pouring out of him. He knew why nothing was being done about the housing project. He'd known, almost from his first day in Middletown. In such a small place, it didn't take long for Rand to discover who was stalling the project. It was a clique of real estate dealers, who were cashing in on the housing shortage. They were coining money on exorbitant rents. They also owned the large tract of otherwise worthless land on which the trailer camp had been set up. Their income from that alone was over three thousand dollars a week. And these same men controlled the politics in Middletown. They owned the Mayor. They owned the newspaper. They owned the bank. They owned the police.

"I didn't care before," Rand said. "Such penny ante racketeers! But



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this is too much. Those innocent kids—it's practically murder!"

"But what can you do, Rand?" I asked. "They may be small fry, according to your standards, but they're big men here."

"They're not so big that this story on a national hookup won't blast their nasty little game wide open," Rand answered. "I'm wiring my home office for air time and clearance."

He was going to do it, I thought. He was going to do the thing he'd said he wasn't interested in doing! Something had changed his mind, his whole attitude. Something had ripped away his veneer of cynicism and selfishness. He did care about people and, deep inside me, there was a sweet, sure feeling that I had had a lot to do with it.

After the telegram was sent off, he drove me back to camp. He didn't stop for a moment. He picked up Julie and Bud and hurried them off to the hospital for inoculations. And, when he came back, he advised everyone else to do the same thing.

WHILE all this was going on, I gave Dad and Al and Tom something to eat. Afterwards, I was tired and my arm ached from the injection, so I went inside the trailer and lay down.

I must have fallen asleep. I don't know how long Rand had been standing there, watching me. He handed me a crumpled telegram and without a word went outside.

"SPONSOR SAYS NIX ON BROADCAST STOP CONTROVERSIAL STOP SPONSOR DEMANDS YOU RETURN TOMORROW AM LATEST STOP MUST MAKE TEST RECORD NEXT SEASONS PROGRAM STOP NO RECORD NO CONTRACT"

I got up dazedly and went outside to him. He was leaning dejectedly against the side of his car. I gave him the telegram.

"Next season's broadcast—what is it?" I asked.

"The biggest news show on the air," Rand said. "I've been angling for it for three years."

It almost choked me to say it, but I had to. "You've got to go back, then."

"Jane—you're sending me away? Now?"

"What good would it do for you to stay here, now?" I cried. "You can't make the broadcast. And, you can't afford to throw over the big break you've been waiting for.

"Jane—" Rand said softly. "I—I—gee," he laughed softly, "I've gone soft or something. But I thought—I sort of hoped—that maybe you loved me a little."

"What difference does that make?" I said, trying to keep back my tears. "How can I keep you here? This isn't your kind of life. This isn't really your fight. I haven't any right to ask you to give up everything you value."

"You could come with me."

"No—no, I couldn't. I don't belong in New York. I'd be lost there. Even with you, I'd be lost there. How could I ever forget my family—all these other people? How could I ever be happy, knowing that I'd walked out on them, just when I might have been of some use to them. Because, Rand, now that we know what's been going on, maybe we can do something—all of us together."

"Jane," Rand pulled me close, "you haven't answered my question. Do you love me—a little?"

"Yes," I whispered. "But that doesn't make any difference. We haven't got a chance. I can't go with you and you can't stay here. You'd get bored and dissatisfied and, after awhile, you'd hate me, because I'd ruined your career. I—I'd rather lose you now—before it hurts too much."

Rand lifted my face up to his. "Jane, darling, listen," he said, "I told you I'd never known anyone like you—remember? I know why now. I was never in love with anyone before. You don't know what you've done for me. You've set me free, Jane, free of a lot of false ideas and shabby ideals. I never realized how hollow and artificial my life was, until I got so angry this afternoon. That was a good feeling. It was the most honest, decent emotion I've had in years. It was like being born again. And now that I feel alive again—the way I used to be before I turned myself into a walking lump of ambition, do you think I could ever go back to that? What good would that job—or any other job—be to me, without you, without your love, your respect? Oh, Jane, honey," he laughed, low in his throat, "I sound crazy, even to myself. But it feels wonderful."

He buried his face in my hair and kissed my neck. And, somehow, I felt that I had known from the first moment, when he stood above me, so spick and span in his clean, summer suit, and I grubbed in the mud at his feet for my spilled groceries, that this was the way it would end.

Finally, Rand stopped kissing me. "That's enough of that—for awhile," he grinned. "There's work to do. We've got to figure a way to fix these birds." He sat down on the running board and thought for a few minutes. "I know," he said, at last. "This is local stuff—I'll use the local radio station. I've talked to the owner and I'm sure he's honest. He'll give me air time."

Things certainly happened fast, after Rand's broadcast. He blew the lid off the corruption and graft in the County. It was a sensation and newspapers all over the country picked up the story.

THE day after the broadcast, Middletown was full of reporters and newspaper photographers, and remarkably devoid of local politicians. In a few days, the housing project got under way. Rand was supposed to break the ground for the project, but we weren't there, by then.

We were flying to New York. Rand didn't lose his job, after all. Right after we were married, Rand got a telegram from his sponsor, begging him to come back—at twice his old salary.

"I don't know," Rand said. "What do you think, Jane?"

We both talked it over, weighing the possibilities pro and con, and finally decided that Rand could do good work on the radio, important work, if his sponsors would allow him to do it. Middletown was probably not the only town where things needed a little fixing up, where little people were trapped by circumstance. So Rand wired his sponsor that he'd take the job, if he could have carte-blanche, provided he avoided idle gossip and libel suits.

So, now, Rand and I spend most of our time, flying from place to place. I'll have to stop for awhile soon, though, because someone has to stay home and fix up a nursery.



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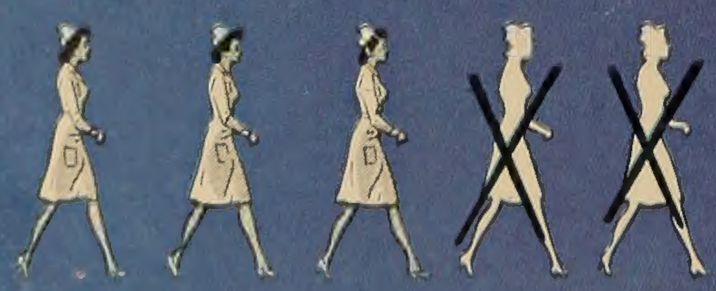
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